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1851.

THE CAPE

AND

THE KAFFIRS:

A DIARY OF FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN KAFFIRLAND;

WITH

A CHAPTER OF ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS,

BASED ON THE LATEST OFFICIAL RETURNS,

AND

THE MOST RECENT INFORMATION REGARDING THE COLONY.

BY HARRIET WARD.

THIRD EDITION.

With a Frontispiece, and a Map of the Seat of War.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
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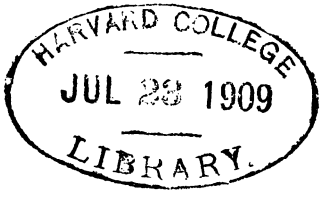

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DEDICATION.

MY DEAR COLONEL SOMERSET,*

MY work on Kaffirland, which I had the honor to dedicate to you in 1848, having gone through two editions, I should consider this abstract narrative incomplete without your name. Permit me, then, to inscribe this little book to you, in testimony of that admiration for your public services which all must feel who have benefited by them, as well as in remembrance of much kindness to

Your obliged and faithful friend,

HARRIET WARD.

DOVER,
March, 1851.

* Since this was written Colonel Somerset has been awarded the local rank of Major-General by Sir Harry Smith.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MUCH of the following work has already appeared, and has been favourably received by the public under the title of "Five Years in Kaffirland." Its price, however, having necessarily limited its circulation, I have been induced to remodel it, and I now bring it forward in its present shape, with some little alteration and abridgment, and with the addition of much that appeared to me likely to render it serviceable to such of my countrymen as may be meditating an attempt to improve their circumstances by emigration, particularly if their views of where best to go are either undecided, or point in the direction of Southern Africa.

I have passed five eventful years in that country, and in what I have said of it I speak from personal experience, without any prejudices to gratify, or any party to serve, but actuated, I trust, by a sincere desire to be of service.

It is true that a cloud has again gathered over the land, but I feel justified in venturing the opinion that, under Providence, it will be dispersed by the judgment and energy of Sir Harry Smith.

The tide of emigration having lately set strongly in the direction of Natal, I have thought it necessary to give some account of that district, but as I have no personal knowledge of it, I have confined myself to the information supplied by published official reports.

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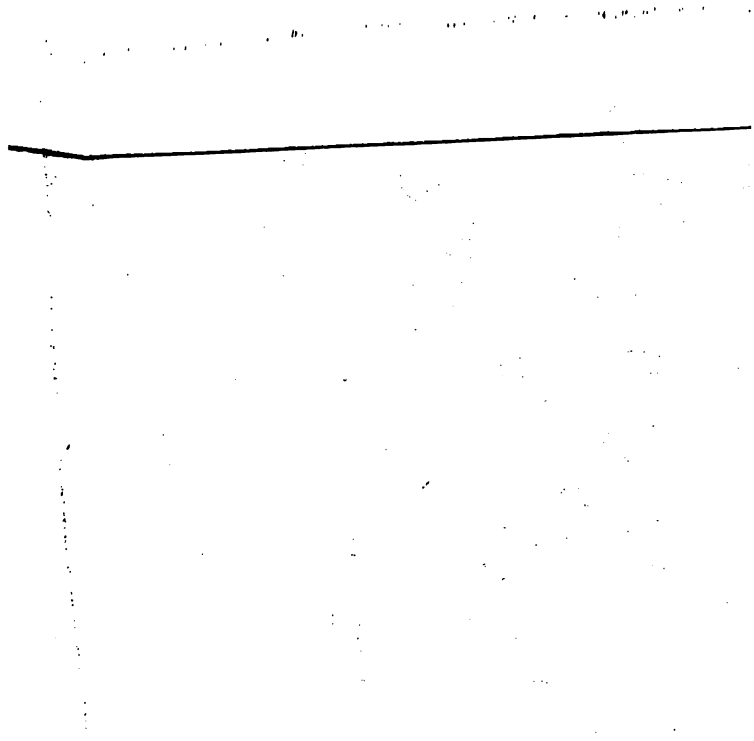

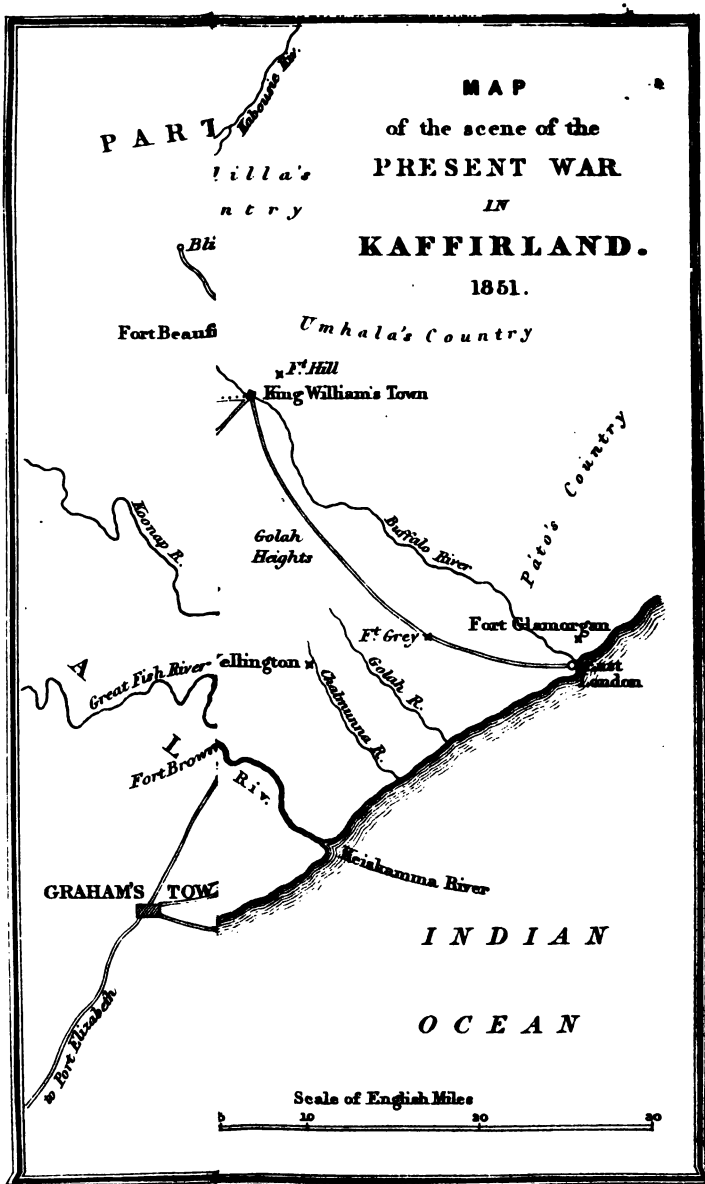

Major Ward, late 91st Regt.

THE CAPE AND THE KAFFIRS.

PART I.—SOUTHERN AFRICA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

CHAPTER I.—British Possessions in Southern Africa.

The British possessions in Southern Africa, at the present day, consist of what has long been known as the Cape Colony, or the country extending from the extreme southern point of the continent to the 29th degree of south latitude; of a district adjoining on the east, called British Kaffraria; and a detached territory, called Natal, lying far removed from the rest, on the eastern coast, and bordering on the country called Delagoa, of which the possession is claimed by the Portuguese. In so large an extent of country there is, of course, much diversity of soil and general appearance, but it is unquestionable that the parts best adapted, on the whole, to European settlement, are the eastern districts, including Natal. The extent and population of each of these divisions may be roughly stated at—Cape Colony and British Kaffraria, 150,000 square miles, and 200,000 inhabitants; Natal, 18,000 square miles, and 20,000 inhabitants. In the Cape Colony the white and the coloured population are of about equal amount,* but in British Kaffraria and Natal the number of white inhabitants is as yet but small. Among the white inhabitants, those of Dutch origin greatly predominate, as is shown by a Government return of the various religious persuasions, in 1846, where, out of 70,310 white Christians, no less than 51,848 belong to the Dutch Reformed Church.

Southern Africa may be described as consisting of a series of terraces rising one above the other as they recede from the sea, and then declining towards the great Orange River, which, after a long course, generally from east to west, falls into the Atlantic Ocean about 500 miles north of the Cape. On the sea-shore is a belt of land, consisting of a level plain, from 10 to 30 miles in breadth, with some gentle hills, generally fertile, and enjoying a mild climate, but backed by a chain of low mountains called the Lange Kloof, or Long

* In the Blue Book for 1847, the latest published account, the numbers stand, 71,113 white, and 75,977 coloured; but this leaves more than 21,000 of the total unaccounted for.

Pass, which support a wide table-land, or karroo, as it termed, consisting generally of barren plains, yet well adap to sheep-farming. Beyond, rises another mountain-cha called the Zwaarte Bergen, or Black Mountains, and furt north a still wider table-land, called the Great Karroo, wh is by some travellers compared to the steppes of Tartary; r seldom falls here; the climate is rigorous at one season excessively hot at another, and even sheep-farming can har be carried on. But further north, as the land slopes towa the Orange River, the climate is more equal, and the increases in fertility, so that large herds of cattle are reare

A somewhat similar series of terraces is found on western coast, but their direction is north and south.

Of the rivers, much the largest is the Orange River, from its remoteness from the settled portions of the count little use has yet been made of it. The Olifant's, or Elephar River, and the Great Berg River, fall into the sea on the w coast; the Broad River and the Knysna on the south coa while the east coast is watered by the Sunday River, wh falls into Algoa Bay; the Great Fish River, the Keiskar the Kei, and many smaller streams. In the vicinity of district of Natal are found the Umzimkulu, the Umlazi, many others, of which even the names are hardly known Europeans.

The produce of Southern Africa is mainly agricultural. the districts in the neighbourhood of Cape Town wine produced, while the more remote parts furnish corn and wo The chief exports are wine and wool, with hides, tallow, salted beef, goat-skins, corn, and butter. The provisions sent chiefly to the Mauritius and South America.

The exports of wool are increasing rapidly, those of w decreasing. In 1827, only 44,441 lbs. of wool were export in 1846, 3,000,000 lbs.; while the wine had decreased in same period from 740,000 to 185,000 gallons. The wh fishery, which was formerly pursued with success, has declined, but the amount of shipping belonging to the Col has more than doubled in the last ten years.

The Cape Colony is divided into the thirteen districts the Cape, Stellenbosch, Worcester, and Clanwilliam, in western part; Swellendam, George, and Uitenhage, in south; Albany, in the east; and Beaufort, Graaf Rein Colesberg, Cradock, and Somerset, in the interior.

Cape Town, on the southern shore of Table Bay, and ab

thirty miles to the north of the Cape of Good Hope, is a well-built place, the streets laid out in regular lines, and some are shaded by trees. The houses are mostly of respectable size, and have a kind of terrace before the door. It is spoken of as having a more English appearance than most colonial capitals, the whole being extremely clean, and the public edifices numerous and substantial, including the Government House, the Stadthuis, or Municipality, several handsome churches, an exchange, and an observatory. The population is nearly 30,000. Immediately behind the town rises the Table Mountain, and to the south is a district in which are found many elegant villas, surrounded by vineyards and thriving plantations.

The town next in importance is Graham's Town, in the Albany district. This is the capital of the eastern district of the Colony. It has a population of about 7,000, and is 650 miles distant from Cape Town. It was only founded in the year 1810, by Colonel Graham, but it has many good buildings, and its merchants and traders are considered as particularly active and enterprising. Thirty-five miles off, at the mouth of the Kowie River, is the rising settlement of Port Frances.

Of the other towns, it may be sufficient to remark, that Swellendam, Uitenhage, and Graaf Reinet, are Dutch towns, and the latter occupies a most picturesque situation among gardens and orchards. George and Port Elizabeth are more English in appearance; the latter is the port town of Algoa Bay, and its commerce is rapidly increasing. Worcester Beaufort, Cradock, and Somerset, are mere villages.

The importance of the Cape as a naval and military station has been often dwelt on by abler pens than mine. The desirableness of fully occupying the country with a white population is also fully admitted; and as it is certain that the most fertile and valuable districts are those which yet remain to be settled, namely, the eastern parts, it is to be hoped that thousands who now struggle for a precarious existence at home, will annually take up their abode there, and that their well-directed industry will tenfold increase the value of the country of their adoption.

As regards the district of Natal, the following reports, abridged, from Mr. Stanger, the Surveyor-General, Mr. Shepstone, the Diplomatic Agent, and Lieutenant Gibb, of

the Royal Engineers, will suffice to give a very favourable idea of its capabilities. They are dated December 28, 1847.

The Commissioners state that they have divided the territory into the six districts of D'Urban, Pietermaritzburg, Umvoti, Impafane, Upper Tukela, and Umzinyati, (from the native names of the principal rivers running through them), and then proceed to describe each in detail.

D' Urban.—"This division is well adapted to sustain a dense population; it includes the Bay of Natal, and the township of D'Urban, the port of the district. Cotton has been planted in the vicinity of the bay, and yields superior and abundant produce. Sugar-cane and indigo-plants thrive there, as well as elsewhere in the district, and the coffee-tree has lately been introduced and grows well; but what success will attend its cultivation, will require time to show. The soil is rich, and favourable to the growth of barley, oats, &c., as well as beans and most descriptions of vegetables. (Beans form a valuable article of export to the Mauritius.) It is, throughout, well supplied with water; being in its present state unfit for pasture-ground. It appears to us desirable that the land should be laid out in small lots, in order to encourage the settler, as much as possible, to cultivate it. At present only the small Zulu cattle can be kept there, and those not with advantage.

"With the exception of mangrove, scarcely any timber adapted for building purposes is found in this division: in a few localities valuable waggon-wood is obtained.

"A considerable part of this division is occupied by natives, inhabiting the ground apportioned for them in the Umlazi and Inanda locations, and the majority of white colonists will necessarily be north of the Umgeni River, where a few are already located. It is of great and immediate importance that a bridge should be constructed over this river, separating, as it does, the seat of magistracy and the port, not only from the most populous part of the division, but from the whole of that of the Umvoti."

Pietermaritzburg.—"This division includes the seat of government, and head-quarters of the military.

"It is a good grazing and a superior agricultural division; it is abundantly watered, and capable of irrigation to almost any extent. Vegetation is very rapid in this, as in all the other districts, and consequently the grass grows rank and strong, so as generally only to admit of the larger description of

stock, such as cattle and horses, being depastured upon it with advantage in summer. Valuable timber, adapted for building purposes and furniture, grows in several parts of this division.

"At present, Her Majesty's troops stationed at Pietermaritzburg procure all their supplies of corn and meal from Cape Town, at a great cost to the military chest. This evil may be remedied by the industrious cultivation of the neighbouring farms (which have hitherto been very generally neglected), and the lands that appear to us to be available for this purpose around Pietermaritzburg, which might, at some future period, be marked off in lots of from 50 to 500 acres, and disposed of to practical agriculturists.

"Pietermaritzburg being the seat of government, it is of paramount importance that bridges or other certain means of passage should be constructed over the Umgeni river, so as to secure free communication as well to the northern and north-western divisions of the district, as to that part of this division that lies beyond the Umgeni.

"This portion of country includes the native location of the Zwartkop, as also the one contemplated on the banks of the Unkomanzi."

Umvoti.—"This division comprises some of the finest land in this part of South Africa, either for grazing or agricultural purposes; the capabilities of the south-eastern portion of it are similar to those of D'Urban, but cattle thrive better, and the upper portion of it is considered much more favourable to the grazier than the division of Pietermaritzburg; it is abundantly supplied with water, and some good timber is found in it. The laying out and making a shorter road to the mouth of the Tukela from the township, is a matter of importance, seeing it is the high-road from the capital of the district to the Zulu country.

"The site proposed for the township [the Umvoti Waggon Drift, high-road from Pietermaritzburg to the Zulu country, *viâ* mouth of the Tukela,] is an eligible position at which to station a military force, to serve at once as a protection to that portion of the district, a rallying-point for the colonists and native subjects, and to impart confidence, in the event of any hostile demonstration by the Zulu nation.

"The native location of the Umvoti is comprised in this division; and natives, in considerable numbers, reside along its northern boundary, whose location we have not as yet been enabled to report upon."

Impafane.—"This tract of country contains land which has been the most thickly populated portion of the country by the Boers, before they quitted the district, and crossed the Kahlamba; and has always been regarded by them as healthier for cattle than either of the three former divisions. Sheep have also thrived well in some parts of it; and, although not generally so well watered, and, therefore, perhaps not so capable of maintaining over its whole surface so dense a population as the other three divisions, yet it is equally able to do so in localities, and at the village of Weenen, and along the banks of the Mooi River, and particularly Bushman's River. Wheat and oats have been grown largely, and with success. The soil at the village of Weenen is especially fertile, excellent garden land, the vine, fruit-trees, vegetables, &c., thriving well; but the place being situated in a basin, and the approach to it on all sides being by miserable roads, that will require considerable outlay and work to make good, and being situated off the main road, have retarded the prosperity of the village, and will be likely to do so. Small quantities of coal, of inferior quality, have been found along the banks of the Bushman's River, near the surface. Some building timber is obtained at the base of the Kahlamba mountains.

"The site recommended for a township on the Bushman's River is well adapted for the station of a military party, and to form the head-quarters of the upper portion of the district; it is sixty-three miles distant from Pietermaritzburg. There is not, however, much available government land about it.

"An objection has been raised to this site, that the Little Bushman's River, from which the water would be led for the supply of the town, fails in very dry seasons; and another spot has been proposed in its stead, a few miles lower down the river. We are not sufficiently acquainted with this site to be able to report on the eligibility at present.

"It is highly important that bridges, or other permanent means of communication, across the Bushman's and Mooi Rivers, should be constructed."

Upper Tukela.—"Cattle thrive well in this division, and sheep in the lower part of it. Its general capabilities, nature of the soil, &c., are the same as those of the Impafane. Yellow wood abounds under the Kahlamba mountains, and coal of a fair quality occurs in the hills on the north side of the Tukela.

Some natives are resident under the Kahlamba: their location has not yet been reported upon.

"At Lombaard's Drift a small party of military might be stationed with advantage, as also at Venter's Spruit, to guard Bezuidenhout's Pass over the Kahlamba, to keep up the communication with the country over the Kahlamba, and road to the old Colony, *viâ* Colesberg."

Umzinyati.—"This division has been esteemed as particularly favourable for sheep and cattle; it has also been largely cultivated by the Boers. Anthracitic coal is found near the Washbank's and Sunday's Rivers, and in abundance and of excellent quality in the ravines between the Biggar's Berg and the Umzinyati River. Excellent timber may be obtained in this division.

"A spot has been selected by the late Volks Raad, for a town on the Sunday's River, which has lately been occupied by Andries Spies, as a farm; but the disturbed state of this division prevents us from reporting definitely upon the capabilities, from personal observation.

"Considerable numbers of natives are resident in the south-east portion of this division: their location we have not yet been able to report upon.

"The formation of each town and village must, of course, depend almost entirely upon the nature of the ground upon which it is to be traced, and that of its immediate vicinity. But it seems to us most important that each of these settlements should have some means of defence within itself;—some rallying point for its inhabitants and adjacent farmers, in cases of emergency; and for this purpose we would recommend that the Government should erect a church, school, and magistrate's office, with a lock-up room, placed in a defensible position; perhaps, when the ground will admit, which, in most cases we think it will, according to one or other of the annexed plans, which includes a cattle kraal in one part of the market-square, the whole to be surrounded by a fence, and flanking enclosures, to be constructed either of stone, brick, or palisades: the remaining portion of enclosures might at first be made by a ditch and mud wall, to be replaced hereafter by a more durable material.

"The size of the square and dimensions of the building, &c., must, of course, be regulated according to the importance of the proposed village or town.

"Thus would be formed a commencement, round which the

settlers might gather with confidence, which we believe to be essential to the prosperity of such settlements, the more particularly at their first formation; one of them, such as the Umvoti, we recommend to be established at once, by being laid out and surveyed, the necessary buildings erected, and a magistrate and clergyman appointed, in order to prepare the way for settlers.

"We are of opinion that each township should have a portion of its town lands appropriated to the use of such natives as are engaged in the service of the inhabitants as daily labourers. The want of such an appropriation at D'Urban is very seriously felt, especially by such of the inhabitants as are engaged in the shipping business; and we beg to recommend that at this, as well as at the other established townships, such appropriations be at once made.

"We do not at present anticipate that any difficulty will arise from the necessity of compensating any claims to the lands suggested as the sites for towns and villages, as the sites recommended do not interfere with any lands now occupied. And the details of compensating the claimants of unoccupied lands, as well as of the extent of land available for dense population around its township, and of the number of emigrants that may be accommodated in and around each town, will form the subject of future inquiry.

"Having thus endeavoured to comply with his Honour's instructions to the extent of our ability, it now only remains for us to offer such observations upon the present state and future prospects of this district, as well as its general capabilities, as appear to us desirable, in order that the Lieutenant-Governor may have before him all the information we are capable of imparting, while deliberating on the important subjects so slightly sketched in the Report.

"The continued emigration of the Boers from this district to the country beyond the boundaries, that has been going on ever since it was taken possession of in 1842, by Her Majesty's troops, has, as is well known, almost denuded it of its white inhabitants, and discouraged the few that remain. It is also evident that there is no prospect of filling up any portion of it with Boers, and little by any removals from the old Colony; the only effective remedy to this evil appears to us to consist in an extensive emigration from the United Kingdom; without this the resources of the district, confessedly great, and in our opinion equal, if not superior, to

any other British colony, both as respects fertility of soil and abundance of water, will remain undeveloped.

"The climate is most healthy, and subject to none of the epidemics that are incidental to other parts of Africa.

"By emigrants we would be understood to imply not so much an exclusively labouring population, as practical farmers possessed of small capital, say 200*l.* to 500*l.* Men of this class could bring out their own labourers; and as an encouragement for them to do so, we should recommend that they should receive an equivalent in land, to the amount that they have necessarily expended in the outfit and passage of themselves, families, and servants. An arrangement of this nature would enable a man possessing capital to the extent we have mentioned, to commence farming with advantage, the moment of his arrival in the district; while, without it, the means of a most valuable class of colonists would be swallowed up in expenses, and upon their landing here, emigrants with limited capital, would find themselves very little better off than before they left their native land.

"Could the fertility of the country and salubrity of its climate be pointed out, together with advantages such as those we have mentioned, we doubt not that numbers of the class we allude to, would be found willing, and even anxious to avail themselves of the facilities which this district in particular promises to emigrants.

"Any delay occurring in their obtaining suitable land immediately on their arrival, would of course prove fatal to the success of the undertaking. To obviate such a misfortune, we would recommend that a considerable number of plots of ground be surveyed and ready for selection by the emigrants, and that every facility be afforded them immediately to obtain the spots thus chosen, either by public sale or otherwise, as shall be deemed most advisable by his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor.

"By a more extensive emigration than this appears to contemplate, or rather by the simultaneous emigration of persons sufficient in number, and suitable in character for forming communities of themselves, the towns and villages might be peopled, and the adjacent lands brought under cultivation. After a few of these shall be thus established, the remaining intervals of country will speedily be filled up, and the more so when each township shall be provided with its magistrate,

minister of religion, the requisite public buildings, and the means of defence.

"Most of the associations connected in the mind of an European with the name of Kaffir, have been formed upon the represented bad character and conduct of the nation so called, now engaged in a serious and expensive war with the old Colony; and are consequently highly unfavourable to any people bearing a name which, by common consent, attributes all the cunning faithlessness of the savage, with an admixture of many of the depravities of civilized life, to its bearer.

"In our Report of the 30th of March last, we pointed out the peculiar position and character of the natives inhabiting the district; it will, therefore, be unnecessary for us to say more on this, than that they are widely different from those on the frontier of the old colony, and are valuable and indispensable assistants to the white settler. We take occasion to make these remarks, because we are of opinion that when the recommendations we have made in our General Report shall have been carried out, the presence of so many natives, most of them available as labourers, should be an inducement to emigrants selecting this district as the land of their adoption, rather than operate prejudicially.

"The future prospects of the district of Natal as a colony, depend very materially, if not exclusively, upon the filling up of the unoccupied intervals of the district with emigrants from the United Kingdom, and the efficient management and control of the native population within it. Its general capabilities, as we have already represented, are of the highest class, either for agricultural or grazing purposes. It contains an area of 18,000 square miles, within which is found every material for improvement and prosperity a colony can be favoured with, and requires but an intelligent white population to develop its immense and fertile resources.

"Building stone of a very good quality is found all over its surface; and in some localities a superior description of free-stone is found in abundance. Iron ore is found in great abundance in the district, and has been used by the natives for their assegais and agricultural implements, and is said to be of a very superior quality.

"The prices realized in England for the first exportation of cotton grown in this district, exhibited under all the disadvantageous circumstances connected with the utter inex-

perience on the part of the grower, of 7½*d.* per pound, warrants an inference highly favourable to the quality of the article, when it shall have received the treatment that experience has taught to be necessary in cotton-growing countries.

"We are of opinion that this district inhabited by an industrious white population, will produce valuable exports, both in amount and quality, and is capable of maintaining a denser population than the colony of the Cape of Good Hope; and we trust that its resources and advantages may not become lost to the subjects of the British crown, from their not being represented as their high merits appear to us to deserve.

"In this Report," Mr. Stanger remarks, "I shall not enter fully into the geography of the interior of the district, reserving that for a future time, as I shall have a good opportunity of continuing the same kind of observations, and thus fixing more points than at present I have been able to do, during the proposed enquiry as to the location of the natives; but shall describe, as far as I am able, the boundary and extent of the district of Natal.

"The Umzinyati rises at the base of the Draakberg, in latitude 27° 46′ and longitude 20° 25′; from this its course is about E.S.E., until it falls into the Utukela (incorrectly called the Tukela.) From all the information I can obtain, (not having yet visited this part of the district) this is below the confluence of the Mooi River and the Utukela, and therefore not very far from the mouth of the latter, which from the maps appears to be in latitude 29° 16′ S. and longitude 31° 30′ E.; thus forming the north-eastern boundary of the district.

"The country below the rise of the Umzinyati, and for the distance of about twenty miles, is for the most part flat and undulating, with little or no wood, but covered with sweet grass, and from what I can ascertain is considered a good tract for country sheep.

"The river, when I saw it (in February, 1847), was about sixty yards wide, it being then full of water; below this, and during its whole course, I understand it runs through a broken and thick bushy country.

"The Draakberg, instead of being considered as one continuous chain of mountains, may be more correctly divided into two, of different geological structure, and having different directions: the one forming the north-western boundary,

shall call the Great Draakberg; and the other, forming the western boundary, the Small Draakberg.

"The north-western portion of the Draakberg is of the average altitude of five thousand feet above the sea, and about fifteen hundred feet above the general level of the country at its base.

"The outline is in general round and soft, presenting some remarkable features, and occasionally high table-lands with precipitous sides. These mountains are composed of beds of sandstone, cut through by veins of trap, and diminish in height as they advance to the north-east, until at some distance beyond the source of the Umzinyati they appear to terminate in low hills. They are passable almost at any part by horses and cattle; but there are only three passes in use by the Boers, one near Bezuidenhout's Farm, in latitude 28° 33′ S. and longitude 28° 44′ E.; and one at De Beer's, in latitude 28° 20′ S. and longitude 28° 52′ E., and another a little more to the south-west of Bezuidenhout's. The two former are in constant use; the latter rarely.

"Timber abounds in the kloofs on the south-eastern side of the mountain, On the north-west the country is much higher, being a plain of great elevation.

"The Great Draakberg, or that portion of it which forms the western boundary, has a direction N.N.W. and S.S.E. The junction of this with the former, or Small Draakberg, is ten or twelve miles to the S.W. of Bezuidenhout's Pass: from this part the Utukela rises.

"These mountains are much higher than the others, and are quite impassable, presenting a rugged outline and bold and precipitous escarpments. From a distant view, from the nature of the outline (not having been near them) I infer that they are granitic.

"The area of this district, from the ascertained and assumed boundaries will be much greater than has hitherto been supposed. It cannot, I imagine, be less than 13,500 instead of 10,000 square miles. At the same time it must be remembered, that if I find by my future observations, (which I think will very probably be the case) the same amount of error, and in the same direction in the southern portion of the district, of which at present I know nothing, as I have found in the northern, the area will be increased by a great quantity, and may not fall far short of 16.000 square miles, as a small deviation in the assigned direction of the Great Draakberg *will easily make that* quantity.

"The district is everywhere covered with vegetation, either in the form of luxuriant grass, which grows to a great height, or thorns and low bushes. Timber trees only grow in kloofs on sides of hills, excepting a belt which runs along the sea-coast.

"Water abounds in every part, and flowing streams cross the path at intervals of only a few miles. In the winter some of these become dry, but then water may always be obtained at moderate distances.

"The soil is in all cases well adapted for cultivation, and on the alluvial lands near rivers particularly so, producing much larger crops than are ever grown in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"The rocks which occur in the district, as far as I have yet seen, are granite, basalt, and members of the trap family, slate, sandstone, and shale.

"Coal containing but little bituminous matter occurs in in beds in the sandstone. In a kloof near the drift of the Bushman's River, there is a bed nine inches thick. This is the nearest locality I am aware of to Pietermaritzburg; it is distant about sixty-three miles. It is more abundant to the north-west, and I observed it in a small river near Biggar's Berg, in about latitude 28° 7′ S., and longitude 29° 25′ E., in a bed six feet thick, and of good quality; it is here cut through by a vein of trap."

CHAPTER II.—INFORMATION FOR EMIGRANTS.

As it is my wish to put nothing but trustworthy information into the hands of those who may be meditating so very important a step as removing themselves and all that they value far from their native land, I have carefully abstracted the following statements from the last *Colonization Circular*, issued (March, 1850) by Her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners.

"The Government Emigration Officers in the United Kingdom, are:—London: Lieut. Lean, R.N., Office, 70, Lower Thames-Street. Liverpool: Lieut. Hodder, R.N., Stanley Buildings. Plymouth: Lieut. Carew, R.N. Glasgow and Greenock: Capt. Patey, R.N. Dublin: Lieut. Henry, R.N. Cork: Lieut. Friend, R.N. Belfast: Lieut. Stark, R.N. Limerick: Mr. Lynch, R.N. Sligo, Donegal, Ballina, &c.: Lieut. Shuttleworth, R.N.; Lieut. Moriarty, R.N. London-

derry: Lieut. Ramsay, R.N. Waterford and New Ros
Comm. Ellis, R.N.

"These officers act under the immediate directions of t
Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, and the follo
ing is a summary of their duties:

"They procure and give gratuitously information as to t
sailing of ships, and means of accommodation for emigrant
and whenever applied to for that purpose, they see that
agreements between shipowners, agents or masters, and i
tending emigrants are duly performed. They also see th
the provisions of the Passengers' Act are strictly compli
with, viz., that passenger-vessels are sea-worthy, that th
have on board a sufficient supply of provisions, water, me
cines, &c., and that they sail with proper punctuality.

"They attend personally at their offices on every week-da
and afford gratuitously all the assistance in their power
protect intending emigrants against fraud and imposition, a
to obtain redress where oppression or injury has been pra
tised on them.

"The Government Immigration Agents at the Cape
Good Hope, are—Cape Town: R. Southey, Esq. Port E
zabeth: D. P. Francis, Esq.

"The duties of these officers are to afford gratuitously
emigrants every assistance in their power by way of advi
and information as to the districts where employment c
be obtained most readily, and upon the most advantageo
terms, and also as to the best modes of reaching such distric

"The rate of passage in private ships to the Cape of Go
Hope and Natal is:

	CABIN.		INTERMEDIATE.			STEERAG	
	Including Provisions.		With Provisions.		Without Provisions.	With fu allowance Provisio	
	From	To	From	To	From To	From	T
	£	£	£	£		£	£
From London	25	50	19	25	— —	10	15
Liverpool	35	40	25	—	— —	14	15
Ports in the Clyde	30	50	—	—	— —	15	20
Cork	Same as in London.						

"At the Cape of Good Hope, persons of the followi

classes, if of good character and ability in their callings, are stated to be in demand; viz. agricultural labourers, shepherds, female domestic and farm servants, and a few country mechanics, such as blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons."

Of the rates of wages the Commissioners give the following Tables from the latest official returns in their possession:

Districts.	Domestic.	Farm.	Trades.
	Per Month.	Per Month.	Per Day.
Cape Town	15*s.* to 60*s.* average 37*s.* 6*d.*	43*s.* 9*d.*	5*s.* 3*d.*
Cape Division	15*s.*	15*s.*	4*s.**
Stellenbosch	18*s.*	12*s.*	3*s.* 9*d.*
Worcester	15*s.*	9*s.*	3*s.* 9*d.*
Clanwilliam	6*s.*	6*s.*	2*s.* 6*d.*
Swellendam....	12*s.* to 20*s.* males 7*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* females	10*s.*	5*s.*† to 7*s.* 6*d.* 6*s.* 3*d.* av.
Beaufort	6*s.* 11*d.* males 3*s.* 8*d.* females	7*s.* 7*d.*	6*s.*
Uitenhage	12*s.*	15*s.*	4*s.* 6*d.*
Albany :—			
Graham's Town	25*s.* to 45*s.* males 18*s.* to 30*s.* females	....	6*s.*
Other parts of the division .	12*s.* to 20*s.* females	20*s.* to 60*s.* 40*s.* average	
George....	20*s.*	30*s.*	4*s.* 6*d.*
Somerset	9*s.*	4*s.* 6*d.*	6*s.*
Cradock	45*s.*	45*s.*	6*s.* 6*d.*
Graaff Reinet.	10*s.* males 9*s.* females	10*s.*	7*s.*
Colesberg	18*s.* males 7*s.* 6*d.* females	2*s.* per day	7*s.* 6*d.*

As very many persons who would be most useful in the Colonies have no means of their own for proceeding thither, various provisions have been made to assist them. Thus the Emigration Commissioners "grant passages to those Colonies (only) which provide the necessary funds for the purpose. These funds, which in the Australian Colonies are derived from sales or rents of crown lands, are intended not for the

* Fluctuate. † Such as carpenters, masons, smiths.

purposes of relief to persons in this country, but to supply the colonists with the particular description of labour of which they stand most in need. New South Wales, South Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope, are at present the only Colonies which supply the means for emigration."

The Poor Law Commissioners, too, are enabled to assist in emigration, and the guardians of the poor in parishes are by them allowed to raise sums of money for the purpose, of which they "may expend a sum not exceeding 3*d.* a mile in conveying each emigrant above seven years of age to the port of embarkation, and a sum not exceeding 1½*d.* a mile in conveying each child under seven years of age.

"The guardians may give to each emigrant proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope, clothing to the value of 2*l.* and may expend a sum not exceeding 1*l.* for each person above fourteen, and 10*s.* for every child above one and under fourteen years of age, and in cases of free emigration, 2*l.* for every single man above eighteen years of age, in the purchase of bedding and utensils for the voyage."

The following are the regulations and conditions under which emigrants are selected by the Emigration Commissioners for passages to the Cape of Good Hope:

"*Description of Emigrants.*

"1. The emigrants must consist principally of married couples, not above forty years of age. All the adults must be capable of labour, and must be going out to work for wages. The candidates most acceptable are young married couples without children.

"2. The separation of husbands from wives, and of parents from children under sixteen will in no case be allowed.

"3. Except in special cases, single women under eighteen are not eligible, unless they are emigrating with their parents, or under the immediate care of some near married relatives.

"4. Young men under eighteen, not accompanying their parents, are admissible only on payment of the sum in third class of the scale.

"5. No emigrants, whether adults or children can be accepted unless they have been vaccinated, or have had the small-pox.

"6. Persons intending to buy land in the colony, or to invest capital in trade there, are not eligible for a passage.

"7. Persons in the habitual receipt of parish relief cannot be taken. Temporary inmates of workhouses, or persons not in the habitual receipt of parish relief, will be charged under the third class.

"8. No applicant will be accepted without decisive certificates of good character, and of proficiency in his professed trade or calling.

"These rules will also apply generally to emigrants to Natal in case they be proposed for a passage by purchasers of land, or in case funds should be provided for carrying on emigration at the public expense. The persons eligible for passages to Natal would be agricultural labourers, mechanics, skilled labourers, and small farmers accustomed to some manual labour, and intending to work for their subsistence. Deposits to the credit of the Commissioners do not exempt the depositors from the payment of survey fees.

"*Application and Approval.*

"9. Applications must be made in a form to be obtained at the office of the Commissioners, which must be duly filled up and attested, as explained in the form itself, and then forwarded to this office, with certificates of birth and marriage of the applicants. It must, however, be distinctly understood, that the filling up of the form confers no claim to a passage; and that the Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept any candidates, though apparently within the regulations, unless they are deemed desirable for the colony, and can be accepted consistently with the Board's arrangements at the time the application is under consideration.

"10. If approved of, the emigrants will receive a passage as soon as the arrangements of the Commissioners will admit. But no preparations must on any account be made by the applicants, either by withdrawing from employment or otherwise, until the decision of the Board has been communicated to them. Those who fail to attend to this warning will do so at their own risk, and will have no claim whatever on the Commissioners.

"Before an embarkation order is issued, the following payments will be required from all persons of fourteen years and upwards.

	Between the Ages of		50 and upwards.
	14 and 40.	40 and 50.	
	£	£	£
From agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, and female domestic servants	1	5	10
From blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, masons, coopers, wheelwrights, millwrights, and bakers	4	7	10
From all other persons of the labouring class	6	8	10

"All children under fourteen will pay 10*s.* each; and if any family contains, at the time of embarkation, more than two children under fourteen years of age, for each such child 5*l.* additional must be paid.

"Wives to pay the same sums as their husbands, in the several classes.

"Out of the above payments, bedding and mess utensils for the use of the emigrants during the voyage, will be provided by the Commissioners.

"The mode of making these payments to the Commissioners will be pointed out in the deposit circular. The Commissioners' selecting agents are not employed by the Commissioners to receive money."

Any attempted fraud with regard to the signatures of the requisite certificates, or misrepresentation as to trade, number in family, will be held to disqualify the party for a passage. The emigrants must repair to the appointed port at their own expense, and if they fail to do so at the proper time, they will lose their passage and be liable to a forfeiture of 2*l.* for each adult, and 1*l.* for each child, unless they give to the Commissioners timely notice, and a satisfactory explanation of their inability to proceed.

"Clothing.—The lowest quantity that can be admitted for emigrants to the Cape is as follows:—

FOR MALES.	FOR FEMALES.
Four shirts.	Six shifts.
Four pairs stockings.	Two flannel petticoats.
Two ditto shoes.	Four pairs stockings.
Two complete suits of exterior *clothing.*	Two ditto shoes.
	Two gowns.

"For use on the voyage, shoes or slippers are much more convenient than boots. The following is a cheap and excellent composition for preserving leather from the bad effects of sea-water; linseed oil, one gill; spirit of turpentine, one ounce; bees'-wax, one ounce; Burgundy pitch, half ounce; to be well melted together, and kept covered in a gallipot; lay it on boots or or shoes, rubbing it in well, and set them in a hot sun, or before the fire.

"The usual length of the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope is about seventy days.

"The whole quantity of baggage for each adult emigrant must not measure more than twenty cubic or solid feet, nor exceed half a ton in weight. It must be divided into two or three boxes, the contents of which must be closely packed, so as to save space in the ship. Large packages and extra baggage will not be taken unless paid for, and then only in case there be room in the ship.

"Each family will be allowed to take only its own luggage. Any violation of this rule will subject the party to a forfeiture of his passage.

"On arrival in the colony the emigrants will be at perfect liberty to engage themselves to any one willing to employ them, and to make their own bargain for wages. No repayment or service is required from them for the passage out. The only return expected is, a strict observance on board of the regulations framed with a view to their health and comfort during the voyage, and general good conduct and industrious habits in the colony.

"Letters, &c., should be addressed, post paid, to Stephen Walcott, Esq., Secretary to the Board of Emigration, No. 9, Park Street, Westminster."

By a recent Act of Parliament known as the "Passenger Act," some most valuable provisions are made for the protection of emigrants on their voyage. The Act applies to foreign as well as British ships, and it provides for the inspection of the ships by competent surveyors; for carrying a certain number of boats; for a proper supply of medicine; and for preventing drunkenness. It further directs that "in addition to any provisions which the passengers may themselves bring, the following quantities at least of pure water and wholesome provisions must be supplied to each passenger by the master during the voyage, including the time of detention at any place:—

3 quarts of water daily.	
2½ lbs. of bread or biscuit (not inferior to navy biscuit)	per week. To be issued in advance, and not less often than twice a-week.
1 lb. wheaten flour	
5 lbs. oatmeal	
2 lbs. rice	
2 ozs. tea	
½ lb. sugar	
½ lb. molasses.	

"Five pounds of good potatoes may at the option of the master be substituted for one pound of oatmeal or rice, and in ships sailing from Liverpool, or from Irish or Scotch ports, oatmeal may be substituted in equal quantities for the whole or any part of the issues of rice. The Emigration Commissioners, with the authority of the Secretary of State, may substitute other articles of food.—Sec. 24 and 25.

"Vessels carrying as many as 100 passengers must be provided with a seafaring person to act as passengers' cook, and also with a proper cooking apparatus. A convenient place must be set apart on deck for cooking, and a proper supply of food shipped for the voyage. The whole to be subject to the approval of the Emigration Officer.—Sec. 26.

"If the ship does not sail on the appointed day, and the passengers are ready to embark, they are entitled to recover from the owner, charterer, or master of the ship, subsistence-money after the rate of 1*s.* per day for each passenger. But if the ship be unavoidably detained by wind or weather, and the passengers be maintained on board in the same manner as if the voyage had commenced, no subsistence-money is payable.—Sec. 33.

"Passengers are not to be landed against their consent at any place other than the one contracted for, and they are entitled to sleep and to be maintained on board for forty-eight hours after arrival, unless the ship in the prosecution of her voyage quits the port sooner.—Sec. 35 and 36.

"Ships detained in port after clearance more than seven days, or putting into any port in the United Kingdom, must under a penalty not exceeding 100*l.*, replenish their provisions, water, and medical stores before they can be allowed to proceed on their voyage. Masters of passenger ships putting back must, under a penalty not exceeding 10*l.*, within twenty-four hours report their arrival, and the cause of putting back, and the condition of the ship's stores to the Emigration *Officer, and produce* the official list of passengers.—Sec. 38.

"Such regulations as may be prescribed by order of the Queen in Council are to be enforced by the surgeon, aided and assisted by the master, or in the absence of a surgeon, by the master. Any person neglecting or refusing to obey them will be liable to a penalty of 2*l.*; and any person obstructing the master or surgeon in the execution of any duty imposed on him by the Order in Council, will be liable to the same penalty, and moreover to one month's imprisonment at the end of the voyage.—Sec. 39 and 40.

"Two copies of the Act, with such abstracts of it, and of any Order in Council relating thereto, as the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners may prepare, are to be delivered to the master, who is bound, under a penalty not exceeding 40*s.* per diem, to post up previous to the embarkation of the passengers, and to keep posted up in at least two conspicuous places between the decks, such copies of such abstracts so long as any passengers are entitled to remain on board. Any person displacing or defacing this abstract is liable to a penalty not exceeding 40*s.*—Sec. 41.

"The requirements of the Act are enforced by penalties on the master not exceeding 50*l.*, except in cases where other penalties are specifically imposed. All penalties are to be sued for before two or more justices of the peace, to the use of Her Majesty. They can only be recovered in the United Kingdom by the Emigration Officers, or by the officers of Her Majesty's Customs; and in the British possessions abroad, by those officers, or by any other person duly authorized for the purpose by the Governor of the colony. Sec. 50 and 52.

"Passengers themselves, however, or the Emigration Officers on their behalf, may recover, by a similar process, any sum of money made recoverable by the Act, to their own use, as return of passage-money, subsistence money, or compensation; and, in such cases, the passengers are not to be deemed incompetent witnesses.—Sec. 53 and 56.

"The right of passengers to proceed at law for any breach of contract is not abridged by proceedings taken under this Act.—Sec. 37."

For the use of the more opulent classes, tho Commissioners have published the following summary of the terms upon which land may be purchased in Southern Africa.

"1. The unappropriated Crown lands at the Cape of Good Hope, and Natal, are sold in freehold, and by public auction only,

"2. Unless it is otherwise notified, the upset price will be at the Cape, two shillings (2*s.*) per acre, (one acre is about half a morgen), and at Natal four shillings (4*s.*) per acre, but the Governor, for the time being, will have the power to fix such higher upset price as the locality, or other circumstances, may render expedient, of which due notice will always be publicly given. Lands not sold at auction may afterwards be purchased at the upset price on payment of the whole purchase money.

"3. Persons desirous of becoming purchasers will apply, in writing, to the Secretary to Government respecting the land they wish to have put up for sale; stating in what division it is situated, and as far as practicable, its position, boundaries, and probable extent.

"These applications, after being recorded in the Colonial Office, will be transmitted to the Surveyor-General, who, if he sees no objection to the land being disposed of, will call upon the applicant to deposit with him the probable expense of the survey; which expense will be calculated upon the following tariff, and be borne by the eventual purchaser.

	£	s.	d.
For a piece of ground, and dividing the same into small lots, or erven, for the first four lots, each	0	12	0
For any beyond that number	0	9	0
For the measurement of any piece of land up to 10 morgen	0	12	0
For every morgen above 10 up to 100, per morgen	0	0	3
For 100 morgen	1	14	6
For every morgen above 100, as far as 500, per morgen	0	0	1½
For 500 morgen	4	4	6
For every morgen above 500, per morgen	0	0	1
For 3,000 morgen	14	12	10
For every morgen above the same	0	0	1
For every diagram	0	12	0

"4. Should the applicant not become the purchaser, the amount deposited by him will be refunded when paid by the eventual purchaser; but should no sale take place, no refund can be made.

"5. Lands offered for sale will be advertised for two months in the 'Government Gazette,' at the expiration of which time they will be sold by public auction.

"6. Ten per cent. of the purchase money must be paid at the time of sale, and the balance, (with the expenses of the survey, if the purchaser did not make the deposit), within one calendar month from the day of sale: in default of which,

the ten per cent. so paid, will be forfeited to the Colonial Treasury.

"7. Persons desirous of acquiring Crown lands at the Cape of Natal, will be at liberty to make deposits at the Bank of England to the credit of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, upon the same conditions, and with the like privileges as are prescribed in the case of the Australian colonies,* with this exception, that for every hundred pound so paid in, the depositor will be allowed to name for a free passage to the colony seven, instead of five properly qualified emigrants.

Officers of the Army and Navy, whether on full or half pay, who may wish to settle at the Cape of Good Hope, are allowed a remission of the purchase money varying from 600*l.* to 200*l.* according to their rank and length of service. "Military chaplains, commissariat officers, and officers of any of the civil departments of the army; pursers, chaplains, midshipmen, warrant officers of every description, and officers of any of the civil departments of the navy. are not allowed any privileges in respect of land. Although members of these classes may have been admitted formerly, and under different circumstances, they are now excluded. Mates in the royal navy

* "Persons will be at liberty to make payments for colonial lands in this country, for which payment or deposit they will receive an order for credit to the same amount in any purchase of land they may effect in the colony, and will have the privilege of naming a proportionate number of emigrants for a free passage, as explained in the next article. The deposits must be made in one or more sums of 100*l.* each at the Bank of England, to the account of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners; and the depositor must state at the time the colony in which the land is to be selected, and give notice to the Commissioners of the deposit. Upon production of the Bank's receipt for the money, the Commissioners will furnish the depositor with a certificate, stating the amount which he has paid, and entitling him to obtain credit for that sum in any purchase which he may effect in the colony, subject to all rules and regulations in force in the colony at the time such purchase may be made.

"For every sum of 100*l.* deposited as above, the depositor will be entitled, for six months from the date of payment, to name a number of properly qualified emigrants, equal to five adults, for a free passage. Two children between one and fourteen are to be reckoned as one adult. The emigrants are required to be chosen from the class of mechanics and handicraftsmen, agricultural labourers, or domestic servants, and must be going out with the intention to work for wages. They are to be subject to the approval of the Commissioners, and must, in all respects, fall within their general regulations on the selection of labourers. The purchaser and his family cannot receive a free passage under this privilege."

rank with ensigns in the army, and mates of three years standing with lieutenants in the army, and are entitled respectively to corresponding privileges in the acquisition of lands."

CHAPTER III.—History of the Cape Colony.

The renowned promontory of the Cape was first doubled by the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, in the year 1487, but the discovery was not looked on as of any other importance than as opening the maritime route to India which that nation had so long sought after. Ten years later De Gama passed along the southern and eastern coast of Africa, and coming in sight of a fertile, pleasant country on Christmas day, he gave it the name of the Land of the Nativity, (Terra Natal) whence the appellation by which it is now known. In 1620, two of the officers of the English Merchant Adventurers landed in Saldanha Bay, and took formal possession of the country, in the name of James I, but no European settlement was attempted until the year 1650, when the Dutch India Company, at the recommendation of a surgeon of one of their ships, named Van Riebeck, placed a colony on the shore of Table Bay, further southward, for the purpose of affording supplies to their fleets.

Though the colony was at first composed, as was usual in those days, of persons of abandoned character, it grew and prospered, and in the course of about thirty years it received an accession of population of admirable character in the persons of French and German Protestant refugees, whom the atrocious proceedings of Louis XIV., in revoking the Edict of Nantes, and ravaging the Palatinate with fire and sword, had rendered homeless. These estimable exiles introduced the culture of the vine and other improvements, and the colony gradually spread itself along the belt of level land which extends itself eastward between the Lange Kloof and the sea.

About the same time Natal was visited by order of the Governor, and some idea was entertained of forming a settlement there, but, for some reason not now known, the project was abandoned.

The Dutch continued in peaceable possession of the colony for more than one hundred years longer, and had gradually spread themselves either as settlers or elephant hunters almost to the borders of the Orange River, when in 1795, a small *English force,* under General Craig and Sir Alured Clarke,

appeared, and the whole territory was at once surrendered. At the peace of Amiens, in 1802, it was restored to Holland; but in 1806 it again came into the hands of England, and was finally ceded to us in 1814.*

From the period of our establishment in the colony in 1806 till 1827 (with the exception of a change in the currency very displeasing to the Dutch), we were contented to stand by the laws by which it had been governed, with only such occasional amendments and modifications as the change of circumstances required. In that year, however, after three or four years' notice and consideration, a code of English laws (not exactly the laws of England) was adopted. As, from their non-acquaintance with our language, it was impossible to make the Dutch thoroughly conversant with the principles upon which these laws were framed, they soon became discontented. The clerks in the public offices, to whom they applied occasionally for information, were unable to give their time to listen to their grievances; and, had they been inclined to enlighten them, their ignorance of the Dutch language rendered it impracticable. Previously to this, every district had been governed by a magistrate, or Landrost. He had to assist him a council of eight individuals, called Hemraaden, chosen from among the most respectable and influential landholders, who informed the inhabitants of all events and changes occurring in the colony and its laws, explained all difficulties, heard all complaints, and were, in short, the medium of communication between the people and the authorities. The English laws completely superseded these arrangements, and the utter want of education among the Dutch, particularly the scattered farmers, rendered them jealous and suspicious of their new legislators, whose system (practically or theoretically) they could not understand.

It is true that the bad condition, and, in many cases, the

* The Boers, however, had little liking for this arrangement, which severed them from their parent country, and their hearts yearned towards a reunion with it. Of this I had a positive assurance before it was my fate to visit the colony myself. In the year 1838 I had the honour of making the acquaintance of H. R. H. Prince William Henry of Orange, who was on his voyage home in the "Bellona" frigate from Java, *viâ* St. Helena. He dwelt with great pleasure on the circumstance of several Dutch families having travelled many miles from the interior to meet him at Cape Town, when he touched there. Aged men and women, who had scarcely moved out of their farm sitting-room for years, hastened to meet a Prince from their beloved Fatherland.

ill-usage of the Hottentots, called for investigation and amendment; but many attempts that were made to ameliorate their condition proved vain, from being as defective as they were ill-executed. General Bourke passed an ordinance, freeing the Hottentot race from all those restraints which are found absolutely necessary for the preservation of social order in all civilized communities. The consequence of this ill-advised decree is manifested to this day, for it is the cause of the gradual self-extermination (so to speak) of the race. The mischief, however, was done, and as a remedy the location of a number of them as an agricultural community on the Kat River was tried. A few respectable individuals are still to be found among them there, and in some other localities, but these are a mixed race, and it may be said that the original Hottentot race has been gradually but surely dwindling away since the enactment of the above-mentioned 50th Ordinance.

Just as matters stood a chance of finding their level, the farmer beginning to try to accustom himself to bear the inconveniences arising from the Hottentot's freedom from all restraint, and consequent contempt of servitude (for on the enactment of the 50th Ordinance they had taken to a life of vagrancy, spurning all work), the Kaffirs sounded their war-cry, and burst upon the colony. This was in 1834. It arose thus.

From the depredations and encroachments of the Kaffirs on the Hottentot location in the Kat River settlement, the authorities ordered the expulsion of the Kaffir chief, Charlie, (so called by the express desire of his father, Gaika, after Lord Charles Somerset), from a portion of the neutral territory* which he had been allowed to occupy on sufferance during good behaviour. This indulgence he had clearly forfeited, the depredations being almost invariably traced to his locality. Though, on solemn promise of amendment, he had been subsequently permitted to resume his position, yet, from the natural ingratitude of his race, and the pains taken

* Shortly after Lord Charles Somerset succeeded to the government of the Cape, in 1817, Graham's Town being attacked by Makanna, the pretended Kaffir prophet, a witch doctor, Colonel, now Major-General Sir Thomas Wiltshire, after defeating a horde of these savages, followed up his success by pursuing them into their own country, where he forced them to sue for peace. This was granted, on condition of their surrendering Makanna, and giving up in atonement for their past, and as security against future offences, that tract of country lying between the Fish and Kat Rivers on the one side, and the Tyumie and Keiskamma on the other.

by his *soi-disant* and injudicious European friends to persuade him how ill he had been treated by his original expulsion,—after a few months of smothered ill-will, the volcano burst, and these savages poured, *en masse*, into the colony; fire, devastation, and the murderous blade marking their progress throughout this astonished, peaceable, and, with trifling exceptions, unprotected frontier, to the ruin of thousands—a ruin from which many have never recovered, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of their best friend, Sir Benjamin D'Urban. Under his able government—crippled as it was by a change in the Ministry—the colony, after the war, resumed the appearance and probability of peace, when another great event altered the face of everything. Suddenly there was a voice, which went through all the countries of the known earth, crying aloud, "Let the slave be free!"

The Dutch were quite ready to listen to the voice that cried shame at the idea of seizing our fellow-creatures, packing them like herrings in slave-ships, and bartering for them in the market. Every one of good feeling revolted at the custom, and looked for the remedy. But how to set about the remedy should have been considered. The chain was broken, and the people of England hurraed to their heart's content. And the slave! What, in the meanwhile, became of him? If he was young and vicious, away he went—he was his own master. He was at liberty to walk to and fro upon the earth, "seeking whom he might devour." He was free—he had the world before him where to choose, though, squatted beside the Kaffir's fire, probably thinking his meal of parched corn but poor stuff after the palatable dishes he had been permitted to cook for himself in the Boer's, or tradesman's kitchen. But he was fain to like it—he could get nothing else, and this was earned at the expense of his own soul; for it was given him as an inducement to teach the Kaffir the easiest mode of plundering his ancient master. If inclined to work, he had no certain prospect of employment, and the Dutch, losing so much by the sudden Emancipation Act, resolved on working for themselves. So the virtuous redeemed slave had too many temptations to remain virtuous. He was hungry—so was his wife—so were his children; and he must feed them. How? No matter.

And the aged slave! He sat himself down on the hearth to which he had been accustomed, but he had no longer a right to the shelter of the roof-tree under which he had lived, and *his children had* been born. He, too, must beg for food; but

he was so old he could hardly crawl. He grew sick; there was none to take care of him but the charitable; and, fortunately for the poor, the aged, and the sick, there *was* charity in the land. Of what availed the slave's freedom, under such circumstances? Still, some were harmless. It was the vicious negro who rejoiced in his freedom, and taught the Kaffir how best to rob and murder, till most probably the Kaffir murdered him, or made him toil harder than he had ever done under the Boer.

Then, the Dutch grumbled not so much at the emancipation, as at the manner of it. Even when they were willing to hire those who had been their slaves, they hesitated to receive as servants those over whom the law gave no control. As an indemnification for the loss of their slaves, the owners obtained, on the average, about one-third of the value of them. From their not being paid their compensation-money in the colony, but being obliged to draw it from England, their loss by agencies and misunderstanding was very great.

The discontented Dutch, who had been gradually irritated by these proceedings, now began to migrate with their families over various branches of the Orange River, to the north-east of the colony. They were forbidden to take their apprentices with them; but in many instances they disregarded this order, and parties of military being sent after them, to bring the apprentices back to the colony, this measure increased the feelings of resentment already excited in the minds of the Dutch towards the English, and the commanders of such military parties ran imminent risks of their lives in the execution of these duties. Having established themselves in various localities beyond the north-eastern boundary, and having no legal executive among themselves, the Boers occasionally returned to the colony when any appeal to justice was required; but, by degrees, the stream of emigration having set steadily outwards, it swelled to such an extent that it called for more room in its progress, and, spreading itself beyond the limits of British jurisdiction or restraint, at length reached Natal. The most determined emigrants came to a resolution to establish for themselves, in the neighbourhood of that port, a colony totally independent of British rule, and regulated by their own laws. Meanwhile the Kaffir war had been, by the energy and decision of Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Col. Smith (now Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, *and the Governor* of the Cape), brought to an end. The *aggressors were* driven from the colony, and also from a

neighbouring district between the Keiskama and the Kei, which was erected into a province called Adelaide, and stringent measures taken to prevent their again bursting into the colony. But these measures were disapproved of by Lord Glenelg, then the Colonial Secretary, the new district was abandoned, Sir Benjamin D'Urban resigned, and, under the auspices of Sir Andries Stockenstrom, the Lieutenant-Governor of the eastern province, new treaties, since known by his name, were formed, which public opinion in Africa almost universally condemns as the real cause of the late deplorable warfare. Since then, the policy that framed them has been abandoned, and the statesmanlike views of Sir Benjamin are at the present day being carried out by his former coadjutor, Sir Harry Smith.

About the year 1841 the settlement of the emigrant Boers had attained something like the appearance of a regular state. They had, partly by force and partly by purchase, obtained possession of a considerable tract of country, and had founded a town, which they called Pietermaritzburg, and after some correspondence with the Government at the Cape, they declared themselves independent. On this a small British force was despatched to Port Natal, but it was unable to effect anything against them until the arrival of reinforcements, when the Boers promised submission to the Queen's authority; but soon after they began again to move onward, under their general, Pretorius, and it was not until Sir Harry Smith came among them, at the close of the Kaffir war, that they could be considered as fully under the control of the British Government. Even up to the present time their position with regard to it is anything but satisfactory, as the following extract from a letter recently received from the Cape (Sept. 14, 1850), will show:—"Matters have looked a little portentous over the Orange River. The Boers, far beyond Bloem Fontein, under Pretorius, are determined that no one shall pass through their territory to the newly-discovered lake (Lake Ngami), and have already fined some severely. The lake will be easy of access down the Limpopo (river), which runs through the Boers' country into it, as is believed; all other ways, as far as is known, are through deserts, and the ignorant people (Boers) will not suffer the missionaries to teach the natives about them. It would be unsafe to send any expedition under seven hundred men there, as Pretorius is more than 250 miles beyond any military station."

CHAPTER IV.—The Kaffirs and the Aborigines.

Though the publications on the Cape colony are already so numerous, and they all more or less profess to describe the native inhabitants, it is certain that we yet know very little of their real character; more especially of the character of the Kaffirs. These are often painted as an aboriginal race, "a pastoral and gentle people." They are neither the one nor the other. They are intruders on the lands that they occupy; their habits are the most savage imaginable;* their treachery is well known to all who have been unfortunate enough to come in contact with them, and the conversions effected among them in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred have no other existence than in the warm imaginations of the well-meaning but ill-informed members of Missionary Societies. What converts there are, are principally from the despised slaves of the haughty Kaffirs, the Fingoes.

There are some missionary stations within a ride of Fort Peddie,—one of them, D'Urban, being scarcely a mile from the post. I rode over there one day, to see a Fingo congregation. Among them, indeed, were some Kaffirs; in fact, it was composed of many shades of colour, the pale-faced Englishman, the dingy children of fair-haired mothers and dusky fathers, the sallow, stunted Hottentot, the merry-eyed Fingo, and the more dignified Kaffir. On our approach to the building, we distinguished a loud monotonous voice holding forth in the Kaffir language, without the smallest attention to intonation, or emphasis. This was the interpreter. In the missionary's absence, an assistant preached in Dutch, which was translated, sentence by sentence, into Kaffir. The unconcerned air of the interpreter, and his reckless bawl, were much at variance with the wrapt air of attention bestowed on the exhortations by the congregation. Some of the Kaffirs and Fingoes were well-dressed, in homely cos-

* Even in their hunting expeditions, the Kaffirs exhibit a peculiarity which goes far to prove that the sight of blood renders them unnaturally ferocious. At the death of a jackal, a buck, or any large game which they have run down, each hunter presses on to give a last stab at the victim, even after death. I observed this also among the Fingoes, in their war-dance, as afterwards described. Captain Harris alludes to it in his "Sporting Expedition in Africa," when he so graphically describes the death of a young eland. "The savages came up," he says, "and in spite of my remonstrances, proceeded with cold-blooded ferocity to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring up the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation as it issued from each newly-inflicted wound."

tume, indeed, but clean and neat, consisting of moleskin or fustian jackets and trousers, felt hats, like those worn by English waggoners, and strong shoes. Others reclined on the floor, with their blankets, or karosses, draped round them, and ornamented with strings of beads, whose gaudy colours contrasted finely with their dark skins. Another day, I witnessed the baptism of fourteen Fingoes. Both men and women seemed to feel the solemnity of their position, the women particularly evinced extraordinary emotion. Some were unable to restrain their sobs, and one aged being affected me much by the manner in which she sought to subdue her feelings, wiping the tears quietly away as they followed each other down her dark cheek. All were decently clothed, and particularly intelligent in their appearance.

At the close of the service, the missionary permits any of his congregation to ask questions concerning such sacred matters as they may at first find difficult to understand. Some of their arguments evince a singular disposition to subtle reasoning, and prove how arduous a task is undertaken by those who endeavour to convert these poor savages to Christianity. One day, after the missionary had dwelt on the misery arising from sin, and had expatiated on the natural proneness of man to vice rather than virtue, and on the dreadful consequences of disobedience manifested in the fall of our first parents, and its terrible results, ameliorated only by the hope of heaven through the merits of a Redeemer, in whose power to save and mediate we alone can trust, a Kaffir, who had given his whole attention to the discussion, begged leave to ask a few questions. It was granted, and he began.

"You tell us," said he, in the measured and gentle tone peculiar to his language, "that all the world is wicked—dreadfully wicked; that man is condemned to punishment, except he be redeemed by faith. You tell us that every one is wrong, and God alone is right?"

"Certainly," replied the missionary; "except we believe in and obey God, we cannot be saved."

"And you are sure," continued the Kaffir, "that man is very wicked, and God alone is good?"

"Quite sure," replied the missionary.

"And there have been thousands—millions of men, and many, many countries far away and beyond the waters," pursued the savage, "full of sin, who cannot be saved, except they love and fear God, and believe in him and in all these

mysteries which none of us can understand, and which you yourself even cannot explain?"

"It is but too true," said the missionary.

"And there is but one God?" pursued the Kaffir, in a tone of inquiry.

"But one God," was the solemn answer.

The savage pondered some minutes, and then observed, "What proof have you that God is right, and men are wrong? Has no one ever doubted that One being wise and the other being weak and sinful? How strange that the word of your One God should be allowed to weigh against the will and inclination of the whole world! Your cause is hardly a good one, when hundreds and millions are opposed in deed and opinion to one! I must consider your arguments on Christianity well before I decide on adopting your creed."

Another remark of one of these natural logicians equally illustrates their determination not to be persuaded to anything without having their own reasons for it. Wherever their inclination leads them, they possess such an art of defending themselves as would be an invaluable addition to the talents of a special pleader in a criminal court. One Kaffir who had become a Christian, at least apparently so (for I doubt the decided conversion of any, except the Chief, Kama)—was striving, for reasons of his own, to bring others to the creed he had adopted. After much argument, one, who grew tired of it, closed it by observing that "since such punishments were in reserve for those who neglected the laws of the Master whom they engaged to serve, he preferred enjoying the world as much as he could while living, rather than becoming a subject of one whose laws were irksome, and whose punishments were so terrible."

This art of reasoning, however it may lead them into discussions as full of sophistry as ingenuity, may be the means of converting some of them to Christianity. It makes them keen listeners; and, since the Word of God is so plain, that "he who runs may read," may not these poor people be persuaded to that which must teach them that wisdom and power, and mercy, and unbounded benevolence, are the attributes of that God whom they are invited to worship? Sometimes, I hope this, and then some proof of Kaffir treachery makes me wonder how I can ever form such a hope.

I should say, with Fingoes, Kaffirs and Hottentots, *persuasion and quiet* reasoning would work the will of God

before all the threats relative to that dreadful world where sinners are described as in everlasting torment. This is hardly the place for such discussion, but I cannot help saying, that I think the creed of many who profess to explain the Word of God, a fearful one: instead of holding up our beneficent Creator as a Being worthy to be served for love, they dwell too much on the punishment of sin, rather than on the reward of virtue. It is by some deemed wiser to frighten the ignorant into serving God, than to lead them by gentle means to love Him, to honour and to put their whole trust in Him. What a mistake! I have often pondered on the difference (if I may so express it) of the two sources of religion—the one proceeding from fear of our great spiritual enemy (and which, after all, is a fallacious kind of worship)—and the other from love of the Almighty!

Tell the savage that God is infinitely wise and powerful, and good to those who serve Him, and he will at least listen further; by which means much may be done. Talk to him of a dreadful place of punishment, he will turn his back on you, and refuse to enlist under the banners of those whose chief arguments are based on such threats. Begin with reference to God as merciful, as well as just, and the savage will soon acknowledge the necessity of punishment for evil deeds in an equal degree with rewards for virtue. It is right he should know that eternal suffering awaits the sinner, but, before he is thus threatened, teach him "the beauty of holiness," and "praise God as one worthy to be praised."

On my journey into Kaffirland, our road one day lay through a pleasant country, where the grass was green, and the mimosas bright with their golden clusters of flowers. At the spot where we out-spanned, a waggon, driven by Fingoes, had halted: it was drawn close up to a bush, and the party in charge of it, consisting of two men, three women, and their children, were seated in the shade. To our surprise, we observed that one man was reading aloud to the party; and, anxious to hear the language, which is peculiarly soft and liquid, we walked up to the group. Our surprise was increased when we found that the book occupying their attention was the Bible, translated into the Kaffir language, which, by the way, scarcely differs from the Fingo. The sight of this dusky group so employed, had a strange effect, and the flowing ease and beauty of the language in which the Word of God was explained to the attentive listeners, increased the

interest we felt in the scene. None of them could speak English; but the reader, pointing to the book, uttered the single word "Good" impressively.

It is singular enough that Barrow and other travellers do not allude to the race of Fingoes; this oversight is probably owing to their having been, till of late years, the slaves of the Kaffirs.* The following account of them I have gathered from a work compiled by the editor of the "Graham's Town Journal," and published in 1836:—

"It appears that the term 'Fingo' is not their national appellation, but a reproachful epithet, denoting extreme poverty or misery,—a person having no claim to justice, mercy, or even life. They are the remnants of eight powerful nations, which have been destroyed or driven out of their country by the destructive wars carried on amongst the natives of the interior. Five of these nations were destroyed by the cruel Matawana, and the rest by the notorious Zoola Chief, Chaka, or some of the tribes tributary to them. The names of these nations were—

1. The Amalubi,—signifying a people who tear and pull off.
2. The Amazizi,—a people who bring. About twenty years ago, they, as a powerful nation, inhabited the country on the north-east of Natal.
3. The Amabile,—people of mercy.
4. The Amazabizembi,—axe-venders.
5. The Abasækunene,—right-hand people.
6. The Amantozakive,—people whose things are their own.
7. The Amarelidwani,—(no definite meaning.)
8. Abashwawo,—revilers or reproachers.

"These nations being broken up and dispersed, many of those who escaped flew westward, and thus came into collision with the Amakosa Kaffirs, but principally with the tribes of the late Hintza, whose death is graphically described by Sir James Alexander, 14th regiment, in his account of the last Kaffir irruption in 1834 and 1835. They became slaves, herds, 'hewers of wood, and drawers of water,' as well as tillers of the ground. They were oppressed in every way; when by industry they had gathered together a few head of cattle, they were either forcibly taken away from them, or,

* The term "Kaffir," is by no means recognised by the Kaffirs themselves. It was bestowed on them by the Portuguese. The word is from *the Arabic, and signifies* "Infidel."

being accused of witchcraft, their property was confiscated. In short, their lives and property were held on the same precarious tenure, the mere will of their capricious, cruel, and avaricious task-masters.

"This state of bondage at last became utterly intolerable, and its victims only looked for an opportunity to throw off the yoke. Their attention had been anxiously turned towards the colony, and communications had been made to the frontier authorities long before the irruption in 1834, urgently praying for an asylum within our boundary: but this application was kept a profound secret, from a conviction that were their intentions known to the Kaffirs, the indiscriminate massacre of the poor Fingoes would be the consequence."

The war, of which many histories are given, delivered these poor creatures from their bondage, and they are now a happy people, with their own independent possessions of cattle, &c. Sir James Alexander supplies an interesting description of their deliverance from captivity.

They are a fine muscular race, bearing a great resemblance to the Kaffirs, yet easily distinguishable from them: unlike the Kaffirs, they are a cheerful race. The moonlight nights seem their seasons of festivity; and their wild chant, now rising loud and shrill, from the huts opposite Fort Peddie, and now falling into a low muttered chorus, now led by a single voice, and again sinking into indistinctness, has a singular effect on civilized ears, not the less extraordinary from its being sometimes united with a running accompaniment of wolves howling about the cattle-kraals, and dogs yelling after them. At such times, the wild chorus generally ceases, lights are carried to and fro in the kraal,* or hamlet, and there is a sound of a hunt, such as one might fancy would be ably illustrated by Retzsch's wondrous pencil. After successive shouts from the Fingoes, and yells from the dogs, the yelp of the wolf is heard further off, and changes to a smothered whine, till it ceases altogether. The dogs continue barking for some time, the torches are extinguished, and, as all again becomes quiet, the strange chant recommences. Sometimes the noise of clapping of hands, resembling, from the distance at which it is heard, the sound of the tom-tom, or rude drum, may be distinguished, marking time probably to the steps

* The word "kraal" applies either to the group of huts forming a village, to a single hut, or the fold for the cattle.

of the untiring dancers, for their revelry generally lasts till morning's dawn.

Neither Fingoes nor Kaffirs seem to take much note of time: they sing and dance when they are merry, sleep when fatigued, eat and drink when hungry and thirsty. Days, weeks, months, and years pass by unnoticed, and uncounted. If in want of comforts which must be purchased, they work to earn money; if well provided, they will do nothing. In cold weather, they will not leave their huts even to milk their cows.

One of the most interesting anecdotes I have heard, was told me one day, relative to a Fingoman, tallying well with the scene I have alluded to of the group reading the Bible under the shade of the mimosa-bush. A poor Fingo had made several applications, from Graham's Town, to a missionary nearly fifty miles off, for a Bible; but for some time there had not been a sufficient number printed to meet the devout wishes of those "who would become Christians." Two years elapsed from the time this man first asked for the Bible. At last one day, he suddenly appeared at the station, and asked the missionary for one. The latter replied, that he was afraid he yet had none to spare; "but," said he to the Fingo, "if you will do what business you may have on hand in the neighbourhood, and come to me before you leave it, I will endeavour to procure you one, if such a thing is to be had;" but the poor traveller surprised the missionary when he said he had no business to transact there, save the one thing which had brought him so far. He had come all the way from Graham's Town, on foot, for the Bible; he would wait till one was found, or even printed for him. So the missionary was constrained to seek for one immediately, which he succeeded in obtaining; and the Fingo then offering 2*s.* 6*d.* (the price of the book being 1*s.* 6*d.*), the missionary offered the 1*s.* in change, but the traveller waited not. With the precious book which had cost him so much toil to obtain, in one hand, and his knob-kiurrie (war-club) in the other, away he trudged, light of foot, and certainly light of heart. He evidently considered his prize as more to be "desired than gold, yea than fine gold." Such instances of sincere conversion are very rare.

There seems little doubt that Barrow's idea of the origin of the Kaffir tribes in this country is a just one. He imagines them to be the descendants of those Arabs known to us by *the name Bedouin*. "These people," says he, "penetrated

into every part of Africa. Colonies of them have found their way into the islands of Southern Africa, where more difficulties would occur than in an overland journey to the Cape of Good Hope. By skirting the Red Sea, and turning to the southward, the great desert of sand, which divides Africa into two parts, would be avoided, and the passage lies over a country inhabited, as far as is known, in every part." The circumstance of their having short hair, would seem to militate against their Arabic origin; but their intermixture with the Hottentots and other nations along the coast may have produced this. Barrow adds, "Their skill in music is not above the level of the Hottentots."

The latter have a most perfect ear for music, and cannot resist dancing and chorussing to a tune that pleases them. I have never heard the Kaffirs evince any disposition to sing, unless I except the monotonous drawl which the women utter for the men to dance to. Of the Fingo evensong, I shall have occasion to speak by and by.

It is already well known that the Bosjemen and Hottentots are the aborigines of the whole of this part of South Africa. As one great proof of this, we find the names of the rivers are in the Hottentot language, between which and the Kaffir there is no affinity. It may, by the bye, be observed, that the Bosjeman and Kaffir languages have one thing in common, —a singular click, varying in its sound according to the letter pronounced: thus, C, T, R, and Q, appear to be the letters uttered in clicks—T is uttered between the teeth, like *teh;* the R also resembles T in its pronunciation; Q is produced by a click nearer the front of the teeth than is requisite for the pronunciation of the C, which in its turn resembles the noise made in imitation of drawing a cork, and when two Kaffirs, Fingoes, or Bushmen, are conversing together on any subject that excites them to unusual rapidity of speech or gesticulation, the effect is extraordinary.

I desire not to lengthen my work with long quotations from other writers, though to do so with that experience which a residence in the country must give, would be to compile a useful and entertaining chapter; but by here and there comparing what I see of these wild people with what I have read, much may be gathered together that will throw a light on matters connected with them in their present domestic state, if such a term may be applied to a people who are not *yet* tamed, and who, I doubt, never will be so.

Like the lion, the tiger, the panther, and all the roaming tenants of the bush, the mountain, or the kloof, the Kaffir has become identified with the country to which he now belongs; and, though here and there one or two may be brought to understand the meaning of good principle, as a body, the Kaffirs will fulfil the destiny of their great progenitor, Ishmael, of whom it has been decreed by God, that his descendants shall "have their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them." Even though a Kaffir may be brought up among Christians from his youth, and accustomed to his dress by day, and his bed by night, in manhood he will most joyfully return to his kraal, his kaross, and his mat. The daughter of Cobus Congo (Konky) is a striking instance of this. Educated in the house of an excellent missionary, taught the value of principle, Konky is now married to a chief who has many other wives; she wears the kaross, and rides an unsaddled horse, after the same fashion as her husband and his cortège. If, however, the missionaries fail generally in the one grand object of converting the Kaffirs and Fingoes to Christianity, many among them may be brought to some degree of civilization. Already those who have been prevailed upon to learn to read (the difficulty lies in getting them to learn at all,) are diligent, and thirst for knowledge; as they progress in this, their communion with Europeans becomes more intimate, gradually they may acquire a wish to be clothed, and this may be of consequence to our manufactories. Already the English blanket, greased till it becomes the colour of ochre, begins to supersede the skin kaross; and the common brown coverlid is another favourite drapery of the Kaffir. A printing press is established at D'Urban;* and, besides the translation of the Bible, a periodical is published monthly, containing articles suited to the taste, comprehension, and habits of the native.

I have imagined that if some profitable employment were set on foot among them it would have a beneficial effect; but I understand that wool-combing was tried, which would have added to their cattle flocks of sheep, besides promoting habits of industry; but this failed,—their idleness is incorrigible. The principal articles of our manufacture coveted by them are fire-arms. There was before the late war some ill-devised and worse-executed law for the prevention of the sale of these, but it was of small effect. Even assegais made

* A missionary station near Fort Peddie.

in England have been sent out here, but the Kaffirs object to our manufacture of iron, as being too malleable, preferring that prepared at their own primitive forges. I have heard it remarked that the bellows they use in forging are proof of their having sprung from a race more skilled in the arts of civilization than themselves. Two pieces of hide are sown together in the form of a pointed bag; the wide part at top is stretched open by two sticks; in the point at the bottom, also open, is inserted a bullock's horn, filed at the point, through which passes the air, which is admitted by opening and shutting the bellows at the wide end.

To enter upon a minute description of Kaffir habits, customs, ceremonials, and superstitions, would be to exceed my limits. I prefer confining myself to the results of my personal observations, which, however, from my long residence in Kaffirland, will embrace many points left unnoticed by writers who have merely travelled through the country.

CHAPTER V.—THE KAFFIRS—THEIR SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Kaffirs have no idea of a future state, and many can hardly be taught to believe that there are countries beyond their own. Some have a crude idea that Europeans, particularly the English, live on the waters in ships. Even to their own chiefs, and people who have been in England, they will give no credence. A Kaffir believes only what he sees. Latterly, they have become more inquisitive, and ask questions, wondering "if the Queen of England is like other human beings!"

They are so exceedingly superstitious that the more cunning members of their community take advantage of a weakness common to all, but possessed in a greater degree by some than by others. The system of "eating-up," as it is called, arises from the prevalence of superstition, and may be thus described. A man, who, from his knowledge of herbs and practice among the sick, is considered and denominated a doctor, entertains, perhaps, a spite against some individual. He hears that another is sick,—if a chief so much the better for his purpose,—or perhaps he may employ some nefarious means to injure the health of a man by whom he intends to be employed. The chief, then, falls sick; naturally, or by foul means; meanwhile, the "doctor" has not been idle, he has carried to some hiding-place some herbs, stones, roots, bits of

skin, or something of this kind, and has buried it in a nook. Soon after comes the summons for him. He goes. The patient is suffering, and the mode of questioning the sick man is singular enough. With a grave face and solemn air, the doctor begins his inquiries,—"Does his head ache?" "No." "Has he a sore throat?" "No." "Pain in the shoulders?" "No." "In the chest?" "No." "In the arms?" "No." And so on, till the part affected is touched. Then the pain is acknowledged, and there is a long pause. No one ventures to speak, save the doctor and the patient. At last, the former asks the invalid who has bewitched him? All disease is looked upon as the effect of magic, from their total ignorance of a Providence. The patient replies, he does not know. It is not improbable, indeed, he may be leagued with the doctor; or, if he be a chief, that he may have resolved on possessing himself of some poor dependent's cattle, and therefore bribes the doctor to assist him in his scheme. All the inhabitants of the kraal are summoned. They come. Perhaps, they expect a feast, unless they are aware of the chief's illness. The doctor moves through the assembly, examines the countenances of this man and that, retires, deliberates, returns, and at last points out the unfortunate man who has already been devoted to ruin. The victim protests his innocence. It is of no avail. The wise doctor can prove where he has hidden the charm which works the mischief. He goes to the nook where he himself has concealed it. The people follow. Wonderful;—he discovers it—brings it to the chief, who orders the victim to pay so many head of cattle, the tax imposed being always so heavy as to injure the unfortunate creature beyond redemption. Frequently, he is condemned to death, and frightful cruelties are to this day practised on men and women accused of witchcraft, who, with their heads smeared with honey, are bound down on an ant-hill, and at their feet a blazing fire. Unable to move, they lie for days enduring this torture, till they are released or die. In the former case even, they are crippled for life. A case came to my knowledge, in which a rain-maker, a character similar to that of the doctor, but whose business is curing the weather, caused a poor creature to be put to death; and, strange to say, on the following day, though we had not had a drop of rain for nearly four months, and were very short of water, the torrents which fell deluged the country, and filled the tanks and rivers *beyond what had* been seen for a considerable time.

I confess that, as I have ridden through the kraals, and seen the groups of Fingoes, or Kaffirs, sitting about the fires, surrounded by their children, cooking their corn, chattering and laughing, while at a little distance young boys basked in the sun, playing with pebbles at some game, or, lying on the grass, idle, and happy in their idleness, without a thought beyond the present, any more than the herd that cropped the green herbage round them, I have said to my companions, "How can we expect these happy wretches to be other than savages?" The earth yields them food, and their cattle, milk and clothing. Trees provide them wood for the frame-work of their huts, and their fires, and the clay on which they sit is shaped into utensils for their use. Wise in their own conceit, they must be but too happy and independent to change their condition of their own free will. They have no idea of the sin of a theft, or a lie, being equal to the folly which permits it to be found out.

I shall have occasion by and by to describe a council at which I was present, wherein Umhala, a Kaffir chief, was summoned by the Lieutenant-Governor, to show cause why he had threatened to "eat up" Gasella, another chief, his step-brother. The secret of the threat was said to lie in Gasella's friendly feeling towards the English, and his consequent determination to prevent the inroads of the Kaffirs upon the colony, for the purpose of abstracting cattle; but I strongly doubt the existence of such a feeling in any Kaffir whatever. The constant thefts of cattle give rise to "Commandos" to recover them, and after a successful one, a military party in charge of cattle, conducting them into Graham's Town, is not an unamusing sight. How would some aristocratic papas and mammas be horrified at seeing their gentlemanlike sons heading the party, and playing the part of principal herdsman on the redoubtable occasion! Such expeditions require the utmost caution, and are frequently attended with danger; and, though it would be no addition to the soldier's wreath of glory to be assegaied, or shot, in the execution of such a duty as that of driving cattle, he would be not the less killed "for a' that,"—dead,—lost to his sorrowing friends and his unsympathizing country for ever.

The restless desire for plunder among the Kaffirs speaks much in favour of their Arab origin. So do their tent-shaped huts, their riches consisting in herds of cattle, and their wandering habits. The Kaffirs' principal implement of *war is the spear,* or assegai. Such a weapon is now in espe-

cial use among the Arabs. The poising and hurling this spear constitute a trial of dexterity which they love to exhibit; and there could not be a finer subject for a painter than a tall Kaffir, majestically formed, with one foot firmly planted before him, his head thrown back, his kaross draped round him, leaving the right arm and foot free and unfettered, in the act of poising an assegai before he sends it flashing through the sunlit air. Their wearing clothes will be an excellent thing for our manufactories, but will help to enervate the savage.

I cannot avoid reverting to the fact that writers have never, in their descriptions, separated the Fingoes from the Kaffirs. There is no doubt that they once formed one vast nation, but are now not only distinct but opposed to each other. In advertisements relative to servants, and setting forth Government ordinances, mention is made of all the tribes of Kaffirs to the utmost limits of the known territory, also of Hottentots and Bushmen, but no reference is made to Fingoes, who differ from the Kaffirs in appearance as well as in habits.

Mr. Shepstone, the Government agent, has kindly written down, from what he has gathered from them in conversation, the idea of the Kaffirs respecting their own origin. He says—

"The traditions among the native tribes on the south-eastern coast of Africa, which essay to describe the origin of the human race, are as various as the tribes themselves. Perhaps, the one most curious in its detail is the following:—It assumes the pre-existence of the sun, moon, and stars, &c., as also of our earth, with everything in it as it at present exists, with the exception of men and cattle. It then describes two chasms in the earth, from one of which emerged three descriptions of men; first, the Kaffir; second, the Bushman (the original Hottentot); and third, the white man. These are the fathers of mankind. Out of the other chasm came cattle; the greatest part of these were given to the Kaffir, and he was told they should be 'his life and his children's.' The Bushman was given the honey-bird,* and was desired to follow it, as its fortunes should be '*his* life and *his* children's.' The white man was shown the sea, and was told to '*try everything*.' Another account represents the white man as having been incited by curiosity to explore the chasm whence had issued the cattle; that, after he had entered it, the mouth closed up; but that by extraordinary exertions he cleared his

* *A small bird, which, attracting the notice of travellers by its cry, guides them to the wild bees'* nests in trees, or clefts of rocks.

way out, which explains the cause of his descendants possessing such persevering ingenuity. Their different callings being thus defined, they were permitted to increase and multiply, and live in love with one another. This injunction was followed for a considerable period, when one morning, when the sun shone as brightly as usual in the heavens, one of their number was discovered motionless! speechless! cold! The utmost dismay was the consequence; all assembled to endeavour to ascertain the cause, and remedy what was felt to be a serious evil; some ran with water, to sprinkle the lifeless form; others hastened with broad-spreading leaves, to fan the rigid countenance, and every effort was made to restore their companion so far as to be able to tell the cause of such fearful apathy. All was in vain—not a ray of hope was left—despair took possession of their breasts. The form of their friend and fellow creature began to moulder. Nothing remained at last but the more substantial parts of the person once familiar to them. Then a voice came and named it 'Death!' It is curious to observe," remarks Mr. Shepstone, "in all this the recognition of a superintending and benevolent power, independent of man; whereas, in every other tradition, the fortunes of the human race are represented as under the control of the good and evil spirits of their forefathers, whichever may, from circumstances, predominate at the time."—Fort Peddie, May 19th, 1843.

PART II.—FIVE YEARS IN KAFFIRLAND.

CHAPTER I.—The Voyage Out.

There was nothing very pleasant in the prospect before me of leaving England just as summer was opening her gates, and exhibiting her flower-strewn paths and fragrant hedgerows. My health was not good, and to my mode of travelling I looked forward as anything but agreeable; since a troop-ship can never be considered as affording even convenient accomodation for a lady, and the miseries of a sea-life must of necessity be enhanced by being shared with a crowd of fellow-sufferers of various classes.

Nevertheless, on reaching Ireland, (land of green spots and generous hearts!) my spirits rallied; my soul could not but respond to kindly sympathies and disinterested hospitality, and by the time the troop-ship, "Abercrombie Robinson,"

arrived in Kingstown Harbour, whence we were to embark (in all upwards of 700 souls) for the Cape of Good Hope, I had shaken off my unavailing regrets in a great degree, and was prepared to meet my destiny with a fortitude worthy of a soldier's wife,—a fortitude, indeed, earned by experience in my encounter with "perils by sea and land."

> But people now don't care for rhymes romantic,
> And I must cease to think of former years.
> This, my third trip across the vast Atlantic,
> Hath taught me to subdue a world of tears;
> For worse than idle, on a joyous track,
> Were the vain sorrow earned by looking back!—*My Journal.*

The inhabitants of Dublin, "in the merry month of May," 1842, emigrated by instalments to visit the "Abercrombie Robinson,"—a ship of 1400 tons being rarely seen in Kingstown Harbour. A few short months after, she lay a wreck upon the sands of Africa, a true type of the littleness of man's works, and of the power of Him who "blew with his winds and they were scattered."

We embarked, and for a day or two enjoyed the balmy breezes of the summer sea as we lay in harbour. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant came on board in the barge, to see the ship, the barge being steered by the agent, Lieutenant J. R. Black, R.N. The guns saluted, the yards were manned, bands were playing, colours flying, soldiers cheering, &c. &c. The Lord Lieutenant congratulated us on our fine prospects, and drank our healths, wishing us prosperity (and I am sure he was in earnest); and his Aides-de-Camp looked as civil as they could, considering they were very much bored: and, when we had all played at company and propriety for a given time, his Excellency left the ship, steered as before, and there was a repetition of guns firing, soldiers shouting, &c.; and the people on the shore, no doubt, thought it very fine indeed.

We were better off with regard to accommodation than we had been as inmates of a transport on a former occasion, when we went to St. Helena. Our ship was strong, apparently, as a castle, and our accommodation very superior. With the first favourable breeze we spread our canvass, and sailed out of Kingstown Harbour, hundreds cheering us from the shores of green Ireland, while our men responded to their shouts.

The voyage was dull enough, only varied by a due quantity of parades, roll-calls, mustering of watches, with a running *accompaniment of* bugles, bagpipes, and drums. Our party,

in general, was an agreeable one; the average quantity of ill-humour being small in proportion to our number, and therefore falling harmlessly enough on those who were willing to make the best of every thing. We paid by the way a visit to Madeira.

The view of this beautiful island (or rather of Funchal, the principal town) in some magazine, is the best representation of it I have seen. The town is prettily situated, but deplorably spoiled by the narrowness of its streets.* I was, unfortunately, too much indisposed,—suffering as I was from the effects of a species of scarlet fever,—to visit the interior of the island; but even the outskirts of the town were most refreshing. There was a sound of running waters, a waving of green boughs, scenting the air with their fragrance, and making me imagine myself, in my weak state, fanned by the kindly wings of unseen angels. The last fortnight on shipboard had been passed in great discomfort: heavy sickness at all times is a severe tax on our patience, but at sea, in a narrow cabin, where one's weak voice is often drowned by the creaking of masts, the dashing of the waves, and the hoarse calls of the seamen, it is beyond all conception to those who have not similarly suffered. My little tour in my tiny palanquin at Madeira was, therefore, most delicious. First I lingered in the square, under the trees, looking at the 11th regiment of Portuguese troops on parade. Well dressed, well drilled, well appointed, and withal well looking, they had every appearance of being an efficient body of men. Then their harmonious band (no one instrument being heard distinctly above another) exceeded in sweetness any regimental band I ever heard in our service. The big drum, instead of being struck with violence, merely swelled in accompaniment; and, when the fifes took up the strain, the brazen instruments lowered their tone in perfect unison with the powers of the lesser ones. This over, I was carried onwards through alleys green with the foliage of the graceful vine; the distant hills made me long for refreshing landscapes and "spicy gales," but these were denied me, and my bearers carried me into a garden adjoining a house which we understood belonged to the English Consul, but which we found was tenanted by Lady Harriet D——, who was residing at Madeira for the benefit

* An inhabitant of Madeira gave an excellent reason for this apparent fault, viz., that the houses being built closely together afforded a shade from the sun that wide streets would not have done.

of her children's health. On learning this, as we were about to retire, a man-servant followed, begging us, in his lady's name, to proceed. We did so, and under a group of trees we discovered Lady Harriet, surrounded by books and work, and apparently intent on the instruction of two sable pupils. The sound of her voice as she rose to meet me, bespoke her pity for my pale looks and exhausted frame, and the refreshment we accepted at her ladyship's hospitable hands enabled me to endure the fatigue of returning to the town better than I should otherwise have done.

The gun from the "Abercrombie" announced her being under weigh, and we were obliged to depart in haste, the heavy surf and constant swell of the sea at Madeira rendering the passage from the shore to the ship always tedious and more or less difficult.

Almost every one has heard of Clementina, the beautiful nun, at the Convent at Madeira. Her name has been so often before the public that there can be no possible harm in relating a singular incident of which she was the heroine, and which occurred while we were there. A large party (from the English frigate lying like ourselves at anchor) landed and paid a visit to the convent. Among the group assembled in front of the grating, behind which the nuns appear to receive visitors, was a Mr. H——. As Clementina advanced she caught sight of this gentleman, and had no sooner done so than with a sudden scream she fainted. Every one was amazed, Mr. H. as much so as any. On recovering her senses, the fair nun inquired if the gentleman who had caused her emotion bore the name of H——? On being answered in the affirmative, she almost relapsed into a state of insensibility; but on recovering herself, she begged further to know if he was the Mr. H. with whom she had formerly eloped from the convent? It was explained that the Mr. H. she now saw was the cousin of her lover, to whom he bore an extraordinary resemblance. On learning this, she requested him to be the bearer of a letter from her to his cousin, which she afterwards forwarded to him, and then the curtain dropping between the nuns and the visitors closed this singular and romantic interview.

Again we set sail, and the same monotonous routine continued with little variation. Occasionally, we fell in with a passing ship looking like a thing of life upon the solitary world of waters, which brought us the consolation of being *able to write* homewards. Homeward letters! Ah! what

eager hearts at home were wishing for those letters! How much of affection, and sorrow, and anxiety, and prayerful love was in them I thought, as the bag, ere the boat departed for the "Homeward bound" lay at my feet upon the senseless deck! It is the habit of tracing the common things of life back to their sources, be they sad or sweet, which has sometimes given me pleasure, oftener pain. There moved off the gallant ship, there rang the cheers of our soldiers, there sounded the reckless voices of the young, the gay, the heartless, and the high-spirited, and while they perhaps were little thinking of the parents, the friends, the sisters, to whom they had sent home letters, my eyes were filling as

> "Eager memories rushed upon the heart
> And burst oblivion's cloud."

On the 22nd of August there was a cry of "land!" and, on the following morning, the vast mountains forming the boundary of part of the south-western coast of Africa, lay stretched before us. Then Table Mountain and its smaller companions reared their cloud-capped crests; and the white villas at Green Point tantalized us with their proximity, from which, owing to the wind, we were obliged to bear away constantly. For two days we hovered in the offing, but on the evening of the 25th, we hailed the sound of our anchor chains. It was a most lovely night, the unclouded moon illuminating the white houses in Cape Town, and the lofty mountains standing out in strong relief against the clear sky; while our bugles, drums, and fifes, made merry music on the poop of our gallant ship. How we lingered about, unwilling to retire to rest, so anxious were we for the morning! It came at last, and the commanding officer went ashore to report in due form our arrival to the Governor. On his return in a few hours, we learned that all of us, except the Colonel and the Major, were to proceed, by way of Algoa Bay, to the frontier. The flank companies and the band were to be brought from thence to Cape Town, and the three companies expected from St. Helena were to be detained there on their arrival. Many of our party, especially the gentlemen, rejoiced at this; liking the prospect of an active and sporting life infinitely better than that which would be merely varied by lounging about Cape Town, attempting races, or philandering at the balls. We were to remain in harbour about five days for water and provisions, (our stock being quite exhausted), and then to proceed on our voyage.

On Saturday morning, the 27th of August, all the officers not for duty obtained permission to go on shore; the command of the troops on board devolving on Captain Gordon, 91st regiment. All landed but six; my husband was one of those to remain, consequently I did not accept the kind invitation of a friend to accompany him with my little girl to his house near Cape Town. Afterwards, in the hour of danger, and in the time of extreme terror, I had a strange undefinable satisfaction in having remained, though the sight of my child made me wish I had sent her on shore in the morning. Towards evening, the wind increased considerably; but, though there was a heavy sea and every prospect of a gale, our captain depended on his anchors. The Agent, Lieutenant Black, R.N., had gone on shore on duty at four o'clock in the evening, and being invited to dine with the Governor at seven o'clock, was in consequence prevented, by the impossibility of boats getting off, from returning on board, The whole responsibility, therefore, devolved on the Master, Mr. John Young. The wind and sea rising caused at first but little alarm; at twelve o'clock, however, the ship shivered; apparently from being struck by a heavy sea. She trembled in every joint, and the same sensation being almost immediately after felt again, it was evident the vessel touched the bottom and with some violence. I rose from my bed, and dressing my child and myself, we proceeded with my husband to the cuddy, where some of the officers were assembled round the stove, the night being bitterly cold. The captain, still depending on the strength of his anchor-chains, saw no great cause of alarm, and having put my child to sleep on a chair, which Captain Gordon kindly prepared for her, I retired again to my berth, and being quite worn out, soon fell fast asleep. I was awoke by my husband bidding me rise and come on deck immediately, the anchor chains having both snapped one after the other. My little Isabel stood beside her father partly dressed, and pale and silent. I have no distinct recollection of what happened for the first half hour after this awful intelligence. I remember hearing the water splashing about my cabin, and seeing our little lamp swinging violently backwards and forwards. I remember being dragged in unshod feet along the wet deck, up the steerage hatchway, while my husband carried my child. I can remember, too, her little voice issuing from my bed, into which she had crept to fasten *on her warm boots,* and begging me not to be frightened.

"How calm she is!" said I, to my husband.

"Poor thing!" he whispered, "she does not know her danger."

"Yes, I do," she answered, overhearing us; "but mamma has often told me that God Almighty can take care of us if He pleases; and I keep saying that to myself, and then I am not half so frightened."

I remember the very height of the storm, when the noise of the thunder could scarcely be distinguished from the roar of the waters, and the torrents of rain,—when the elements in fact howled wildly and angrily at one another,—when the lightning pouring, as one may call it, on our decks, blazed in at the fore windows of the cuddy, being horror-stricken at the ghastly faces assembled under the uncertain and flickering light of a broken lamp. I can remember when the water rose up to my knees, being carried between decks with my child, through rows of shrieking women and silent soldiers. The conduct of our men was beyond all praise.

For some time, I sat on a chest with my child, near the fore-hatch, the ship continuing to drive, every moment striking against the sand, and our only hopes resting on the coming of the dawn, which would show us where we were, the floods of rain preventing the lightning—vivid as it was—from doing this distinctly. About six in the morning, the master came down among us with some comfort, saying he hoped the ship was making a bed for herself in the sand. In truth, she had been all night like some great creature scratching her way through it with restless impatience. The rudder had been carried away from the first, the stern cabins knocked into one, and the sea bubbling up like a fountain in the after part of the ship. We were yet uncertain of our safety, for there were rocks not many hundred yards from us on which the "Waterloo" convict ship had already struck; but of her anon. Meanwhile, our people attaching a rope to a shot, fired it on shore, but in vain. All night the guns from the fort and other vessels had been giving awful warnings to the town, while the constant roll of musketry on board the convict ship, led us to imagine that the convicts were mutinous. This was, however, discovered afterwards not to be the case; they had been loosened from their bonds on the first alarm, and desired to make use of the first possible means of escape.

At length, as we neared the coast, which for some time had been crowded with spectators, we were enabled, through

God's mercy, to get a boat on shore with a rope attached to the ship, and afterwards fastened to an anchor driven in the sand. As the surf-boats put off, the first of which brought Lieutenant Black, the Agent, on board, our men gave nine hearty cheers, and in a few minutes we commenced our disembarkation; the women and children being lowered into the boats first: I waited for the third boat. Such a noble example had been shown by the officers to their men, and its effects on the latter had been so important, that, in spite of my anxiety to land, I felt unwilling to exhibit it by hurrying from the ship to the shore, and thus creating unnecessary fears among the poor uneducated women, whose terrors I had witnessed during the awful hours of the night. As I was carried between decks, I had been struck, in spite of my fears, with the scene that met my view there. Pale women, with dishevelled hair, stretched themselves from their beds, wringing their hands, and imploring me to comfort them. Some prayed aloud; others, Roman Catholics, called on the Virgin and their favourite saints to help them in their peril; and many bent in silent but eloquent agony over their unconscious infants. One woman who had, during the whole voyage, been considered as dying of deep decline, sat up in the hammock which had been carefully slung for her, and with a calm voice, which was yet distinguishable from the noise around her, imparted a certain confidence in the power of the Almighty to all who were willing to listen to her, or at least prepared them to view their possibly approaching fate with more resignation. That calm, steady voice sounded strangely amid the cries of fearful women, the hoarse voices of reckless sailors, and the crashing of timbers; while, above all, still rolled on the sound of musketry from the convict ship, "Waterloo," now beating violently against the rocks, and beyond immediate help; while the appearance of hundreds on the beach striving, some to get their boats off, and others with daring spirit urging their horses through the surf, formed a scene difficult to describe, even by the pen of a mere looker-on.

Our ship was a stout vessel, and held well together. I embarked at last in a surf-boat with my child (my husband of course waited for his company), and with a heart full of earnest gratitude to the Almighty, I approached the land. Had I dreamt of the awful calamity which afterwards befell *our unfortunate neighbour*, the "Waterloo," I should not have

felt the exhilaration of spirit I did as the Lascars bore me from the boat to the shore through the surf, while Mr. Dalzell, of the 27th, carried my child gallantly through it before him on his saddle. Mr. Jenkins' carriage stood waiting for us on the beach; and having had the satisfaction of witnessing my husband's disembarkation with his men, we started for our kind friend's charming villa, in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. As we drove on, the sight of the "Waterloo's" inverted flag, half-mast high, made me shudder; but, as the tide was falling (which, by-the-by, increased the danger of her position, but of this I was unaware), I trusted the boats might be enabled to reach her, and thus hoped for the best. In half an hour afterwards, her mainmast fell over her side, the ship parted in four different places, and in less that ten minutes upwards of 200 unfortunate beings were precipitated into the raging surf. About 70 escaped by swimming on shore; among them Mr. Leigh, of the 99th regiment; many were crushed beneath the falling spars; ghastly faces gleamed up from the boiling waters, and with outstretched arms implored help from the shore. Eyes, glazed with agony and despair, burst from their sockets as the rising heads of the sufferers got jammed between floating timbers; and mothers, with infants clinging to their bosoms, were washed off the rafts to which they vainly strove to cling, whilst

"—— —— the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony,"

rose above the roar of the elements, and in a moment was smothered by the dash of the raging waters over his helpless limbs. Only one woman was saved: she, poor creature, had seen her husband and child swept away before her. On being brought into the barrack square at Cape Town, where the Governor and his Staff were assembled, the unfortunate woman flung herself at the feet of the former, and embracing his knees exclaimed, "Can you not help me? you have power here; can you not give me back my husband and my child? you look a good man; can you do nothing for me? Ah! I know you will help me. Sir, I beseech you to give me back my husband and my child!" And this was only one of many scenes of distress.

Great praise was afterwards deservedly bestowed on our men for their steady conduct and ready obedience to their officers. The detachments of the 27th and Cape Mounted Riflemen deserved equal praise. Young men, too, they were

—the average age of the battalion being scarcely more than twenty-one years. Many of them had never been drilled—never even had arms in their hands;—almost all the rest were volunteers from different regiments, and consequently little known to their superiors. The real cause, however, may be traced in the example shown them by their officers; and too much praise cannot be bestowed on Captain Bertie Gordon, to whose charge they fell on the senior officer's leaving the ship. Young in years, and comparatively so in experience, he acted with a calmness, decision, and judgment, that give high promise of future good. Much more could I say on this subject, but that (as is the case with all high and generous spirits) he who most deserves praise is always the most unwilling to have it blazed abroad. All, however, must have esteemed themselves fortunate in falling under the command of one so able to do his duty under such trying circumstances.

It may not be irrelevant to say a word or two here on the subject of the frequent wrecks in Table Bay during the winter months, viz., in May, June, July, and August. Ships during these months are ordered to go round to Simon's Bay, but this cannot always be done, as in our case. There had been a great deal of sickness on board during the whole of our voyage; three days before we made the land, three men belonging to the 91st regiment had died of typhus fever in the short space of thirty-one hours and a half, their bodies and their bedding being committed to the deep without one moment's unnecessary delay. Fresh provisions and vegetables were thus most desirable, especially for the invalids. Simon's Bay being between forty and fifty miles by sea, and twenty-three by land, from Cape Town, it was a point of great importance to disembark the troops if possible at the latter place. It must be remembered that it was only on arriving in Table Bay, when the commanding officer communicated with the Governor, that we learned we were to proceed to the frontier. It was also necessary to take in fresh stock. Furthermore, the wind (after we had been beating about the offing for three days in a calm) became favourable for entering Table Bay, the weather was remarkably fine, and the winter season at its close.

Our vessel was one of Soames' finest ships, and for nearly a month after the wreck lay firmly imbedded in the sand; but the pieces of the hull of the "Waterloo" which were picked *up on the beach,* crumbled to dust in the hands of those who

tried their strength. I have said thus much of ourselves, and I have said it impartially, because, in cases of shipwreck, the captain is frequently blamed for what he cannot help—for what, in fact, is a visitation of the Almighty. To the master of the troop ship, as well as to Lieutenant Black, R.N., we were indebted, during the whole of the voyage, for the utmost attention and kindness; the more so as, from the unanimity subsisting between them, they were enabled to act together for the benefit of us all; and I think I cannot close this part of my narrative better than by publishing a letter* written to Captain Young a few days after the wreck by Capt ain Bertie Gordon.

"Main Barracks, Cape Town,
August 31, 1842.

"My dear Sir,

"As commanding the reserve battalion of the 91st Regiment at the time of the wreck of the transport 'Abercrombie Robinson' in Table Bay, I feel myself authorized to express my sense of your coolness, intrepidity, and readiness of resource, during those anxious hours of responsibility, when, from eleven o'clock on the night of the 27th of August, to daylight on the morning of the 28th, the lives of seven hundred souls depended, under God, on your firmness and seamanship. They are qualities essential in the commander of a ship at all times, and must be more than ever necessary when several hundred soldiers, women, and children, crowd his decks.

"They conspicuously distinguished your conduct throughout that night, whose scenes were too full of danger not to have impressed every one with the near possibility of destruction.

"The question of life or death seemed often to hang on each minute's duration; but, through God's mercy, your able conduct brought us safely through a host of perils.

"On the part of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the reserve battalion 91st Regiment, and of the detachments of the 27th Regiment and Cape Mounted Riflemen, then on board, I beg to offer our united acknowledgments of the praise and gratitude which your exertions so highly merited.

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Very truly yours,
"Bertie E. M. Gordon, Capt. 91st Regt.

* One equally complimentary was written to our esteemed friend, Lieutenant Black.

"The undersigned officers of the 91st Regiment, on board the 'Abercrombie' at the time of her being driven ashore on the morning of the 28th of August, beg to subscribe their names to the above letter of thanks.

"J. WARD, Capt. 91st Regt.
"J. C. CAHILL, Paym. Res. Batt. 91st Regt.
"J. H. E. STUBBS, M.D., As.-Surg. 91st Regt.
"J. M'INROY, Ensign 91st Regt.
"ROBT. LAVERS, Ensign 91st Regt."

CHAPTER II.—MARCH TO GRAHAM'S TOWN.

AFTER six months' residence at the Cape, at last we were suddenly hurried on board a transport for Algoa Bay, on the afternoon of the 24th of February, 1843. The agent for the transport declared her quite ready for sea, but such proved not to be the case, and we were detained in harbour for three days, subject to many most unnecessary expenses and annoyances, as will appear from a few extracts from the journal that I began on shipboard.

"February 24th.—Hurried on board, in consequence of the signal for sailing being fired, and the agent for the owner of the ship sending us word she was ready for sea, and would sail in the afternoon. The heat quite overpowering, a hot wind prevailing—what a day for embarking at half-past two P.M.! The troops have already been on board four-and-twenty hours. Wind quite fair for getting out of harbour, with the prospect of a north-wester, which would suit us exactly if we were once out at sea. Much disappointed at not finding the Captain on board, and no prospect of even getting up the anchor. Asked the agent why he had fired the signal for sailing in the morning; he replied, "Because the ship and the troops were quite ready for sea." The 'Malabar' has just got under weigh, and is clearing the harbour with a fine breeze.

"Sunday, February 26th.—Cold and wet—the ship shockingly dirty. No prospect of the Captain. Some of the officers have got leave to go on shore. A wretched day, a heavy sea prevailing. Many people sick, especially on the lower decks, which are dark, crowded, and ill ventilated.

"A violent north-west gale all day and all night. I spent many hours of terror in remembering our wreck in Table Bay, in the 'Abercrombie Robinson,' in August. Ships should

not be detained in harbour in Table Bay without efficient reasons, especially troop-ships, containing hundreds crowded together.

"Monday, February 27th.—A man found dead on the lower deck, suffocated from the effects of drunkenness. Had we sailed when we ought to have done so, he would have had little chance of procuring liquor. The Captain of the ship, and the officers who obtained leave to go on shore yesterday, have come on board. Some prospect of sailing. Dead soldier sent on shore to be buried.

"Sailed at one o'clock.

"March the 1st.—We observed this evening a singular streak of light in the sky; no one able to account for it; it bore north-west from our position, steering as we were along the coast to the eastward.

"March 2nd.—The meteoric light greatly increased in size and brilliancy.

"March 4th.—Anchored in Algoa Bay, at eleven o'clock, A.M. The meteoric light, which has puzzled us all so much, turns out to be a comet, and increases in brilliancy every evening. Landed in the evening, in a private boat. The troops will land to-morrow, in surf-boats. We have reached the shore by the jetty, which reminds me of the one at Herne Bay, only that it is on a smaller scale, but is exceedingly creditable to the place, and a proof of its prosperity in trade.*

"March 5th.—The single inn much crowded. The regiment has landed, and the little encampment formed on the green opposite the windows is very picturesque. How strangely the wild, dusky-looking savages contrast with the soldiers; the latter busy in their preparations for their comforts, the former lounging idly in their skins and blankets, draped not ungracefully round their dark forms!"

On Tuesday, the 7th of March, we started from Port Elizabeth for Graham's Town.

The evening before we departed, I accompanied my husband into the Commissariat Yard, to see the waggon which was to be the abode, by day, of my little girl and myself for nearly a

* This fine jetty was destroyed in a gale of wind, in 1847, by a ship, which, having broken from her moorings, was driven, stern foremost, right through the fabric. The unfortunate crew, jumping from the ship to the lower end of the jetty, had congratulated themselves on their escape from the raging waves, when another vessel coming in contact with the wood-work, carried the whole of it away with its unhappy and ill-starred freight into the boiling surge beneath!

week. I was already all the worse for having been condemned, with my husband and child, to a cabin on board the vessel, certainly not more than *nine feet by five, if so large.* On seeing the huge machine in which we were to travel, I could not help remarking to the Commissary, who was so good as to point it out to me, that there were but two alternatives to decide between, ere the bugles sounded in the morning, and the tents were struck, preparatory to the troops moving off—these being suicide, or mirth. In a state of quiescence the thing looked "horrible, most horrible;" but the "start," between the disposition to laugh, and the inclination to cry at the discomfort, was enough to make any one hysterical; and the remembrance of friends at home, who could never by any possibility be brought to comprehend the miseries one undergoes here, was strangely blended in my mind with the sights and sounds of outward objects; with the bellowing of oxen, the shouts of Hottentot drivers, the screams of children and scolding voices of their mothers in the neighbouring waggons, and the mingled oaths and laughter of the soldiers, as they picked up stray baskets, tin mugs, puppies, and babies, the latter animating the scene by occasionally tumbling off the waggons.

We left Port Elizabeth at eleven o'clock A.M. The first day of the march was fine, yet cool; the sky remaining overcast, yet without symptoms of rain. The first thing we approached worth notice was a salt-pan, looking more like a frozen lake upon which snow-heaps had been scattered, than anything else. It is not to my purpose to describe these singular works of nature here; I mention this one, lying about four miles from Port Elizabeth, to call the attention of travellers to the sight; as, being rather below the road, it often escapes the observation of those who are enclosed within that "narrow receptacle for the living," a bullock-waggon.

We reached the Zwart-kops, the spot appointed for our outspanning* for the night, at about five o'clock. The scene was certainly very beautiful. Imagine a vast plain of fair green meadow-land, intersected, and in fact divided into parterres, by tall thick bushes, which here and there grew in clumps and copses, giving the ground the appearance of a vast park laid out with a great deal of taste,—an amphitheatre of hills and mountains rising one behind another, till the summits in the distance blended with the clouds, gorgeously illuminated by

* *Unyoking* the oxen and turning them out to graze.

the rays of the declining sun, whose glory was soon succeeded by the milder light of the "gentle moon," beside which the comet, in strange contrast, spread its long and fiery tail. One by one the tents had risen "side by side in beautiful array." Arms were now piled; the younger soldiers, tired with their first march, lounged on the ground in clusters, till roused by the older and more experieneed men, who despatched them to gather wood and fetch water; and more than a hundred fires soon lit up the camp.

In a short time our own preparations for comfort, refreshment, and repose had been made. The tent was pitched, the fire lit in the nearest bush, and the kettle and gridiron put on. We had brought with us an Indian kitchen,* a most compact thing; but, unfortunately, it had been packed up in a chest too securely to be got at without much trouble; and, as we were only a party of three, we resolved on doing without it as long as we could. For any number of persons it is invaluable, but for two or three a gridiron, kettle, and saucepan are, or ought to be, enough. Our servant had also put away the bellows and the hatchet; and, though the wind sometimes served us in lieu of the one, we were frequently obliged to borrow the other, when we halted. Having cold fowls, tongue, bacon, bread, butter, tea, sugar, and a bottle of milk,† and good store of wine, in our provision-basket, we did uncommonly well, roasting our potatoes in the ashes, comforting ourselves on the cold grass (not having thought of a tent-mat or table,) with some warm negus. A piece of string wound round the pole of the tent, held a wax candle, but the wind rendering its light flickering and uncertain, we stuck a bayonet in the ground, and it made a very convenient and certainly characteristic candlestick. The meal and its fragments having been cleared away, our beds were made in the tent, which had been comfortably pitched (by an old soldier of the 27th, long used to the colony,) with its back to the wind; we were thus screened from that, and could not well be inconvenienced by a shower.

Comparative quiet and much order now reigned in the camp. Every tent became more clearly defined as the evening

* Jones's Patent Indian Kitchen.

† It is very unsafe, when travelling in Southern Africa, to trust to procuring *anything* on the road; such a chance is very uncertain. Milk, boiled with plenty of white sugar, will keep good if bottled, for three days at least.

advanced, and the sky formed a darker back-ground for the moon, the stars, and the refulgent comet. Round the fires were assembled groups of soldiers, women resting themselves, as they called it, poor creatures, with babies on their knees, —Hottentots playing their rude violins, and merry voices joining in the chorus, led by neighbouring singers. Sounds of mirth issued from the tents of others; and the steam of savoury soup gave evidence of the proximity of the mess-tent and the talents of "little Paddy Farrell,"—the incomparable cook. Dinner there was always late, the officers never sitting down to solace themselves with good cheer till their men had been well cared for, and their different positions established for the night. Now and then the brazen tongue of a bugle intruded its call upon the stillness of the hour, and helped to disperse the groups gathered round the fire for a time, till the duty to which it had summoned them being done, they either returned to the social circle they had left, or secured a corner in a tent "licensed to hold fifteen inside" to sleep in. Gradually, the voices of the singers became mute; the feeble cries of sleepy infants superseded the monotonous tones of the Hottentot fiddles. Snoring-"matches" seemed to be "got up," as it were, between sundry waggon-drivers and their neighbours, they having their mats spread under the waggons; the peals of laughter among the revellers became less frequent, and at length ceased altogether. The fires grew dim, and the moon and her companions in the sky alone lit up the scene; tents were closed and the sound of the last bugle died away in the hushed night air, leaving all silent, peaceful, and at rest.

Although only fifteen miles from Port Elizabeth, I had been led to expect that I should hear the distant cry of the jackal, and the howl of the wolf; but, in spite of the bed being spread upon nothing but grass, in spite of the more than "whispers of the night breeze" which would be heard from under the flap of the tent, I never slept so soundly in my life.

I was up and dressed with my child, ready for the march, at half-past five. The scene of that morning, though of a different character, almost equalled in beauty the one we had so much admired on the preceding evening. The regiment was drawn up on a natural parade of smooth green turf, bounded by bush, and the back-ground of the eastern hills was glowing at the approach of the sun, who, as he advanced *in radiant majesty*, tipped with gold the glittering arms and

appointments of the soldiers, and shed an acceptable warmth upon us as we left the dewy grass, for the rough and stony mountain road before us. Up this hill the regiment wound, preceding the waggons,—now presenting a glittering cluster of arms, and now being altogether lost to the sight in the thick bush with which the ascent was clothed. A long line of nineteen waggons brought up the rear, and, as we proceeded, four hundred men in advance—women, children, and baggage, wending their way slowly and steadily after them, I could not but commune in my own mind on the ways of that inscrutable and unquestionable Providence, by the working of whose will, England, from her original state of ignorance, insignificance, and barbarism, is now the chief ruling power in the world, and sendeth her ships and her soldiers, (in defiance of what to other countries would perhaps be insurmountable obstacles, when we consider the dangers and difficulties arising from climates and localities ill-suited to European habits and constitutions), "even to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The day (March 8) became dreadfully hot; towards noon the sun had full sway. Not a cloud shaded the heavens; and, though the country we passed through was rich in bush, there were no shady trees, and water was extremely scarce.

The men being much fatigued with the previous day's march, it was determined to divide the next long march of thirty-two miles into two; and such an arrangement was not only merciful but absolutely necessary, as man by man fell by the roadside overpowered with the heat, foot-tired and faint for want of water. About one hour before we halted on the second day, we came suddenly upon a pool, where a large herd of sheep and goats (the property of a neighbouring farmer), were drinking. The men shouted aloud joyfully; and rushing precipitately to the pool, put their lips to the element, (which, though muddy, was to them most grateful,) and drank copiously of the unwholesome draught. Several became ill after doing so; and, instead of being refreshed by it, were rendered less capable of proceeding than before. Fifteen stragglers fell out of one company, and were probably only induced to crawl after the battalion that evening by the dread of wild beasts. On reaching Sunday River, we learned that such a fear was not without a foundation, as five lions had, within the last few days, been seen drinking at the river side. Most gladly did I find, on reach-

ing the "Outspan," that a bed could be obtained at the snug, small house of Mr. Rose, the Field-Cornet, close to the encampment: there, too, we obtained fresh butter, a leg of mutton, and some good English ale and porter, but rejoiced most in copious ablutions and clean bedding. My companions laughed much at my increased admiration of an encampment by moonlight that night, as I left it for a comfortable roof. "It certainly," said I, "is a very pretty sight—*at a distance.*"

We were up with the dawn next morning, and crossed the beautiful ford of the Sunday River, at sunrise. "Who would imagine," thought I, "that such a scene of peace and beauty should be one of the fastnesses for wild beasts?" Green boughs met each other across the stream. Down such a pleasant-looking river I had often glided in "merry England," singing, by the way, with young companions, to the gay music of our guitars, while the plash of oars kept time to the measure of our happy voices. There, in our own happy land, no lions prowled in our neighbourhood, no panthers could we fancy glaring on us from the bush, no venemous reptiles awaited our feet as we stepped upon the green sod from the boat. A South African climate is beautiful all the year round, except when visited by terrific thunderstorms, with their usual accompaniments of hail, rain, and lightning. Ah! that word "except;"—"except" for our dark November days and painful frosts, England would be an unexceptionable residence; still, even with these outward discomforts, look at our fire-sides!

But why go dreaming back from the brimming, shady Sunday River to the "stately homes of England!" On, on! and let us be thankful, that so far from home there is yet so much to be thankful for, and to enjoy. Oh! for the blessed philosophy which teaches us to make light of every thing! Truly, content is riches! In a moral point of view, may it not be considered as bearing an analogy to the story of the philosopher's stone, (always remembering the one to be theory, the other practicable), which was supposed to possess the gift of transmuting whatever the possessor of it touched into gold?

On, then, through the river! The sun is up upon the hills; the troops are refreshed, the oxen willing, the day balmy, and the road better than I expected. How the mimosa-*bushes scent the* air! and here and there some, taller than

the others, fling down a pleasant shade, affording cool resting-places for the travellers.

At night we outspanned on the Quagga Flats, not so beautifully picturesque as the spots we had hitherto selected, but still pretty well wooded and watered. Here, for the first time, owing to the rain, which began to fall in torrents, we slept in the waggon,—an arrangement I did not at all like; its narrow and close shape give to an excitable mind the idea of the German story of the "Iron Shroud." I was awakened in the middle of the night, by the lowing of the cattle and the rattling of the horse's halter, by which he was fixed to the wheel. We soon found that the restlessness thus manifested by the poor animals arose from the noise of neighbouring wolves, which are always more likely to approach the dwellings of man in wet than in favourable weather. The rain poured in torrents, the violence of which can only be understood by those who have experienced it. Fortunately, the morning proved tolerably fine, and we proceeded, in the usual order, through the Addo Bush, the scenery decreasing in beauty as we advanced, but still affording a tolerable supply of wood and water at the spots where we outspanned. I had read and heard much of steenboks, and other noble game, but we saw nothing of the kind, not even a monkey; nor did we even hear the laugh of the hyena at night. Others said they had done so; but we did not.

Among some of the most remarkable things we observed were the ant-hills, that were scattered all over the face of the country through which we passed. On a green plain they reminded us of hay-cocks in England, being about that size. Their similarity in shape to the huts built by the Fingoes, Kaffirs, and, indeed, almost all savage nations, is not the least curious feature in their appearance. I had imagined that the ants themselves were the only architects of these ingenious buildings, but I was told by the Hottentot drivers that they take possession of a hole which has been forsaken by the mole (which, indeed, they sometimes attack and hunt out of its domicile,) and thus obtain a foundation, on which to begin the upper works of their establishment.

In consequence of the second day's march having been divided into two, we did not reach Sly Kraal (twelve miles from Graham's Town) till Saturday. Ere we did reach it, however, we were overtaken by the most terrific thunderstorm I had ever witnessed, save on the night of our

memorable wreck in Table Bay. Those who have never witnessed one can have no idea of such storms as those to be met with in South Africa. All the artillery of heaven seems opening at once, while floods of light struggle for mastery with torrents of rain and hailstones. The knowledge that such storms are often attended with danger, makes their approach more awful. The place where we were overtaken by the one to which I allude was a barren spot, only varied by rocky eminences here and there, and scattered over with loose stones and pieces of rock. The horizon was bounded by vast mountains, the tops of which were vividly illumined by the continued blaze of the lightning. The ground soon became so slippery that it was considered almost unsafe to proceed; men and officers were drenched to the skin, and there, in the height of the storm, we, poor helpless crowd, were obliged to await its progress and abatement. The waggon conductor, Pullen, (a most amusing character, as well as a useful and obliging man,) was as much to be pitied as any one, since many who were annoyed with the detention, would not listen to reason, and were very much inclined to quarrel with him for it. As for me, I could hardly bear to see the little flasks of brandy handed about among the few to whom it could be distributed, while the weary, thirsty, shivering soldiers stood by, looking on. The violence of the hail and rain decreased at last, and we essayed proceeding, but had not gone far before we were obliged to descend from our vehicles, as one of the passes had become dangerous, from the softness of the earth in consequence of the rain. Well may it be said, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" Many who might have caught cold in moving from one room to another less heated, awaited the passing of the waggons up to their insteps in water, and went on their journey with damp feet, and with rain drops pattering through the tops of the waggons.

Wet, weary, and hungry, we reached Sly Kraal at last. Here we were to rest till Monday; for the waggon conductor would not suffer them to proceed on the Sunday, and we thus passed two nights and a day in the camp.

The kindness of Providence is manifested in providing the South African traveller with wood that is not the less capable of ignition from being wet. Our tents, saturated as they were, were soon pitched; but we were again obliged to sleep *in the waggon, which* we did most soundly, after a welcome

meal of carbonatje,* brown bread, and warm negus. The sun burst into the waggon in all his glory, the next morning, and, although within so short a distance of Graham's Town, I cannot but admit that I was glad of one day's rest before my *entrée* into the capital of the frontier. We had, indeed, been so thoroughly knocked up, that, though refreshed by sleep, the having time for ablutions and the selection of clean linen was a great treat on such a journey. The Sabbath of the 12th of March was thus passed in camp. The ground we had taken up reminded me of the grouse moors in Scotland, and in the wildest parts of Yorkshire, and we were told there was abundance of game about; at dinner, indeed, we were regaled with some hare-soup, sent to us from the mess-tent. As we approached the end of our journey, I could not but acknowledge how much better we had got through it than I had anticipated; and, accustomed to judge of things by comparison, to seek content, in fact, by measuring my own case with that of those who are worse off, rather than those who have more apparent luxuries than myself, I felt thankful, in spite of the anxiety and fatigue I had encountered, for all the benefits bestowed on us; and, while I pondered gratefully, as I rested on cushions spread on a mat within the shadow of the tent, I learned that a poor woman had been confined the evening before, just as the waggons came to their resting-places. I went to visit her immediately, though the sight would have been enough to make one weep, had it not been for the cheerful voice of the poor soldier's wife herself. She sat up in the waggon with her husband's cloak and a blanket under her for a bed, a small red handkerchief round her neck, her new-born infant in her arms, and three other children gathered round her. But, oh! the kind voices and ready hands which helped and cheered her! and, instead of repining at her fatigue and trouble, she looked up at the sky, and observed, "it was a blessed, gladsome day." I left her, satisfied that that wretched vehicle contained lighter hearts than many a darkened room, where closed shutters and costly draperies shut out the noise of the uncaring world, and the glare of a too saucy sun from the heirs of vast possessions.

On Monday, at six o'clock we started on the last day's march, and reached the hill above Graham's Town, a little before nine A.M. Here we were met by crowds of Hottentot

* Meat toasted on a wooden prong before the fire, or broiled on the ashes.

women: some of them young, rather pretty, and decidedly graceful. Theycame bounding on to meet the drums and fifes, and with their red-handkerchief head-dresses, gay-coloured clothes, and glittering ornaments, formed a picturesque group, as they danced on in front of the battalion, to the great entertainment of the soldiers. At the very top of the hill, the band of the Cape Mounted Rifles awaited our approach; their appearance, in their plumed shakos and scarlet trousers, being very showy. A little further on, we were met by the band of the 91st (attached to the first battalion), and that of the 75th; and in this gay order we entered Graham's Town, the bands relieving each other, and playing the liveliest airs. Here, a Hottentot woman tossed her arms aloft, and spun round to the tune of "Nix my dolly, pals," there, a driver snapped his fingers to "Rory O'More." These two tunes, and the "Sprig of shillelah," seemed their especial favourites; and, if the dancers did not move with the stateliness of Taglioni, or the airy grace of Cerito, they certainly rivalled them in the activity of their limbs and the steadiness of their heads; for they whirled round and round, like the Dervishes in the Arabian Nights. The sun illuminated the town, lying within its sheltering circle of hill and mountain, the rabble shouted welcome, and all looked glad as they approached their destination (although only a temporary one for some of us), and the well-spread table, and cleanly appearance of the apartments provided, truly gave promise of "ease in mine inn."

CHAPTER III.—Sojourn at Fort Peddie.

We left Graham's Town for Fort Peddie, on the 22nd of March, 1843, the waggon allowed by the Commissariat being only half the size of the one we obtained at Port Elizabeth. Just as we were about to start, we were ordered to halt and await further orders; and then I had to listen to a variety of reports. Some said another regiment had arrived at Cape Town, and we were to proceed to Natal; others whispered something about the Isle of France. At all events, important despatches had reached Graham's Town from the seat of Government. So there was I, in my waggon, hired and packet for Port Peddie, the troops under arms, the Commissariat preparations made for the march, the tents struck, &c., and a probability of all these arrangements being upset. At

last, a mounted orderly arrived, full of important haste, and breathless, as becomes a herald of South African counter-orders. The detachment was to be detained—for an hour—I forget what for, something about a few extra men, or arms, and we were thus delayed till the afternoon, when we proceeded as far as we could, and pitched our tents on the top of one of many hills, between which the wind came rushing in gusts that threatened to withdraw our shelter from over our heads. My child I screened a little from the chilling wind by placing a saddle in an angle at her head—a novel addition to the couch of a young lady.

The next day's journey led us over grassy plains, in which the mimosa, with its bright golden clusters, abounded; and on the third day from Graham's Town we reached Trumpeter's Drift. Here we were detained for two days, owing to the swollen state of the river. When we crossed it, we sent the waggons before us, ere we took our seats in the ferry-boats, as it is not an unusual thing to be wrecked in the Great Fish River, although seated in a ponderous waggon drawn by fourteen oxen. The following ingenious mode of crossing a river was once displayed by a Kaffir who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to struggle across the stream at a time when to ford it was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sardonic expression remarkable among these savages, he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head, and then walked, with perfect ease, through the torrent to the opposite side.

Another instance of Kaffir ingenuity has been related to me. A missionary and his family were travelling in severely cold weather; now and then, they lighted fires, warmed themselves, and then went on. The Kaffir drivers snatched brands from the fires, running on in advance, setting fire to the bushes on the road-side, returning to the waggons, again advancing, and so on, till they left a long line of fiery bushes in the track they had passed over.

One of our waggons stuck in the mud on its way; the drivers shouted, the dogs barked, the oxen struggled, but all in vain till the soldiers lent their assistance.

It is said that Trumpeter's Drift is so called from a trumpeter of the 21st Light Dragoons having been lost in the river one dark night. It is a small post about twenty-two miles from Graham's Town. The little barrack for the soldiers

and the officer commanding, faces inwards upon a quadrangle, and makes but a dull abode, the windows looking into the little square, and the air being admitted through loop-holes in the outward walls. This gives the quarters a dreary appearance; but, in a land of savages determined to annoy us whenever they dare, and in whom no faith should be placed, prevention is better than cure.

Fort Peddie, from a distance, reminds one of Cooper's descriptions of groups of buildings erected by settlers in the prairies of America. The Fingo huts scattered all round favour the delusion, especially at night, when dark figures stalk to and fro, dimly seen in the light of their fires, and the chant I have endeavoured to describe rises and falls on the air. It was worthy of English philanthropy to rescue the Fingoes from their captivity, under their hard taskmasters, the Kaffirs; but their idleness is almost incredible. It is true that on occasion they are able assistants to the Government agents in rescuing stolen cattle; but for this they are amply rationed. The Missionaries are indefatigable in teaching them their catechism; but no attempt is made to fit the women for service. Idle they are, and idle they will be; and we foster their idleness by protecting them with troops, while they absolutely refuse to milk the cows, unless they want money at the moment.

As Fort Peddie is on the eastern side of the Great Fish River, which is frequently impassable from its swollen state, we were often without the comforts of butter, rice, flour, wine, &c. The mutton, of the Cape breed, is indifferent, and the beef execrable. The bread was of the coarsest description. Poultry could only be obtained, when the Fingoes took the trouble to catch their fowls and sell them.

Since the Kaffir war, a tower has been built here, on the top of which is a 6-pounder. An excellent barrack has been built for the Cape corps, and another for the troops of the line, but as yet no officers' quarter. The houses which are scattered about the plain on which the fortifications stand, (for, besides the barracks, there is another temporary fortress thrown up from the earth, and protected by a ditch,) give a picturesque air to the spot, and the thatched cottages and white chimneys rising above the few trees which have thriven round them, make a tolerable picture to look at, however little comfort there is to be found within them. The climate *is certainly good*, especially in the winter, which reminds one

of our English autumnal days. The hot winds occasionally prevailing in the summer, when the thermometer is at 120°, are most unpleasant; but the house may be kept cool by closing and darkening doors and windows. These winds never last many days. I must not omit to mention our simple barometer, which saves us the trouble of carrying one about. Thus, take a bottle with a wide neck—a large anchovy bottle for instance—and fill it nearly up to the neck with water; into this insert an inverted empty salad flask, or bottle of such description, and in the neck of the flask place a loose piece of cork, of a size that will admit of its free movement up and down. The falling of the cork indicates the approach of wet or windy wether, while the rising of it foretells it will be fair. Mention is made of such a barometer in some old Dutch manuscript lately brought under observation at the Cape.

And now, having given an abstract of particulars relative to the inhabitants of this land, in order to explain their relations to our Government, and the character of the people among whom England has established settlers and soldiers, I shall begin to relate such occurrences as I witnessed during my sojourn on the eastern side of the Great Fish River; I shall not confine myself strictly to either the diary or the narrative form, but shall use either as it may seem best to answer my purpose of giving my reader a lively idea of the events that I attempt to describe.

In looking over my rough journal, I find the part best worth transcribing is dated April 12th, 1843, and opens with a description of the "Entrance of Sandilla to Fort Peddie."

"I was sitting at my work one morning in my low cottage room, when the tramp of horses' feet, long continued, like troops on a march, attracted my attention. I looked out, and saw across the plain a crowd of wild-looking horsemen. A young man was at the head of them, preceded by an advanced guard, armed and mounted. Forty others followed their chief, the young Sandilla, son of old Gaika, and head of the Gaika tribe, his mother being Sutu, a Tambookie; he is also nephew to Macomo, at present *nominally* our ally. The appearance of this troop was certainly picturesque; a bright handkerchief formed the head-dress of each, save one, whose head was shaved in token of mourning. The corners of the handkerchiefs hanging down on the left side, gave a jaunty air to the said head-gear; the kaross concealed the form, all

but the feet and right arm, the right hand carrying the war allowance of seven assegais. They rode on in great precision, the advance guard alone preceding the chief, who was professedly on his way to visit Mr. Shepstone, but was supposed to be sent out of the way of a council at Beaufort, under some pretext, by Macomo, as it was well known that Mr. Shepstone was absent. Sandilla, being of royal blood, great jealousy is felt towards him; he is imagined by some to be a fool, by others a knave. He has always an Imrad (councillor) at his elbow, who watches him, and, as he speaks no English, interprets for him, and is no doubt his principal guide in words and deeds.

"Not long ago, a picture was exhibited in London of Sandilla, in his boyhood, and a note appended to the picture informed the curious that 'this young prince might be considered a fortunate youth, since, in the first instant of his birth, he stood a chance of being destroyed in consequence of his left foot being withered, but that during the war, he was concealed, and taken care of; otherwise, but for his extreme youth, he would have been sought out and murdered by some of his uncles, who would gladly have established themselves in his government, which is superior to most others; the Gaika Chief being head of many other great tribes, each having their chiefs with petty chiefs under them.' His uncle, Bothman, long ago seceded from Sandilla, establishing a tribe for himself, despising him as a chief on account of his youth: he is now barely one and twenty.

"Sandilla and his followers hung about the post for two or three days, and were remarkably insolent in their demands; asking for rations as a right, and carrying off as much firewood as they wanted on their bivouac, from the wood-stacks of the inhabitants. They went to every house with the usual cry of 'Baseila!' and asking for wine and tobacco.

"I was standing with my husband on the green, round which the fort, tower, barracks, and outbuildings are erected, at Fort Peddie, when Sandilla, himself on horseback, but with two followers on foot, came up to us at full tilt. When in front of us he reined in his horse, and, leaning forward in his sheep-skin saddle, took a quiet survey of us. There was something singularly wild and almost interesting in his demeanour. For a minute, he sate with his gleaming eyes glancing from one to the other with an intensely earnest look, *and helplessly* at his horse's side hung down his withered

foot and ankle, no larger than a child's. Near him, in silence, stood his two followers, magnificent-looking creatures, with complexions of dark olive, set off by their bright blue head-dresses. Their attitudes, as they leaned on their assegais, were easy and graceful. So they stood, till their young chief had finished his survey, while we repaid him glance for glance. Sandilla then spoke in a low, muttered tone to his followers, who repeated, as if demanding a right, 'Baseila!' But we had nothing with us, and, after another examination of our countenances, Sandilla turned his horse away, and galloped off without further salutation, his running footmen keeping pace with his swift steed. They then established themselves at our cottage garden gate; but at last, getting tired of waiting for us, the crowd of savage cavalry withdrew to the position they had fixed on for the night, about a mile from the post. In a few days, they departed, in the same order as they came.

"Our most interesting visitor is the Christian Kaffir Chief, Kama; his habits and demeanour are those of a gentleman, his dress is of good, though plain materials, and his mild voice, coupled with his smooth and gentle language, is pleasant to listen to. He has long been a convert to Christianity, and is so conscientious that, some time ago, he created a dangerous party against himself by sending back to her country a Tambookie woman*—who had been offered him as a wife—saying that the religion he had embraced permitted him only one wife. On the Tambookies complaining to his brother-in-law, Macomo, the latter declined interfering, whether from from policy or good feeling is doubtful. So uncertain is Kama of the good faith of his brothers, Páto and Cobus Congo, that he is about to remove to the Bechuana country, where he intends putting himself under the protection of Mosheseh, the Basoota Chief, and having, like Mosheesh, a house built in the English style. So far, Mosheesh is civilized; but on my asking how many wives he had, he replied, 'Perhaps a hundred!'

"We showed Kama, the other day, a six-barrelled revolving pistol, and an air-cane. What wonder and admiration were depicted in his fine countenance! The Kaffir seldom expresses open surprise; all that he says is 'Soh! soh!' repeated slowly, and with a reflective air. Kama was more

* The Tambookies are considered as a royal race of Kaffirs.

delighted with the workmanship of the pistol, than with the wonderful power of the air-cane.

"One day, while we were seated at dinner, with the door open, the day being warm, Cobus Congo walked in. He had on an old artillery uniform, which belonged to the late Colonel Storey. On that day, as it was Cobus's first visit, we did not turn him out, but we resolved on not following the foolish custom of permitting the Kaffirs to take, with us, liberties which are not suffered among themselves. Old Pato, also, with his panther eyes, came up to the door, begging, as usual; and, when they had obtained the tobacco we gave to get rid of them, off they walked, no doubt thinking us great fools for our pains."

Another entry in my journal refers to the dispute between Umhala and Gasella, which was considered of sufficient importance to bring the Lieutenant-Governor, with a hundred men of the 71st, and fifty of the Cape Corps, to Fort Peddie. I find the account of the quarrel and its consequences in my journal tally so exactly with that given in the "Graham's Town Journal," that I quote the latter:—

"The outline of the facts connected with this affair, is as follows:—The youths of two neighbouring tribes, as is often customary when they happen to meet, had engaged in a fray, in the course of which some of them were hurt, and one of them is said to have been killed. On this, the father of one of these boys, a petty chief, belonging to Sandilla's tribe, proceeded to the kraal of Gazela, to whom he demeaned himself so insolently, that the chief, irritated beyond endurance, knocked him down, and commanded him to be driven from the place. This appears to have been seized upon as a sufficient pretext for carrying into execution the design long entertained of crippling the power of Gazela, and driving him from his present position, where, with his well-known friendly disposition towards the colony, he has been a most vexatious check upon the forays of the neighbouring tribes upon the cattle and horses of the colonial farmers.

"To understand this matter aright, it may be necessary to explain that Gazela resides in the very centre of Kaffirland, his kraals occupying a tract of open country at the base of the Amatola Mountains, at the extreme point of the range which then turns towards the Tambookie country. These mountains are of a most impracticable character, rugged, encumbered with *impervious* thicket, and acclivitous,—and hence, the

spot occupied by Gazela, just at the apex of the bend, is the key or high road into Hintza's country, and also into the interior of Tambookie-land. It will appear very evident from this sketch, that such a position, occupied by a chief so friendly disposed towards the colony as Gazela has proved himself to be, must be a continual source of annoyance to those tribes who consider the plunder of the colonists as nothing more than a kind of primitive commerce, and who appear to think that the colonists should supply them, without grumbling, with beef and mutton, and saddle-horses, whenever they may please to require them.

"The present moment appears favourable for disabusing the Kaffirs, and their apologists, of these notions, and we have now to learn whether the Government will permit the design in question to suceeed, or whether, by prompt and efficient interference, the Kaffirs shall be taught to respect British authority—and be convinced that those who act faithfully towards the colony will not be suffered, for their fidelity, to be crushed by their refractory and dishonest countrymen. Gazela has long requested the support of the British Government, and it is important to remember that there is no point in Kaffirland where a force might be placed with so much advantage to the colony and so well calculated to secure the peace of Kaffirland, as the territory from whence an attempt is now being made to drive the chief in question.

"It is creditable to the Lieutenant-Governor that he appears resolved to act with determination in this matter, and to sustain Gazela against his enemies. His Honour is now at Fort Peddie, whence a message had been sent by him to Umhala, requiring his attendance. The messengers returned on Tuesday with Umhala's reply, viz.—'I am also a chief, therefore I will not come at the bidding of his Honour. I say so because I have not yet heard who has complained of me to the Government, and because I know not for what reason I am called—*therefore I will not come!!*' Another message has been sent him, to the effect that his Honour holds him responsible to the British for the welfare of Gazela, and requires Umhala's attendance at Fort Peddie forthwith, and that if he does not appear, he (the Lieutenant-Governor) will enter his country with troops, and he (Umhala) must abide the consequences. In the meantime, more troops are ordered from Fort Beaufort on this expedition."

Colonel Hare and his aide-de-camp arrived at Fort Peddie.

on the 24th of April, 1843, drenched to the skin, and without even a change of clothes, till the Orderly and saddle-bags arrived. The 91st and the Cape Corps had been hurried away from church parade; and one could not but admire the example of a man in Colonel Hare's position in not staying to provide himself with personal comforts, which were even permitted to the soldier; for the Lieutenant-Governor, with the possibility of being obliged to proceed into Kaffirland before him, had neither tent nor waggon at command for his own personal convenience.

More troops were under orders at Fort Beaufort. Day after day, during the week, some subtle message was received from Umhala. He was evidently delaying his march till his spies brought him intelligence from Fort Peddie, and till, as he himself expressed it (affecting courtesy, but intending insolence), he had collected a force of sufficient number to meet Colonel Hare's assemblage. Umhala, as was afterwards proved, was lingering in the neighbourhood, conferring with his brother Umki, and his nephew Sandilla, both of whom are bitterly opposed to Gasella. It was said by many worthy of credence, that these plots had long been concocting between the parties; hence, probably, arose Sandilla's unexpected and protracted visit to Fort Peddie, whither he was accompanied by Umki.

On Saturday, April 29th, Colonel Hare, learning that Umhala was resting at a missionary station four miles from Peddie, with the intention of advancing to the council on the following Monday, resolved on leaving the meeting to the arrangement of Major Lamont, next in command; and, having become acquainted with the leading features of the case, returned to his duties at Graham's Town. Umhala had at first proposed to bring his followers to Peddie on Sunday, but this was not to be permitted, nor was he at all events to approach nearer to it than Somerset Mount, about four miles off. Having ascertained from Mr. Shepstone that the meeting would be a peaceable one, I was prevailed on to accompany my husband and his brother officers to the conference, and at nine in the morning of the 30th of April we rode out, keeping pretty close to the Cape Corps, the *Roed Batjes*, or red jackets (as they term the British troops on the frontier) being left at Fort Peddie in reserve. It was a lovely morning, resembling in its temperature the opening of one of our warm spring *days. The mimosa-bushes*, more powerful than our own May,

yet reminded us of its redolence; but there were no singing-birds. This is one of our wants in South Africa. A kind of swallow, though, which built its long bottle-mouthed nest in our verandah, occasionally enlivened us with its merry chirrup and long trill, clear as a silver bell.

I own to feeling a little bewildered; the arrival of more troops at Fort Peddie had been sudden, and the total want of provision for comfort among the officers, called forth activity in at least making them welcome to such refreshments as we could offer; while the determination to witness the proceedings of the conference having been a thing of a moment, produced a certain degree of excitement not easily to be subdued. As we proceeded, the advance guard hastened on in front, and I confess that, when they made a sudden halt, and called out in Dutch that the Kaffirs were in sight, my heart fluttered. As a corrective to this, I gave my horse his head at once, and kept up, at a little distance from the road, with the hand-gallop of the troops. Be it remembered, in defence of my womanly attributes, which I would not abjure for the world, that I had the greatest faith in Mr. Shepstone's assurance that the Kaffirs would be peaceably disposed as long as we remained so, and I knew his information, from his knowledge of their character and policy, to be correct. Still, I own to the beating of my heart, and a slight coldness about the lips. On, however, I went, determined to resist the feeling; and the fresh morning air, the sight of English officers, and the knowledge of the effectiveness of the accompanying troops, soon dissipated my nervous feelings. Before us, advancing down the hills, was Umhala, mounted, and surrounded by his followers, also mounted, in number about two hundred. As soon, apparently, as they had obtained a full and fair view of us, enabling them to estimate pretty accurately our number, they dismounted. Away went their horses, none being saddled, nor, apparently, bridled, to enjoy the sweets of the fresh grass. Then the Kaffir chief and his people formed themselves into a phalanx, certainly of most warlike appearance; each man bearing his war allowance of seven assegais, and carrying a musket in his right hand. Now, too, I remarked that the blanket and brown coverlid had almost superseded the kaross. In a short time, they formed themselves into a semicircle, six or eight deep, Umhala himself, in European costume — resembling a mechanic's well-worn Sunday coat and trousers, and with a hat to match—being

seated in the centre. Down they all squatted, with their arms close by them, for use in case of need. The English commissioners (for so we may term Major Lamont and Mr. Shepstone) shook hands with Umhala, as he rose from his seat and advanced to give them a civil greeting, as the latter did also with his adversary, Gasella, who had ridden with us to the conference.

Umhala then retired to his position, and there was a silence of some minutes, the Kaffirs examining us with their keen glances, and we, in turn, looking at them in true English style, "straight in the face." At last, after a long pause, Mr. Shepstone entered upon the business of the meeting, by reading to them a translation, in the Kaffir language, of Colonel Hare's letter, demanding Umhala's reason for annoying and letting his people annoy Gasella, &c., &c. After due deliberation, and sundry whispers between his Hemraaden, or councillors, and himself, Umhala began his reply by apologies for keeping Colonel Hare at Fort Peddie, in expectation of his arrival. He said "the weather had been severe, the rains had made the roads heavy for his horses, his people were unable to hurry themselves," and so forth; and all this apology was delivered in a cold sarcastic tone, indicative of a contempt he scarcely cared to conceal. He denied much that Gasella had stated, though the story was well authenticated; and, though I could not understand the language, the characters of the two chiefs were manifested in their deportment. Umhala spoke slowly and deliberately, having listened patiently (with an occasional ejaculation of "Soh," "Soh," at each period) to Mr. Shepstone's address. Now and then he smiled scornfully, and with an air of mock civility, towards Gasella, and the whole import of his speech appeared to me to mean this—"I hate you—you are the ally of the English; we dare not touch you now, as you are surrounded by them, but this is only temporary, we will annihilate you whenever a good opportunity offers." I found afterwards that my translation was wonderfully literal.

Gasella, in replying, rather lost his temper, and no wonder, finding that Umhala denied everything, and persisted that his adversary had seriously injured the Imrad, though he had taken care to leave the said Imrad at the kraal, where he had been sen a day or two before, by an agent of Mr. Shepstone's, and was reported perfectly free from injury.

Finding the meeting such a peaceful-looking affair, another

officer's wife who was of the party, proposed that she and I should ride on half a mile further, to the missionary station, but it was thought unadvisable; and it was as well we remained where we were, for we learned that the peaceful valley behind the site of the council contained a thousand armed Kaffirs, Umhala fearing we might attempt to take him prisoner. The sight of those savages would have been unpleasant, though, without a signal from their chief, they would not have molested us. On each hill-top, looking gigantic, as the clear sky threw out their forms in strong relief, were scouts—their blankets or karosses flying in the wind, and their assegais over their shoulders—placed there, no doubt, to watch our proceedings, and alarm Umhala's "reserve battalion," in the event of our displaying hostile intent.

Umhala asked several times, in a tone of quiet impertinence, "by what right Colonel Hare had summoned him at all? What proof was there of his hostility towards Gasella?" and thus Umhala sneered, and Mr. Shepstone remonstrated, and little shabby Gasella scolded, and then the council was dissolved, it being decided that Gasella, having already paid a heavier fine of cattle than he ought to have done, should pay no more, although Umhala had demanded fifty head above what Gasella had given, as compensation for the Imrad's pretended injury.

As we returned from the scene of the council, which had taken place on an elevation crowned with mimosa-bushes, the phalanx rose, and one fired a musket in the air, a genuine *feu de joie*, no doubt, at our peaceful departure.

Gasella returned to Fort Peddie with us, and, in the afternoon, the troops marched back to Graham's Town. Though Gasella gained his point in not paying the cattle demanded by Umhala, it would eventually be taken openly, or stolen from him. In short, the meeting between these two adverse chiefs reminded me of two quarrelsome boys being summoned before the master, reprimanded, and sent away, both being more bitter enemies than before, and the stronger one resolved to have his revenge on the weaker as soon as he gets him into a quiet corner.

I was rather amused at the "introduction" of the chief Gasella to me, on the evening before the council was to meet. I was sitting over the fire, chatting with an officer, when Páto and an inferior Kaffir came in, followed by a dirty, miserable little man, in a threadbare surtout, broken hat, &c. On

my asking Páto some question relative to the quarrel with the chiefs, which had sent the troops a three days' march in miserable weather, he pointed to the wretched little object who had advanced to my elbow, and said, "There—Gasella." I stared, and, feeling some sympathy for the creature, gave him a chair. Both asked for wine and tobacco; I gave them some cigars. At this moment Kama arrived, and, seeing they intended lighting their cigars at my sitting-room fire, he pointed out the impropriety of it, and they departed. Gasella is less civilized even than Páto, and very unlike a Kaffir in appearance.

We could not but observe Kama's cautious bearing, as we questioned him concerning Umhala. It was evident, however, that he had been entrusted with no political secrets. Every trait in Kama was interesting; his gentleness, consistence, patience, and hazardous position between his richer brothers, Páto and Congo, made him, indeed, an object of our care and protection. Nevertheless, poor Kama gave us very little trouble, asked for no presents, being resolved on quietly establishing a position for himself on the other side of the Orange River, or the Keiskama.

May 4th. Every day brings accounts of cattle-stealing about Beaufort, in the more immediate neighbourhood of Graham's Town, and the outposts nearest to it. The news that has arrived from England concerning Natal, is promising, though some inquire what compensation is made for the loss of such promising officers as Lieutenants Wyatt and Prior, who were just as much killed in action as any of those "brave and lamented soldiers who fell in the late disastrous affair of Affghanistan?" How such leniency will operate, remains to be proved. Already the Boers about Colesberg are beginning to creep off to the other side of the Orange River, ostensibly to attack Panda, the Zoola chief, but in reality to assist the insurgent Boers at Natal.

May 26.—Chief Kama, the only Christian Kaffir chief—I believe the only Christian Kaffir—is passing through Peddie, with his family, baggage, followers, and fifteen hundred head of cattle. His life is not safe in the neighbourhood of his brothers, Páto and Cobus Congo. He is bound for the Bechuana country, on the other side the Orange River; but, until spring commences, he will make a halt near Beaufort, and act under the protection of our nominal and drunken *ally, Macomo, uncle of* Sandilla, and a chief of the Gaika tribe.

The post of to-day brings, as usual, accounts of continued depredations, and the Fingoes of this neighbourhood, the people we are protecting, have been made to render up more than three hundred head of cattle which they had appropriated to themselves, from the kraals of various people.

CHAPTER IV.—A "COMMANDO."

THE even tenour of our life at Fort Peddie has just been diversified by a "foray" into the lands of a redoubtable cattle-stealer of the I'Slambie tribe, named Tola, against whom repeated complaints had been made by the settlers in various parts of the district of Lower Albany, of depredations committed on their farms, and among their cattle. The Lieutenant-Governor resolved on sending a body of troops against him, in order to rescue the stolen cattle, and break up that chief's government and tribe. Before, however, the troops had assembled at the rallying-point, Fort Willshire,* Tola had sent the plunder away either into the interior of Kaffirland, with his wives, children, and people, or into secluded kloofs, under the care of herds belonging to the tribes of some of those very chiefs who acted as allies and guides to the British troops on the occasion. There stood the offender's kraal consisting of scattered and empty huts, and there was the "grand army," (upwards of five hundred strong) in array against "Tola's country;" while Tola himself was taking an occasional peep at the proceedings from his lurking-places in the bush, smiling, no doubt, at so many of Her Majesty's soldiers being sent out to hunt him,—he—a Kaffir Chief—on his own wild ground, in many places inaccessible to European infantry, or Hottentot cavalry!

At first setting out on the "Commando," as the campaigns are called, the affair promised to be pleasant enough; the weather was delightful, though the month of June is our first winter month here. One company of the 91st had obeyed orders to the letter of the law, and had taken the field in "light marching order:" but the rest had a certain

* A fort on the banks of the Keiskama, once in the occupation of the English, but given up to the Kaffirs by the last treaties, when the Great Fish River was established as the boundary. It is now defaced, little being left to mark its site, the Kaffirs having been permitted to carry away the wood-work of the buildings, which originally cost at least 50,000*l.*

number of waggons and tents, and it was amusing to see the comforts with which some had surrounded themselves—canteens, easy chairs, bedsteads, tables, mats, cooking utensils, &c. These resolved on making the best of the matter, turning what at first appeared a warlike expedition into a pic-nic party; though others were content to lie in the bush, and fare no better than the men they commanded.

Never, however, had been seen such times of marching, counter-marching, bivouacking, and eating and drinking, since the days when the City Train Bands and the Westminster Volunteers were called into active service on Wimbledon, Kennington, and Clapham Commons, where they encamped to little purpose, except to eat sandwiches, and drink the King's health in "London particular." About a fortnight after the troops had assembled at Willshire, a division of them, consisting of upwards of two hundred of the 91st, and the same number of the Cape Corps, were ordered to Fort Peddie, to halt and refresh themselves; but the springs, owing to the want of rain, were nearly dry (and a sentry is always placed on the principal tank at Peddie*); so the 91st remained in the neighbourhood of the kraal belonging to Eno, a dependent chief of the Gaika tribe, and the Cape Corps came on. There was brack (salt) water enough for the horses.

Sunday was spent peacefully at Peddie, and on Monday morning, June 6th, 1843, as the two corps were to meet six or seven miles from the post, I was induced to ride out, with another lady and a party, to the rendezvous. Although I by no means think the head of a brigade in array for the field an eligible place for ladies in general, my friend and I did not regret having yielded to the various solicitations, that we should proceed a little further with the expedition, which had no chance of becoming in reality a warlike one.

The morning resembled the one I have described in my account of Umhala's affair. Certainly a South African morning is incomparably beautiful. The want of rain had taken from the turf much of its freshness; still, the minosa is always green, and the perfume of its bright yellow blossoms most delicious. We kept to the grass, smooth as velvet, and gently undulating here and there, with wooded kloofs to the right

* In building the new barracks at Peddie, pipes have been placed along the roofs, for the purpose of collecting water in the rainy season. This *is a great* advantage to the residents, who hitherto have been dependent *on tanks and flays (hollows* in the earth, which are filled by heavy rains),

and left of us; while the Cape Corps, in dusky array, filled the high road. Nothing can be more efficient than the appearance of the Hottentot soldier, though I confess to laughing heartily at one or two immediately in advance of us.

There he is, in his bush-coloured jacket, clay-coloured leather trousers, seated on his sturdy little steed, as though nothing had ever parted, or could ever part, the horse and his rider. Before him, on his light dragoon saddle, is rolled his cloak; behind him, his blanket, corn-sack, and nose-bag; a slight change of shoes, trousers, &c., is carried, in the haversack in light marching order, and in a valise on other occasions. His double-barrelled percussion carbine, wrapped in sheepskin, rests its muzzle in a holster adapted for the purpose; and across his shoulder is slung his belt, a pouch containing twenty rounds of ammunition, and, occasionally, a canteen. When it is remembered that the average height of a Hottentot soldier is five feet one, and that he is slight in proportion, it may be imagined what a figure he cuts when accoutred for the field; but he is the most efficient soldier for this colony for all that. He is keen-witted and intelligent, patient of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, active as a monkey, and possessed of a perfect knowledge of the country, and occasionally of the Kaffir language. Add to this, the officers of this corps have either been long residents in the colony, or are the sons of people who have known no other home for many years. Fit commanders, then, are they for such troops.

Over the turf we cantered, the delicious air imparting spirits to ourselves and to our steeds, and, as we advanced, we left the green-jackets winding along the road behind us, while down between two green hills came the 91st, the shrill bagpipes sounding strangely indeed among these far plains and echoing valleys of Africa. Here we all halted for a few minutes, till I was persuaded to go on to the banks of the Keiskama, where one party was to encamp for some time, and the other to bivouac and dine, previously to crossing the river into Kaffirland. Our little private party then proceeded, with those who were to take up the ground for the encampment. A beautiful spot was selected; nothing could be more picturesque. On a mound, commanding an extensive view of the country, the 91st were to establish themselves. Up the hill followed the division of the red-jackets, a long line of waggons, camp sutlers, Fingoes, Commissariat people, servants, led horses, &c., bringing up the rear. In a few

moments, the white tents dotted the ground; fires were lit, and, in an incredibly short time, there was savoury evidence of carbonatje. My head ached with the fatigue of the ride, and, perhaps, the excitement of the scene; but that was nothing. A table was spread for me near a kindly bush, and a breakfast that would have satisfied an epicure craved attention. I rejoiced over some deliciously-made coffee, and then took a survey of the scene beneath. On a beautiful and level plain the Cape Corps had bivouacked: some lounged and slept in the centre of the square which had been formed by piling each man's saddle, blanket, &c.; others snatched their hastily-cooked meal near a cluster of bushes. The laugh of the merry-makers ascended gaily up the hill, and the brazen call of the trumpet, or bugle, was given back by the echoes from the tall grey rocks bounding the opposite side of the Keiskama, whose quiet waters glided peacefully on under the shadow of overhanging boughs on one side, and on the other stately cliffs variegated with mimosas and euphorbias. On its green banks reclined a crowd of Fingo warriors, in their war attire of plumes, assegais, shields of bullock-hide, and their karosses draped gracefully round them. The chiefs wore tiger skins. Indolent they looked, basking in the sunshine, smoking dagha, the seed of a kind of wild hemp, having much the same effect as opium on the senses. In the field these people are useful assistants, and most formidable opponents to their former severe taskmasters, the Kaffirs. Their rain-makers and doctors cut a conspicuous and grotesque figure, with their strange fantastic head-dresses of jackal's and monkey's tails. The mischief these wretches do I have already described.

Presently, the quiet of the scene was disturbed; the trumpet of the Cape Corps gave forth its brazen signal to upsaddle; men and horses were soon in their ranks; few waggons were were in the train of this corps, so accustomed to the field, and so fitted to its duties; and, ere half an hour had elapsed, the ground, which had presented so animated an appearance, was unoccupied. The sound of the Keiskama's gently flowing waters remained undisturbed, the Fingo phalanx had moved onwards, and the little mound on which the 91st were encamped, formed a lively contrast to the profound repose of the valley below. As the afternoon advanced, we too thought of upsaddling and away.

Writers are often accused of "inventing a moonlight" on *occasion; but I* protest that in many of our rambling expe-

ditions here, the moon has especially favoured us. Indeed, we seldom ventured to make excursions in this country of early sunsets and no twilight, without the prospect of a moon for our homeward ride at night. We left the camp at three o'clock; and, as we proceeded from the spot, we looked back. We could now see both parties; the white tents and scarlet jackets of the 91st, and the long array of the Cape Corps, which, having crossed the Keiskama, was now wending its way into Kaffirland. The evening air was growing chilly, and we were fain to advance instead of glancing back. When we reached the missionary station, within four miles of Peddie, we found that the hospitable family there had been watching our approach, for their table was spread with goodly refreshment, and never was poor creature more grateful for anything than was I for Mrs. Tainton's fragrant cup of tea, so kindly and readily bestowed.

It must be observed that the troops crossed the Keiskama entirely with the nominal concurrence of the chiefs, with the exception of Sandilla, as they affected to be much annoyed at Tola's continued contempt of the treaties, and his repeated inroads on the property of the colonists. It has since been proved, as might have been expected, that, while the chiefs were accompanying the troops into the field, they were constantly misguiding them, and giving them wrong information relative to the cattle.

The troops were soon afterwards dispersed; some went back to Graham's Town, some to lonely outposts, and some to Beaufort; all very tired of the business, and some seriously ill, from sleeping in the bush at the end of the "campaign," when the rain fell in torrents, and the ground was saturated. Great part of the cattle was rescued by the Fingoes, who came into Peddie in phalanx, singing their song of triumph, a low, deep, solemn chant, each voice modulated to the others, in perfect unison. Their appearance was indeed warlike. It is worthy of remark, that while the colony remained in this unsettled state, the Kaffir and Fingo women went about armed with assegais.

The crossing of the Keiskama gave great offence to Sandilla, the son of Gaika, and head of the tribe. Yet, what could be done? Not only had the greater number of the chiefs agreed to it, but some of the cattle had been traced, and it was necessary to rescue it: but this was more easily proposed than done, and the most provoking feature in the

case was, that while we permitted the Kaffirs to occupy the ground they held on sufferance, they took advantage of the indulgence to plunder the settlers.

From this time till war was proclaimed in 1846, the colonists were engaged in perpetual warfare with the tribes. The farmers could not stir without arms; murder stalked through the highway in open day, robberies were too common to be always recorded, and Commandos were marched through the country to punish recreant chiefs; but the latter invariably eluded the troops and escaped with the cattle.

The Dutch, who had long been discontented, declared their intention of breaking beyond the boundary; but the English settlers were anxious to "hope against hope," and, on the arrival of Sir Peregrine Maitland in 1844, who came with authority to improve the system of public finance, their drooping spirits revived, and in the spirit of unshaken loyalty they placed the most favourable construction on every step proposed to avert those calamities which subsequently overwhelmed them.

CHAPTER V.—BEGINNING OF THE KAFFIR WAR

DURING this period I have little of personal adventure to record. After a sojourn of a few months at Fort Peddie, we were removed to Graham's Town, and I was residing there when the war broke out.

In the month of February, 1846, the Gaika Chief, Sandilla, having before agreed to the proposal of the British authorities in South Africa, that a military post should be established at Block Drift, near his own kraal, or residence, and on the confines of the ceded territory,* chose to withdraw his consent, and treat the troops sent thither with great insolence. His excuse was, that he had given his consent to the Resident Agent, without consulting his councillors who were of a different opinion.

On receiving this haughty message, the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Hare, summoned Sandilla to a conference at Block Drift; the young chief of the Gaikas appeared before

* This ceded territory, as before stated, was occupied by certain Kaffir tribes only conditionally. By their depredations, they had long forfeited all right to remain there. It was thought that the establishment of Post *Victoria, in 1844,* would have had some effect in keeping them in check; *but the measure* proved only a source of useless expense.

the Lieutenant-Governor and his small array of British troops, surrounded by two thousand warriors, armed with muskets, and capitally mounted. The arms had been purchased from British traders,—there being then no law to check the indiscriminate sale of arms and ammunition to the Kaffirs,—and the greater proportion of the horses had been plundered from the unfortunate farmers in the colony. Nothing was decided at this conference, and the project of establishing a post at Block Drift was for the time, if not altogether, abandoned, The troops returned to Fort Beaufort, Sandilla to his kraal, and, some days after an abject and pathetic message was received by Colonel Hare from the Gaika chief, with the assent of several other chiefs subservient to him. The message was exceedingly well "got up," but meant nothing.

In March, a Kaffir being convicted of some misdemeanour at Fort Beaufort, was placed, with others, under the charge of a Hottentot guard, and ordered into Graham's Town, to be confined in the gaol until the period of the circuit. Among these prisoners was also an English dragoon. A party of Kaffirs secreted themselves near the road leading from Fort Beaufort to Graham's Town, and, on the approach of the guard and prisoners, darted out of the bush, shot the Hottentot to whom the Kaffir was handcuffed, severed the dead man's hand from his body, and led off the rescued savage; followed, however, by the guard, who were obliged to retreat at last, narrowly escaping with their lives. A few weeks previously to this event, a German missionary, named Schulz, had been murdered in cold blood in the open day on the public road, not many miles from Fort Peddie, by some of Páto's people. The murderers of Mr. Schulz were demanded by the authorities, and Páto promised to deliver them up, but did not keep his word. He never intended to do so!

On the murder of the Hottentot, and rescue of the Kaffir prisoner in March, Colonel Hare resolved to "chastise" the Kaffirs, and issued a proclamation to that effect. The proclamation caused an immense stir, and on the 15th of April the troops, began their march through the ceded territory, seeing at first nothing but empty kraals.

Nothing was heard in Graham's Town of the progress of the troops for many days. The 20th of April brought the unexpected intelligence that the Kaffirs had made a most determined stand in the Amatolas. Several valuable lives had been lost on our side, and fifty-two waggons, containing

the whole of the baggage of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and part of that of the 91st, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, being burnt and plundered by them; the Kaffirs quietly arraying themselves in the clothing and accoutrements of the soldiers.

Our troops had been engaged for three days fighting desperately with thousands of these savages, and were compelled to retire upon Block Drift, where they kept their ground, and finally established, by force of arms, the disputed right to build a post there,

On the 15th of April, Colonel Somerset assembled his force on the Deba Flats. This force consisted of part of the 7th Dragoon Guards, under Lieut.-Col. Richardson;* the Cape Mounted Riflemen, commanded by Colonel Somerset; three companies of the reserve battalion 91st, under Major Campbell; the Grenadier company, 1st battalion, under Captain Ward; and about 150 Kat River Burghers. Here Colonel Somerset made his dispositions; and at 7 o'clock on the following morning, the division under Major Campbell, with the Kat River Burghers, marched into the Amatola Valley; Major Armstrong, with some Cape Mounted Riflemen, and Captain Sutton, with some mounted Burghers, were detached over the hill; and, it not being passable with artillery, Colonel Richardson was requested to co-operate with his guns, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and a detachment of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, under Captain Donovan. Colonel Somerset proceeded with his party round the Amatola Mountains, in order to unite with and support the troops under Major Armstrong and Captain Sutton.

Major Campbell, having advanced some way into the valley, soon found himself opposed to an immense body of Kaffirs, who opened a heavy fire upon the troops. The ascent of the infantry up a hill clothed with thick bush, was accomplished under desperate circumstances—thousands of Kaffirs, secure in ambush, or assembled on the mountains around them, shouting their war-cry of "Izapa! Izapa!"—"Come on! Come on!" On reaching a kloof, a few Kaffirs made their appearance; but, "it being suggested to Major Campbell that these were merely put there to divert attention from the scrub† on the left, he desired his men to keep a sharp look-out in that direction." It was well he did so; the Kaffirs

* *The effective* strength of the 7th was now but 240.

† Bush intermingled with stones.

"opened a tremendous fire from that point, from the kloof on the right, and in the rear." "I never before," says the writer of an account from the scene of action, "experienced such dreadful fatigue; what with the steepness of the mountain, and having to ascend it amid a shower of balls, I was compelled to lie down twice, screened by the thorn-trees, before I reached the top. Two men fainted by the way, four of the 91st were killed, and two wounded. From the number of shots fired, I am surprised half of us were not killed."

By the time the division had reached the summit of the mountain, they were all fairly exhausted. It was a joyful sight for them when they found their position was discovered, and they saw the Cape Corps coming to their assistance, with a gun, from the other side. The red-jackets cheered the reinforcement from the hill-top, and then rested on their arms, while the Cape Corps went to work, and soon silenced the enemy there.

In getting round the mountain, Colonel Somerset, after crossing a difficult drift with a gun, discovered a large drove of cattle on the left. Captain Sutton, with his Burghers, Captain Pipon, with a troop of the 7th, and Captain Donovan, with some Cape Mounted Rifles, were despatched to capture them, and succeeded in taking eighteen hundred head. At sunset, the troops encamped for the night on the flat under the Amatola.

The first day's action at Burn's Hill was disastrously marked by the death of Captain Bambrick, 7th Dragoon Guards, a fine old Waterloo soldier, who had also served for many years in India, in the 11th Hussars. He unhappily went too far into a dense bush, and was shot. One or two circumstances connected with his death are worthy of notice.

Captain Bambrick's troop formed part of a division under Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, who had been left in charge of the baggage. During the day, some Kaffirs came down upon the herds and oxen belonging to the waggons, and in fighting for the cattle, mortally wounded a young boy, named McCormick. His brother ran to his assistance; and the dying child, seeing the other herds retreating, raised himself, and shouting, in his death-agony, "Don't run! don't run! We'll beat them yet!" sank back exhausted, and spoke no more. Captain Bambrick was sent in pursuit of the Kaffirs who had killed this poor young settler; and the old dragoon officer, reckless of the foe, seen or unseen, and accustomed to

charge wherever that foe might be, dashed into the bush at the head of his troop, went too far, and fell in consequence by the hand of a concealed savage. Shocking to relate, his body was cut in pieces by the enemy, and either burned or hung about the bush. Oh "pastoral and peaceful" people! as Missionary Society Agents have styled them. Ere Captain Bambrick fell, he called to his men to retire, having found out, too late, that "that was no place for cavalry."

He must have received many wounds. His charger galloped past the troop without its rider; its trappings and saddle were covered with blood; while the savages bore off the mangled body of their victim, brandishing his sword on the top of the hill as they retreated. Captain Bambrick was forty-seven years of age, and had served his country more than thirty years.

As I have observed, Captain Bambrick's troop formed part of a division, under Major Gibsone, left in charge of baggage and ammunition, while Colonel Somerset proceeded with the main body towards the wooded kloofs and steep ascents of the Amatola Mountains. Before proceeding in search of the plundered cattle to a hill overlooking "Sandilla's drift," Captain Bambrick received distinct orders from Major Gibsone "by no means to proceed to any distance." The old soldier could not, or would not, understand a warfare which demanded such caution, dashed onwards, full of chivalry, utterly wasted on such a foe, and fell, as might be expected. It may be added, that, had he not fallen when he did, the whole troop would have become the victims of his noble but ill-timed daring.

Major Gibsone's dispatch states further—"About seven o'clock, just as I had diminished the size of my camp, we were attacked by a considerable body of Kaffirs, whom we beat off in six or seven minutes, I am sorry to say, with the loss of four men of the 91st killed, and four wounded."

On the 17th, Major Gibsone, in compliance with Colonel Somerset's instructions, moved from Burn's Hill, at half past ten A.M. From the number of waggons (one hundred and twenty-five), and the necessity of giving a support to the guns, Major Gibsone was only enabled to form a front and rear baggage-guard, and could not detach any men along the line of waggons. After proceeding about a mile, shots issued from a kloof by the side of the road; Lieutenant Stokes, R.E., ran *the gun up to a point* some three hundred yards in advance,

and raked the kloof with a shell. When half the waggons had passed, the Kaffirs made a dash upon one of them, firing at the drivers and some officers' servants, who were obliged to fly; then took out the oxen, and wheeled the waggon across the river. An overpowering force then rushed down from the hills in all directions, keeping up an incessant fire, which was returned by the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 91st, with great spirit. The gun was also served with much skill; but, owing to the Kaffirs' immense superiority in numbers, Major Gibsone, to prevent his men from being cut off, was obliged to return to Burn's Hill, where he again put the troops in position. A short time after this, a company of the 91st, under Captain Scott, advanced in skirmishing order, keeping up a heavy fire; but the waggons completely blocking up the road, the troops were obliged to make a *détour*, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in getting the ammunition-waggons into a proper line, but found it quite impracticable to save the baggage-waggons, the Kaffirs having driven away the oxen. One of the ammunition-waggons broke down, but the ammunition was removed to another; the troops then fought their way, inch by inch, to the Tyumie Camp, where they were met by Colonel Somerset's division, and where they again encamped for the night.

Colonel Somerset, in his dispatch, dated "Block Drift, 18th of April," describes the Kaffirs as "assembling in a very large force on the heights above the troops, on the 17th, and, on arriving at the Tyumie Drift, the enemy pressed upon them at every point. Lieutenant Hill, R.A., got the gun into position, and made excellent practice into the dense bush along the river, the enemy pressing on, and opening a severe fire on our advance. Lieutenant Armstrong, with some Cape Mounted Rifles, then scoured the bush in all directions; the flanking-parties of the 91st kept up a strong fire on the enemy; and Colonel Richardson supported the rear in the most able and gallant manner. Major Campbell held the drift, while ammunition-waggons passed; Captain Browne's guns taking up an admirable position, and doing great execution under a heavy fire."

Thus, scarcely fifteen hundred men, not all regular troops, encumbered with a hundred and twenty-five waggons, made their way into the fastnesses of these savages, who were many thousands in number; and although unable to follow up the enemy, of whom they killed at least three hundred, succeeded

in saving all their ammunition, captured eighteen hundred head of cattle, and finally fought their way to the original ground of dispute.

An old officer, in speaking of this affair of the "three days" in the Amatolas, informed me that neither he, nor those in the same division with himself, had had anything whatever to eat, from Thursday the 16th, at daylight, until Saturday night, the 18th, when they reached Block Drift; there, some biscuit was served out to them. My husband was not only without food during this period, but, having lost all his baggage, had nothing on for days after (night or day) but his shell jacket and white trousers. His horse was slightly grazed by a ball, which touched it between the saddle-flap and his canteen; fortunately, it must have struck something on its way. The Kaffirs invariably aim at the officers, believing that, in bringing down the leaders, the whole body will be made to give way.

The following officers were killed and wounded during these engagements; 7th Dragoon Guards—Captain Bambrick, killed; 91st—Lieutenant Cochrane wounded three times; Cape Mounted Rifles—Captain Sandes, murdered. Colonel Richardson and Captain Rawstorne, 91st, narrowly escaped wounds at least, both being struck by spent balls. Colonel Somerset had just dismounted from his charger, when the man who took it from him was shot dead, the animal escaping. Lieutenant O'Reilly had the trigger of his gun shot off; and Mr. Bisset lost two horses not long after dismounting.

The loss of Captain Sandes, Cape Mounted Rifles, was much deplored. Being ordered to proceed with an express from Post Victoria to Colonel Somerset at Block Drift, on the 18th of April, he unfortunately started after the party, lost his way, returned to Victoria, was advised to wait until another mounted party should be likely to proceed, but faithful to his orders, determined on riding to Block Drift alone, which he did, and was brutally murdered! The Kaffirs themselves acknowledged that he fought desperately, cutting his way through two bodies of these wretches, of whom they admit he must have killed and injured eight or ten. The third body despatched him. So much for the Kaffir's mild nature and generous sentiments! So much for his bravery! No man can be brave who does not appreciate bravery in others.

Among the slain, was afterwards discovered a soldier of

the 91st, who had probably been burned to death by the savages, as his remains were found bound to the pole of a waggon, and horribly defaced by fire.

Dr. Eddie, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, on going back with a party to endeavour to recover some of the Government property from the hospital waggon, found that it had been rifled of almost everything but the jar of blister ointment, which had been emptied of its contents—the ointment having been scooped out by Kaffir fingers.

It must be observed that, on the 15th of April, the very day on which Colonel Somerset assembled his small force on the Deba Flats, for the purpose of getting the troops into position before attacking the enemy in the Amatola Mountains, nothing was known in Graham's Town of the operations of the troops in the field. Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor, who had arrived on the frontier a few days before, left Graham's town for Post Victoria with only a small escort, and in total ignorance of Colonel Somerset's proceedings, which every one knew must be regulated by circumstances, but which every one supposed would begin and end in a march through the ceded territory and back again "without seeing a Kaffir."

I forgot to mention that Colonel Hare, the Lieutenant-Governor, had moved from Graham's Town to Fort Beaufort, before issuing his proclamation against our savage neighbours, and on the 18th of April, went to Post Victoria to meet Sir Peregrine Maitland.

Colonel Hare returned to Beaufort the same evening in safety. Captain Sandes must have been murdered within a few miles of him; but fortunately no one crossed the path of the Lieutenant-Governor or his escort.

On Sunday, the 19th, some cattle were stolen from Post Victoria, in the very face of the troops and their General. The Kaffirs were followed, but had got into the bush with their booty before the troops could come up with them.

On the morning of the 18th, while General Maitland was on a reconnoitring expedition, he and his party came suddenly upon an ambush of Kaffirs; happily he had with him an escort of dragoons, who dashed after these savages. Had Sir Peregrine not been so attended, he, with his staff, would have been cut off.

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A party of the 27th went out from Victoria to clear the bush of the Kaffirs. In the skirmish which ensued, a

serjeant of the regiment being shot in the ancle, the savages rushed upon him and beat him to death with their knob kiurries (war-clubs).

After the troops had taken up their position at Block Drift, they were joined by Sir P. Maitland, who immediately assumed the command, and superintended the defences.

But, while the troops were employed in the Amatola Mountains, Graham's Town was utterly unprotected, and bodies of Kaffirs poured into the Colony. Then began the work of devastation, plunder, and murder. Alas! while our hearts were torn with anxiety for those dear to us in the field, we knew ourselves to be surrounded by savages who openly threatened to attack us! In all directions we heard the reports of musketry. Now, a murdered waggon-driver was brought in, and now, a Kaffir spy was shot close to the town; the townspeople of course exaggerating the one waggon-driver to five or six, and the spy to "thousands of Kaffirs."

On the 29th of April, Colonel Somerset arrived with his division. The sight of the troops winding down the hill towards Graham's Town, cheered the drooping spirits of the inhabitants, and made many hearts beat with alternate hope and fear, for we knew not what intelligence they might bring, or what dangers they had encountered. Little, indeed, can they, who never experienced the horrors and anxieties of war, especially a war with savages, comprehend the feelings of those who wait for tidings of the absent. The weary watchings, the very dread of the arrival of expresses, bearing we know not what tidings, the feverish restlessness to see the printed dispatches of the day, the waiting for hours in uncertainty, and then the regret, amidst our thankfulness at so much being done, that there was yet so much to do. Ah! these are terrible hours. I especially remember the reading of the first dispatch—the wife of one in command of a division, which had not been engaged, but of which I shall have to speak hereafter, tearing open the papers with trembling fingers, while another and I leaned over her shoulder, and would see what she tried to read with a faltering voice. Children looked up alarmed at they knew not what, pausing in their play, and quite silent; while shots echoed along the hills and through the kloofs above the town, and the sky above and around us was lit with the fires from the devastated homesteads of the settlers. The very sight of the *thousands of cattle* and sheep being driven in at sunset by

armed herds, was melancholy; and the panic-striken inhabitants galloped hither and thither, endangering people's lives and wearing out their horses, causing a stir and excitement equally useless and alarming. The appearance of the town on one Sabbath morning was wretched beyond description. The bell for prayers rang from our roofless church, the Independent Chapel being lent to us as a place of worship, while the church of the established religion was undergoing repairs. A crowd of Fingo and Hottentot picquets were assembling in the streets, groups of people stood about talking, and others passed on to the place of prayer with careworn faces. At every opening, the sappers and miners were busy blockading the streets, and parties of armed Burghers came galloping in with fresh tidings of ruin, murder, and devastation. The return of Colonel Somerset's division probably checked the advance of the enemy upon the town, where the greatest fears had been entertained for the magazine, containing the gunpowder belonging to the merchants. It must be added, that the energies of those who were willing to join in the work of defence had been considerably damped by a disastrous circumstance, which had occurred during the absence of the troops in Kaffirland.

Mr. Norden, a merchant, having been appointed to the temporary command of the Yeomanry Corps,* which, it must be remembered, there had been but little time to organize, led his men out, on the 25th of April, to a valley a little beyond Graham's Town, where it had been ascertained that a number of Kaffirs were lurking. He was a dashing, enterprising man, always ready to lead whenever a leader was wanting. On reaching a spot commanded by a krantz, or cliff, he divided his corps into two bodies, directing one to the right and the other to the left, with one of which he advanced towards a thick bush. On Mr. Norden approaching a mass of rock, which served as an ambush for one of the savages, he was shot through the head, and fell dead. The wretch who shot him was immediately brought down by the musket of one of the

* This corps had been raised by the exertions of Colonel Lowen, but he was incapacitated by illness from heading it, and his last days were embittered by the disappointment. Colonel Lowen had served in the Royal Corsican Rangers, and was present at the battle of Maida, and the captures of Ischia and Procida; he had retired from the Cape Corps on the full pay of Major, after a service in Africa of twenty-three years, shortly before the outbreak of the Kaffir War.

Yeomanry; but others rushed on the murdered man, and dragged away the body. The Yeomanry Corps being thus divided, the numbers of the foe unknown, and the sun just setting, it was deemed imprudent to attempt the capture of Mr. Norden's remains from the Kaffirs at that moment. The following day, the body was observed placed in a conspicuous position on the krantz, probably as a decoy; and on Monday, the 27th, a large body of the inhabitants, a few of the Cape Corps, and a remnant of the 90th—in all amounting to about 200 men—headed by Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, Commandant of the town, went out, and brought back the mangled body of the braveman whose life had been so miserably sacrificed. The bereaved family of Mr. Norden must ever be looked on by the people of Graham's Town with feelings of deep and grateful interest.

From the windows, we had seen the patriot winding up the hills; all eyes had followed him with interest; crowds assembled in the restless streets, to watch his progress; little thought they of the miserable result, or of the manner of his return,—dead, mutilated; stretched on a gun-carriage, with a cloak flung over him for a pall! That night, the air above us was thick with smoke, rising from the burning grass which the enemy had fired to destroy the pasturage for the cattle.

The providing the wives and children of officers with safe quarters was one of the first acts of the Lieutenant-Governor; and, although we were never under the apprehension of a serious attack on the barracks in which we were domiciled, it is pretty certain that, but for the preparations for defence, the outskirts of the town would have been destroyed, After the affairs at Block Drift, the Gaikas returned to the deep recesses of the Amatolas, and there informed their people that they had killed all the white men. The cry of "Victory!" rang through Kaffirland; the loss of our waggons, and the sight of the savages returning with their spoil, shouting their wild song of triumph, and bearing their trophies along with them, roused the tribes who had promised to "sit still;" and straightway the colony swarmed with these ferocious barbarians.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, now armed an immense force.* The defeat of the Kaffirs in the Amatolas, inspired us with hope, and for a while, daunted the enemy; but the Kaffirs

* One division of the 90th was stopped on its way home, and the 45th *opportunely arrived from* South America.

were like vermin in the land,—as fast as they were hunted out of one corner, they rose up in another.

CHAPTER VI.—STATE OF GRAHAM'S TOWN.

EVERYTHING in Africa is in extremes. The air is at one moment perfectly calm, the next wild with terrific storms. The sky so sweetly serene at noon, before half an hour passes is often darkened by clouds which shroud the land as with a pall. For months, the long droughts parch the earth, the rivers may be forded on foot, the flocks and herds pant for refreshing waters and green herbage. Suddenly, "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" appears on the horizon, and lo! the elements rage and swell, thunder booms upon the air, darkness covers the land, the arrows of the Almighty dart from the angry heavens, striking death and terror wheresoever they fall. From the far desert an overpowering torrent of sand comes sweeping on, obscuring the air, and making its way into your very house, in such profusion that you may trace characters in its dry-depths on the window-sill. The skies open, the floods descend, the rivers burst their bounds, trees are uprooted from the saturated earth, and through the roof of your dwelling the rain beats heavily, the walls crack, the plaster falls, the beams that support the thatch groan and creak with "melancholy moan," the voices of angry spirits seem to howl and shout around you, the poor birds on frightened wing wheel past your windows, the cattle disturb you with their lowing, the dogs howl, and the unearthly tones of the Kaffir or Fingo herdsman's song are no agreeable addition to the wild scene stirring before you, The tempest, however, subsides as suddenly as it arose, the voices of the storm-spirits die away in the distance over the mountain-tops, the dark pall of clouds is rent by a Mighty Hand, the swollen rivers rush on, bearing evidences of devastation, but subsiding at last into a more measured course; the sun lights up the valleys and the hill sides, the air is clearer, the sky brighter than ever; and, but for the history of devastation and oftentimes of death, and the knowledge that for weeks the country will be subject to these violent convulsions of nature, the terrors of the tempest would soon be forgotten.

Such is the climate of South Africa. Lovely indeed it is for part of the year; for the rest experience is necessary to

teach you whether it be agreeable or not. At one time of the day, I have known the thermometer 120°; at sunset, it has been so cold that a fire has been necessary; nay, I have known it 92° in a room with the air kept out at noon, and at six I have wanted a shawl, or cloak, during my walk. In the morning, you are scorched and blistered by the hot wind, while the vegetation is withering under your feet, and at night you must wrap yourself well up, and put your feet in shoes "impervious to the dew," and yet experience shows that it is perfectly healthy.*

On the 25th of March we received a report in Graham's Town, that the Kaffirs were pouring into the colony. It was afterwards ascertained that the Kaffirs were only awaiting our threatened blow as the signal for their work of devastation. They were well aware of all our movements, the numerical strength of our army, and the comparative security into which the farmers had been lulled by Sandilla's message, or rather by the acceptance of that message; and we soon received evidence of the Kaffir's proximity to Graham's Town, by constant robberies of cattle, and skirmishes between themselves and the Fingo and Hottentot herds.

The 22nd of April was the first day of serious inconvenience to ourselves. Three of us, our husbands being with their divisions at different stations, were assembled with our children, as was our custom, to spend the evening together. How often had we paced the verandah, anxiously watching the lurid sky, red with the fires of devastation, and listening to the continued and heavy volleys of musketry between the herds and savages on the hills above us! We never permitted ourselves to think of an attack on the town; and, as the Kaffirs seldom risk their lives or spend their powder without a chance of plunder in return, we considered our lives safe, since the cattle could be swept away from the outskirts without venturing into the town. On the night of the 22nd, however, the frightened servants rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming that the Kaffirs were sweeping down the hills in all directions; and that, as the house was roofed with shingles, it was likely it would be fired by the brand of the savages.

Behold us, then, preparing for our pilgrimage across the

* By reference to Colonel Tulloch's official Reports on Invaliding and Mortality in the Army it will be seen that the rate of sickness and death *among the troops* at the Cape is less than in England.

open, undefended square of the Drostdy ground.* But that we were full of anxieties for our husbands in the field, we should have laughed in the very face of apparent danger. Ill defended as the town was, we could not believe that the Kaffirs could have passed the picquets on the hills unnoticed, and accustomed to exaggerated reports, the cry of "Kaffirs!" was no longer so alarming to us personally as it might have been had we heard it before our terrors for the absent had deadened our thoughts of self. The cry was raised, however, and we were warned to seek the shelter of the new barracks, built of stone, and roofed with zinc.

The lady of the house roused one sleeping child from its bed, and dressed it hastily, but with perfect calmness, while her boy danced about and tumbled head over heels with delight at the prospect of "such fun!" The young ladies of ths party, my own girl among them, collected what they considered most valuable, their books, work-boxes, trinkets, a guitar, a doll in a polka dress, a monkey, and their dogs; and the wife of one in command at Fort Peddie thrust money, jewels, and papers into a box, which she carried under her arm. Ere we were ready for the *trek*, the servants appeared with *their* "valuables," the hoards and savings of many years. Oh, the confusion of tongues on that night, as we passed through the Square! Exclamations in Dutch, Irish, Fingo, broad Scotch, and provincial English, assailed us on all sides; children cried and laughed alternately, women screamed, Hottentots danced, and sang, and swore, the oxen attached to the waggons which had accompanied the 90th uttered frightful roars, and muskets were going off in all quarters of the town. Onwards we sped; there was sufficient light to see the tents of the 90th, who had only arrived the day before, standing up in regular order. We made direct for the line between the tents, when lo! they vanished; they were struck to the ground as if by magic, and lay as flat as linen on a bleaching-green. The young girls could not help laughing as they stumbled over the tent-pegs.

We reached the barrack-rooms appropriated to my use. If the air was "full of noises," much more so was the house. In one room were officers loading pistols as merrily as if they were going pigeon-shooting; in the kitchens, the men-servants were unslinging the loaded muskets from the wall; and

* The Drostdy barracks occupy the site of the Landros, or Dutch magistrate's house, hence the name.

up and down the passage stalked dragoon soldiers, fully accoutred, and ready for the saddle at a moment's notice, their horses standing in the yard, neighing with impatience; while we ladies, girls, and children, with three or four officers, sat waiting the result of the hubbub with the doors open; and the townspeople occasionally rushing in with affrighted faces. Had the Kaffirs been at all aware of their own strength, and our defenceless state, they might, with very little loss on their side, have burned and pillaged the town, murdered many of the inhabitants, and possessed themselves of the magazine. We had not two hundred soldiers, and most of these were of the 20th Regiment, who had just arrived from a ten years' sojourn in Ceylon, and were therefore little fitted for active service. That the enemy meditated an attack, there is no doubt; but the reports of their advance proved exaggerated, and at midnight it was ascertained that they had swept off what cattle they could from the outskirts, and set fire to the neighbouring farms. We had very certain testimony of this from the windows, for the glare of these burning homesteads of the industrious settlers illumined the sky, and the hills all round were bright with wreaths of flame from the bush.

We were all too much excited to obtain much repose, and at daylight the next morning the warning bugles of the 90th gave note of preparation for their departure, with part of the 91st, for Fort Beaufort, with supplies and ammunition. Great doubts were entertained as to whether this long train of waggons, with its slender guard, would be permitted to pass unmolested through the Ecca Valley, twelve miles from Graham's Town, the road winding along the edge of a precipice, and being commanded by a steep krantz. From this narrow road, where only one waggon at a time can pass with safety, you look down on a bush so dense that hundreds of savages might be concealed there; and, on the opposite side, tremendous mountains, fit haunts for the savage, or the wild beast, slope down, overshadowing the valley with awful gloom; while the mocking echoes give back the sharp slash of the waggoner's whip, or the crack of the traveller's rifle, with a strange precision.

Every precaution was taken to insure a safe passage through this defile, and a slow match was so placed in the ammunition-waggon that, had the Kaffirs poured suddenly upon the party in such numbers as to render it impossible to save all *the waggons, the* ammunition was to be left in their hands as

an instrument of destruction. Happily, the party met with no obstruction; but all the day long we were listening in expectation of the explosion in the Ecca. Meanwhile, farms still blazed around us, the hills were obscured by smoke, and, as night approached, fresh rumours arose of "Kaffirs close to the town." About ten o'clock, we were again warned of danger; our first notice was the blast of the bugle sounding the "alarm" close to our windows. Fatigued with the watching and excitement of the previous night, we had retired early to rest. We were up in an instant. Lucifers were at a premium that night, I am sure: great was the smell of brimstone —fit atmosphere for the expected foe. Still, we had become too much accustomed to the cry of "Kaffirs!" to feel great alarm; and, to say truth, there was something in being within stone walls, and under a roof on which the brand could take no effect.

Hark!—the gun booms from the battery above. What a volume of sound rolls through the heavy air! Another blast from the bugle, taken up and echoed back by others! Another sound of cannon from a piece of artillery, within three hundred yards of us! How the windows rattle!—how the roof shivers! We are all up and astir—the children laugh, and cry, and look bewildered—and the monkey hides whatever is most wanted—and the doors fly open, and there are —not Kaffirs—only terrified women and children seeking refuge.

I was in some alarm, from the dread of muskets going off in the hands of the people unaccustomed to the use of them; but had less fear of Kaffirs than on the previous night, as we had no cattle in the Drostdy Square, and it is for that booty alone that they will risk life recklessly; so some of us went up stairs, and sat between the windows, and, the servants placed mattresses against the shutters below.

Then there was a gathering together of all the fighting men that could be collected, and a sorry show they made in the way of numbers. A heavy fire was kept up along the hills, and still the farms and bush blazed on; but no Kaffirs entered the town, so we retired a little after midnight, the younger members of the party deeply regretting that we had been alarmed for nothing. No Kaffirs! What a pity after such a commotion! In such stirring times, the young, though naturally kind-hearted, have little thought for the ruined

settler, the miserable widow, the motherless parents, the devastated land.

Some cattle had been fought for, and captured by the Fingoes on the Bathurst road, about two miles from Graham's Town. Hence the alarm!

The murder of Mr. Norden, which I have before alluded to, was the next event of painful importance, and the inhabitants of the town maintained a vigilant and defensive position until the arrival of Colonel Somerset's division, on the 29th. Colonel Somerset's presence, with his serviceable band, inspired the settlers of Lower Albany with confidence, and he remained scarcely two days for rest and refreshment of men and horses, ere he again started for the bush. He had made such arrangements at Beaufort as had enabled him to move without waggons, those heavy incumbrances to troops in South Africa, and wisely diverging from the Ecca pass, had completely eluded the Kaffirs. He again prepared to start, equally unencumbered, to clear the eastern side of the heathen marauders. Immense mischief had been already done, but there were yet many settlers whose lives and property awaited succour, and Colonel Somerset led his division to a point where they could work at once, and with the best effect. The force consisted of 150 of the Cape Corps, a detachment of the 7th Dragoon Guards, parties of the Cradock and Albany Burghers, under their respective commandants, and two light field-pieces, under Captain Browne and Lieutenant Gregory, R.A., making altogether a force of 300 men. The Cape Corps cheered heartily as they defiled through Graham's Town, taking the road to Woest's Hill, it being intended to occupy the old position of Major Frazer, Cape Regiment, at Lombard's post, so celebrated in Kaffir warfare, and by which great part of the eastern division of the colony might be protected.

Volumes might be filled were I to detail half the miseries to which the colonists had been subjected during the operations of the troops in Kaffirland. None but those who have experienced it, can have an idea of the nature of the foe to which they were exposed.

The Kaffir, at the first onset, is perhaps less ferocious than cunning, and more intent on serving his own interests by theft than on taking life from the mere spirit of cruelty; but once roused, he is like the wild beast after the taste of blood, *and loses all the* best attributes of humanity. The movement

of a body of these savages through the land may be likened to a "rushing and a mighty wind." On, on they sweep! like a blast; filling the air with a strange *whirr*—reminding one, on a grand scale, of a flight of locusts. An officer of rank, during the Kaffir war of 1835, was riding with a body of troops across the country, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a cloud of dust; then a dark silent mass appeared, and, lo! a multitude of beings, more resembling demons than men, rushed past. There were no noises, no sound of footsteps, nothing but the shiver of the assegais, which gleamed as they dashed onwards. The party of soldiery was too small to render an advance prudent, and though it is not improbable the Kaffirs observed the detachment of troops, from which they were distant scarcely half a mile, they did not stop on their way. They were bent on some purpose, and would not turn aside from it.

The same officer described to me a scene which had struck him particularly when on an expedition far up the country, many years ago. His regiment was bivouacked along the ridge of a chain of hills during the night. At dawn, he rose to reconnoitre, and, looking below, beheld, as he imagined, an immense herd of cattle. As the sun advanced, lighting up the valley, a solitary figure stepped out from the supposed herd, and springing on an ant-heap, waved an assegai, and probably spoke, though nothing could be heard. Each shield of bullock's hide then gave up its armed warrior, who had been sleeping beneath its shelter; the wild chant of the Fingoes filled the valley with strange harmony; and, in a few minutes a phalanx was formed, in readiness for the approach of the troops, to whom these Fingoes were attached as allies. They have well repaid the white man's good will.

Although the Fingoes were the slaves of the Kaffirs till Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the good, the true, the generous, and the brave, released them from their bondage; and, although the Kaffirs to this day denominate them their "dogs," the Fingoes are in many respects their superiors; and during this war we had ample opportunity of judging of their patience, bravery, and fidelity. The mode of warfare of these two tribes, for they cannot be considered distinct nations, is in some respects different. The Kaffir goes forth to battle besmeared with red clay, simply arrayed with his kaross, armed with his musket and assegai, and accoutred with his pouch and sack, for ammunition, plunder, and provisions.

The appearance of a body of Fingoes, if less terrific, is more imposing. Their heads are ornamented with jackals' tails, ostrich plumes, beads, wolves' teeth, &c. Across their shoulders is flung a skin, and around their waist is girt a kilt of monkeys' tails. The chief, as among the Kaffirs, wears a tiger-skin kaross, and their rain-makers, who are at once wizards, doctors, and councillors, are most fearfully grotesque in their costume.

The Fingoes also bear enormous shields, which they use with great dexterity, for defence and excitement, sometimes beating time on them as on a drum; they are also much more ready to meet an enemy on an open plain than the Kaffirs. The latter on seeing an enemy, raise a hideous yell of defiance, and utter the most frightful sounds in imitation of lions, tigers, jackals, wolves, snakes, &c., by way of intimidating their assailants, before the attack commences. A Kaffir meditating a death-blow with his assegai is a terrific object. Now, he advances, his eyes starting from their sockets, his brilliant teeth glittering between his huge lips, which emit these horrible imitations, his head thrown back, his whole body writhing and trembling in the excitement of his anxiety to take a steady aim, his arm upraised, and his spear poised. The very sight of him is sufficient to inspire the bravest with dread, for such encounters cannot be considered as fair fights between man and man. The Kaffirs, too, have all the cunning of the wild beast, and we may be thankful in having the Fingoes as our allies in any contest with them; for, while they are sufficiently civilized and instructed to co-operate with our troops, they are of infinite use in herding cattle and defending passes. They will lie down on the watch for hours, and imitate the cries of animals to attract the attention of the Kaffirs, who find themselves encountered by creatures of their own mould, instead of the wolf, or the jackal, they expected. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Kaffirs will encircle the Fingoes, and dance round them yelling frightfully; now roaring like a lion, now hissing like a serpent; but it is seldom that the Kaffirs conquer the Fingoes, unless the latter are inferior in numbers.

I prefer citing Colonel Somerset's despatch to the Civil Commissioner of Albany, to giving any account of my own of the sufferings of the colonists at this period. My own detail could only be gathered from hearsay evidence, and in this I *might be misled*, The dispatch no one can dispute; it is as *follows*—

"Mc Luckie's Farm, Kariega Kiaa,
"SIR, "4th May, 1846.

"Having moved with the troops under my orders to this part of Albany on the 1st instant, in order to afford protection to the inhabitants against the Kaffir tribes, and knowing your anxiety, as well as that of the public, for their welfare, I feel it necessary to acquaint you that I arrived here about 7 o'clock, P.M., on the 1st, having observed on my route that the whole of the Kowie Bush was thickly infested with Kaffirs. I moved a patrol early in the morning of the 2nd to Mr. Dell's farm on the Kasonga, where I found several families collected in a great state of anxiety, the Kaffirs having carried off their cattle, amounting to about 2,000 head, and the people being exhausted with fatigue and watching. Learning that the people at Theopolis were in great distress for ammunition, I communicated with that station from Mr. Dell's. In a short time the minister, Mr. Taylor, came over to me, saying that his station had been attacked several nights successively, and his people were entirely without ammunition, and quite exhausted, and that unless I could assist him that night, they had no hope, and that there were five hundred persons who must fall a sacrifice to the Kaffirs, who had stated they would attack them again that night. I detached a serjeant and twelve men of the Cape Mounted Rifles with Mr. Taylor, and supplied him with a hundred rounds of ammunition as an immediate help. I also left at Mr. Dell's a party of twelve Burghers, as a reinforcement for the night. Having thus afforded some relief to these suffering people, I returned home, and at nightfall I sent another detachment of twenty men, Cape Mounted Rifles, under Ensign Harvey, with a further supply of ammunition, and thus secured these people for the night.

"At daybreak the next morning, I was fortunate enough to fall in with a large body of Kaffirs, who appeared to have established themselves in the Kowie Bush. I attacked them with the troops, and punished them severely, which I hope will keep them quiet for a day or two. I then proceeded to Theopolis, and, having communicated with that station, I arranged with the missionaries to bring them all here this day, and hope to forward their families to Graham's Town at an early hour to-morrow morning, together with some other families who are here in a state of destitution, the whole of their houses, property, and all they possessed, having been set on fire by the Kaffirs as soon as they saw the troops advancing.

These latter people I beg to recommend to the Government to be put on rations, and have some lodging allotted to them.

"The troops under my command having been detached by the Lieutenant-Governor for the protection of this part of the Colony, have been, under Providence, the means of saving the valuable lives of many helpless families. Had they arrived forty-eight hours later, all must have fallen a sacrifice to these ruthless savages, who were only waiting to complete the work of destruction by murdering the females and children,* to establish themselves in their houses. Having been defeated in this by the opportune arrival of the troops, they set fire to the buildings and hay-stacks, and all their property. From Mr. McLuckie's 1,800 head of cattle have been carried off, from Mr. Dell's about 2,000, from Theopolis 1,400, besides the total destruction of almost all their hay-crops.

"It now only remains for me to express my admiration of the gallant stand that has been made by the inhabitants here for the protection of their families. Although surrounded by hundreds of the savage enemy, they have stood forward like men; and, although seeing their homesteads in flames, and all at the mercy of these barbarians, have never flinched, but have, even with cheerful countenances, supported their characters as men and Britons in defence of all most dear to them; and, if they had not done so, the assistance the troops have been able to afford would have come too late. I am also indebted to Messrs. Fuller and Ferreira, of Graham's Town, for their assistance in patrolling and in escorting the missionaries and their families. There is yet much to be done; several families on the right bank of the Kowie yet require protection, hundreds of Kaffirs being in the Kowie Bush for a distance of twenty miles; but I cannot hold out any immediate hope that I can cross over into the Bathurst district, either to afford protection, or to intercept the cattle that the Kaffirs are driving into Kaffirland. Probably, the Lieutenant-Governor will see fit to detach the cavalry from Fort Peddie to that district.

* It has been remarked as a grand trait in the Kaffir character, that they will never injure a woman. Their policy leads them to imitate our's in this respect with regard to *white women*, but, among their marauding parties, like those described in Colonel Somerset's dispatch, even women and children of our nation have fallen a prey to the assegai. Their politic generosity *never* applies to any but *white* people; they will torture, *burn, and impale the* unhappy Fingoes who fall into their hands, without *regard to age, or sex.*

"I request that you will communicate the contents of this dispatch to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, as I am so pressed for time that I cannot forward one to him to-day.

"I have, &c.,

"H. SOMERSET, Colonel,

"Commanding Field Forces.

"To the Civil Commander of Albany,

"Graham's Town."

From McLuckie's, Colonel Somerset proceeded, with a force of about sixty men, on the morning of the 5th of May, to the mouth of the Kowie, to render assistance to Mr. Cock, an individual to whom the commercial interests of the Colony are much indebted for his success in opening the mouth of that river. Here, a large drove of cattle were discovered in the hands of the enemy as the detachment approached, and only one hundred and twenty head could be re-captured, as the Kaffirs took shelter in the bush, with but slight loss to themselves. On reaching the dwelling-house overlooking the river, it was ascertained that from four to five hundred Kaffirs, mostly armed with firelocks, had rushed upon the cattle as they were going to water, drove off the guard, and captured the herd. The little garrison kept up a spirited fire on the enemy, a small cannon on the building being well served, and doing good execution.

The following morning, another engagement took place near McLuckie's, the troops following the Kaffirs into a kloof where they had taken shelter. Here the enemy made a desperate stand, as they will do when driven to fight for their lives, and it was not until a field-piece was brought to play upon the position, that they were completely routed. The Kaffirs dragged off many of their dead and wounded, it being invariably their object to conceal the loss they sustain, but it is supposed that nearly fifty were killed; while on our side four men were wounded, three dangerously. In this encounter, some of these savages concealed themselves in wolf-holes, firing from their hiding-places.

Colonel Somerset's next care was to secure all the oat-hay he could, amounting to 500,000 lbs. In the meantime, two large bodies of the enemy were in the immediate front of the troops, whose ammunition was running short. This, however, was speedily and safely conveyed to them.

It must not be forgotten, that where the troops could not render assistance to the farmers, the latter in many instances defended their homesteads with a gallantry equal to those

mentioned by Colonel Somerset. Frequently, a mere handful of white men followed the enemy into the most frightful kloofs and passes, rescuing the cattle and cutting off the retreat of the savages across the drifts, or through the tangled bush, while their homes, containing their terrified families, were left to the protection of two or three individuals, the women assisting them in loading muskets, some bearing a brace of pistols at their sides, ready to use them if necessary, and mere boys playing their part right well, through the loop-holes, on any stray Kaffirs approaching the cattle kraals.

Meanwhile the outposts, commanding the drifts leading from the colony into Kaffirland, were so weakly manned, from the want of a sufficient military force on the frontier,* that the Kaffirs passed beyond the range of the guns, but clearly in sight, driving flocks of sheep and cattle in thousands before them. At Block Drift, they brought their plunder to a sunny slope, and shouted in derision their usual cry of "Izapa!" "Come on!" They exchanged shots with the fort, and drove off a number of "slaughter cattle." Had Major Campbell (of the 91st) permitted a sufficient number of men to leave the defences for the purpose of re-capturing the animals, there would have been a grand rush from the reserve of the enemy, who were concealed in the neighbouring kloofs and villages.

Almost all the outposts were similarly assailed, and all were well defended by the military, A general order was issued, in which Lieutenants Cole, Dixon, Metcalf, and Mill, and Ensign Thom, 91st Regiment, and Lieutenant Bourchier, R.E., were commended for the able stand they had made against the enemy.

His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland again took up his quarters at Graham's Town, on the 9th of May. One of his first arrangements was to appoint Major Armstrong, Cape Mounted Rifles, to the command of the district to Bathurst, with a view to protect the colonists there, and enable them to recommence the cultivation of that beautiful and fertile locality. Major Armstrong is an officer of long standing and great experience in the Colony, and fully worthy of the trust reposed in him. The inhabitants of Bathurst, whose only

* It was found necessary to abandon and burn Post Victoria early in May. This post, the establishment of which had so highly incensed the Gaikas, was reduced to ashes in consequence of the occupation by the *British troops of Block* Drift, distant about nine miles from it, and *nearer Sandilla's territory.*

place of refuge was the church, hailed the arrival of Major Armstrong and his force with great joy and satisfaction.

Fort Peddie, a large military station under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, 91st Regiment, had in the meantime become the scene of Kaffir warfare, The I'Slambie tribes in its neighbourhood had professed to remain neutral, until they found the Gaikas were enriching themselves with the plunder of the Colony. These very I'Slambie and Congo tribes received the thanks of Government with praises and presents of money only two years before, in consideration of their peaceful dispositions towards us. The Gaikas may be considered a more worthy foe than these treacherous wretches paid and petted by us. The Gaikas have ever professed an utter abhorrence of the white man; and, although Sandilla, their chief, has occasionally been coaxed or frightened into sending to our authorities persuasive, humble, and pathetic messages, he has frequently retracted them, or followed them up by some daring acts of violence or aggression.

Colonel Lindsay having received various threats from the I'Slambie Chiefs, that they were coming with their warriors to attack his post, kept a look-out for the approach of the enemy. Several of these chiefs had, on the faith of their promises of neutrality, been received by the English at Fort Peddie with cordiality, especially Páto and Nonnebe, the latter a female descendant of General Campbell, who with his family was wrecked in the last century off the east coast of Africa, in the "Grosvenor" East Indiaman. Nonnebe's mother was the daughter of Miss Campbell, one of the General's unhappy daughters, who had been seized and retained by a Kaffir chief as his "great wife."

On the 1st of May, the war-cry of the enemy sounded in the direction of the Beka Missionary Station, while the 7th Dragoon Guards were mustering on the green at Fort Peddie. From the jaded state of the horses, owing to a hurried march the day before, some delay took place in the movement of the troops, but the force under Sir Harry Darell, which had been stationed at Peddie for some time, was saddled up, and a gun, under Lieutenant Hill, R.A., was ordered to proceed immediately. Soon after, the rest of the 7th, under Lieut.-Col. Richardson, and a party of the Cape Corps under Captain Donovan, started to meet the enemy, fifty of the 91st preceding them. The Kaffirs, on their approach, burnt the mission buildings and retired into the bush, where they were

safe from any present attack, nor would they leave it, though a feint hurried movement in retiring was made.

In less than a month afterwards, the same *ruse* was practised by Major Yarborough, 91st Regiment, when in command of a small body of infantry and a troop of dragoons, and with success. In this rencontre, a Kaffir Chief was severely wounded. As he fell, his people surrounded him, and, raising him up to bear him from the field, uttered the most dismal howls and lamentations.

The cries of the women for the loss of their relations are mournful in the extreme, and at night the wailings of these unhappy heathens fill the air with a melancholy sound, while not far from them, the victorious warriors chant their wild war-song, and dance their savage dance in demoniac glee around the blazing watch-fires.

On Friday, the 8th of May, Colonel Richardson, who was ordered to Bathurst, *vid* Trumpeter's Post, to co-operate with Colonel Somerset in the protection of Lower Albany, had a rencontre with the enemy on his march through Trumpeter's Drift, one of those frightful passes formed by nature for the lurking-place of the savage, or the wild beast. I know the spot well: no place could be more favourable for the murderous operations of the Kaffirs, or less suited to the movements of British cavalry. On reaching the spot where the missionary, Schulz, was murdered the year before, Colonel Richardson found Captain Schonswar, 7th, who had the charge of the advance guard of waggons, engaged with the enemy, the waggons being drawn up. The difficulty of proceeding down a steep declivity commanded by a dense kloof, and so bushy that the waggons could only pass in single file, was represented to Colonel Richardson. His reply was, that he was "ordered to Trumpeter's," and he immediately directed the waggons to advance; but, from the incessant fire kept up by the enemy from the bush on each side of the defile, and finding his men falling rapidly, he ordered them to dismount, *each man of the centre file taking charge of three horses*, whilst the rest were extended in skirmishing order. Thus, one-third of the force was rendered inefficient by the necessary arrangement for guarding the horses. "In this manner, they had to fight their way through the bush, for the distance of about six miles, down to the river, and up the hill on the other side, the whole *time exposed to* the fire of the enemy, who were generally

concealed in the bush. In some places, they attempted to stop the passage of the troops by rushing into the road in front, when the dragoons were forced to clear their way through them. Thirty-seven dead bodies of Kaffirs were counted by the officers as they passed along the road. The Kaffirs approached within five yards to fire, and dropped down in the bush the moment they had discharged their guns."

One made a dash at Mr. Butler, 7th, and the latter, without having time to raise his rifle to his shoulder, shot the savage dead when close upon him.

The troops were hotly engaged in this way from nine till twelve o'clock; the object was the capture of the ammunition-waggon, and the enemy shouted aloud they would have it either at that drift or the next. In this affair several of the dragoons were wounded—two severely—and one artilleryman.

While engaged, a party was despatched for a fresh supply of ammunition, which was brought from the waggons by the men under a heavy fire from the enemy.

Colonel Richardson, being short of ammunition, instead of proceeding to Bathurst, brought his own report of the affair to His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had now assumed the command of the forces on the frontier in person.

The pressure of the times hastened the gathering of fresh forces of various descriptions from all parts of the Colony; every district, from Cape Town upwards, gave forth its burghers, and, among other welcome arrivals, were six guns escorted by a body of sailors, marines, and the remainder of the 27th.

The cavalcade of guns guarded by sailors, presented a singular appearance, marching down the hill into Graham's Town. No steady tread of soldiers' measured paces, no shapely column, no waving plumes, though the marines, in their plain dress, more adapted for work than show, enlivened the group of brave tars as they entered the Drostdy Square. The sailors tramped onwards with their usual merry, unconcerned air, in their coarse blue clothing and straw hats, but they looked well fitted for their work, as they moved forwards concentrated round the guns. As I stood watching the cavalcade, I mused proudly on the might and majesty of England, and these proud emotions stirred my heart still deeper as the men fell back from their guns, and the marines drew up in a steady line before the brave old General—the

British hero—the kind Governor—but, better than all, the *good man!*

On the 22nd of May, our troops and colonists sustained a severe loss by the capture and partial destruction of forty-one waggons in the frightful pass where Colonel Richardson's affray with the Kaffirs took place. The loss to the public, as well as to private individuals, was so severe, as to involve the officer in command, Captain Colin Campbell, 91st Regiment, in a court-martial, which sentenced him to be cashiered; but on a recommendation to mercy from the court, he was permitted to return to his duty, "with such an admonition as the Commander-in-chief thought fit to give him." The Duke of Wellington's opinion on the case wound up with this characteristic and caustic remark: "It does not appear that Captain Colin Campbell did anything to show his capacity for the command in which he was engaged."

On this occasion, Lieutenant Dixon, 91st Regiment, who had been ordered to assist in escorting the waggons a certain distance, till the other escort was *met*, nobly volunteered proceeding farther, and led the advance; nor did he retire till his ammunition was expended. On reaching the rear, he found the commanding officer of the party retreating, by the advice of some civilians, who considered the defile impassable for so many waggons, under such a fire. Lieutenant Dixon's coolness, courage, and energy, in not only leading the men, but literally "putting his shoulder to the wheel" of a waggon, to clear the line, were spoken of by all as worthy of the highest praise. His horse, and that of Ensign Aitchison, were shot under their riders. Surgeon Hadaway's horse also received an assegai wound, and was killed after he had dismounted from it.

On the 25th of May, Colonels Somerset and Richardson's divisions, which had both been employed in patrolling the country, returned to Graham's Town.

The 28th was appointed as a day of prayer throughout the Colony. The churches were crowded, and the mourning garments of those whose friends had fallen by the hands of the savage, presented a sad memorial of the times. Strangely contrasted on this day were the contending parties, the white man and the Kaffir. The former on this occasion lifted up his voice for help from Heaven, while the heathen, armed with brand and assegai, stalked wildly through the land; and while *good men* were calling upon God to assist them in their right-

eous cause, the foe, in a body of nine thousand strong, assembled on the open plains before Fort Peddie, threatening to "trample it to dust."

CHAPTER VII.—Action with the Kaffirs—Flag of Truce from the Enemy.

The chief, Umki, who had been received under the protection of the English, at Fort Peddie, had frequently warned them of projected attacks by his brother chiefs, but as frequently, when these warnings were given, and the troops kept on the alert within the range of the post, parties with waggons, or expresses, were arrested in their progress in some other direction. Umki was more than once suspected of raising false reports at Fort Peddie, with a view to keep the troops at home. His words, however, were verified on the 28th of May, 1846, when the I'Slambie and Congo warriors had assembled, in a body of nine thousand, on the plains below the eminence on which the garrison and other buildings stand. On the previous day, some spies had brought Colonel Lindsay information that the Kaffirs were in the neighbourhood, in straggling parties. At this intelligence, Colonel Lindsay ordered out Sir Harry Darell's troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, fourteen of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, and a light 6-pounder, to patrol the hills and protect the cattle. An hour afterwards, on hearing the gun at work about two miles off, a hundred infantry were sent out, under the command of Major Yarborough, to support the gun and cavalry. This party met the gun retiring disabled, a wheeler being shot. The cavalry were found in extended order, engaged with the enemy near a dense bush. The infantry advanced in extended order, firing. It was on this occasion that Major Yarborough, ordered them to feign a retreat, as I have already mentioned, in order to draw the enemy into an open space; this *ruse* succeeded, and Sir Harry Darell, who had retired behind the infantry and closed, had an opportunity of charging with his troop, and sabred fifteen or twenty before they could get into the bush. Then the infantry advanced, and again feigned to retire, and the enemy came out a little way, keeping up a brisk fire, though at a long range. The 91st then halted, and ceased firing, waiting for the enemy to come on; but they did not do so, and, night advancing, the troops retired to quarters; Sir Harry Darell, and Mr. Gore,

7th, returned with their hands imbued in Kaffir blood, and their swords beat and broken. The number of the enemy was estimated at eight hundred, or a thousand. More than forty were killed and wounded in the skirmish and charge, besides those who fell by the shells thrown into the kloof before the infantry came up. The casualties on our side were slight. The troop Serjeant-Major of the 7th was wounded, and the charger Sir Harry rode; some other horses were also killed and wounded. The skirmishing of the enemy was perfect, hiding themselves, and advancing and retiring behind the smallest ant-heaps and stones. With the infantry were a hundred of the Fort Peddie Fingoes, who assisted the troops, and worked bravely with them. Thus, about one hundred and fifty of our own troops, with a hundred Fingoes, succeeded in driving eight hundred or a thousand Kaffirs from their position, killing and wounding at least fifty!

This check, though, was only for the night,—this advance by the enemy towards the post, only the prelude of the morrow, the morning of which presented the awful spectacle of the gathering of the tribes on the hills around the open plain on which the buildings of Fort Peddie stand in somewhat scattered order. From my long residence there I know the place well; a solitary tree is the only thing of the kind on which the eye rests in looking from the green plain forming the parade-ground of the garrison. All around are open, undulating plains, studded with ant-heaps, and cultivated here and there by the poor Fingoes, with Indian and Kaffir corn and pumpkin vines. These vast and almost desolate plains are bounded by steep ascents, and here and there a dark shadow in the landscape indicates the entrance of a kloof. It was here I once witnessed the gathering of the Fingoes from those hills, to a war-dance. Their wild war-cry issued from their kraals, and then, coming forth, they united in phalanx and advanced, with their triumphant chant. Such a gathering as this is a savage sight. As they approach an imaginary enemy, they shout and yell, then form circles, while some stern old warrior goes round with his war-club as if striking down the struggling bodies of the wounded and dying foe; then, extending themselves in skirmishing order, they again advance, assegai in hand, while, with shrill and exciting cries, and beating their shields, their leaders spring and leap with the activity of the tiger.

When I witnessed this wild exhibition, the Fingoes became

so much excited with the semblance of a fight, that they threw their assegais from them, as though in earnest; so much so, that the Resident Agent, Mr. Shepstone, who knew their habits and dispositions well, warned the soldiers, who were looking on, from the front. I was inclined to run myself; but Mr. Shepstone assuring me that they would not do our own party any harm on purpose, but that he could not answer for the effect of a *stray* assegai, if we moved, we were fain to stand still amid a shower of spears; and, as one passed near me, there was a shout on seeing I stood my ground.

Imagine the approach of nine thousand savage enemies, all *in earnest*, towards the little garrison of Fort Peddie! It must have been an appalling sight. An eye-witness, and credible person, has published the following description in a frontier paper. I extract it, being sure of its truth, as it coincides exactly with the accounts I have read and received from officers present during the engagement. I have chosen this one as the most graphic:—

"I am afraid," says the writer, "I can give you no description of the attack itself. Were it not that life and death were concerned in it, I should have pronounced it a most beautiful sight. The Kaffir commanders sent their aides-de-camp from one party to another, just as you would see it done on a field-day with European troops. The main bodies were continually increasing with horse and foot-men, and soon after eleven the array was truly terrific. The largest body was to the westward. Finding their scheme of drawing the troops out did not succeed, small parties advanced in skirmishing order, and then the two divisions of Páto and the Gaikas moved towards each other, as if intending a combined attack on some given point. Colonel Lindsay was superintending the working of the gun himself, and, as soon as a body of the Gaikas came within range, a shot was sent into the midst of them, which knocked over several, disconcerted them a little, and threw them into confusion; rapid discharges of shot and shell followed. The Kaffirs now extended themselves in a line six miles in length. These advancing at the same time, so filled the valley that it seemed a mass of moving Kaffirs; rockets and shells were poured rapidly on them, and presently a tremendous fire of musketry was poured, happily, over our heads. The enemy, however, did not come near enough for the infantry to play upon them, and only a few shots were fired from the infantry barracks.

While they were rifling a store, a few shots from the howitzer sent them flying, carrying off their booty, blankets, &c.; a rocket was then sent after them, causing them to drop their plunder.

"The guns having frightened the cattle of the Fingoes under the fort, they (the cattle) ran off, and were captured by the Kaffirs, but the brave Fingoes, following them, took a considerable number. The actual fighting was between the Fingoes and Kaffirs: the troops could not have gone out without exposing the forts to danger, as there were masses ready to pour in at all quarters.

"The dragoons were ordered out, and, though rather late, followed up some of Páto's men, who fled at their approach, Sir Harry Darell galloping after them with his troop. The daring Fingoes followed the Kaffirs to the Gwanga river, four miles off. Twelve of the Fingoes were killed, including a woman and child. The two latter were destroyed by the bursting of a shell over the trench under the fort, in which the poor Fingo women, and their families, were placed for safety."

Upwards of two hundred of the enemy fell, and more were afterwards ascertained to be dead and dying, but they carried off the greater part of the cattle. It has always been a matter of astonishment to me that they did not fire the outer residences of the inhabitants, civil and military, built of wood or unburned brick, thatched, and abandoned by their inmates, with furniture and stores standing in them. Plunder was the Kaffir's aim, however; and he obtained the plunder he loved best—cattle. The force, for the protection of such a post as Fort Peddie, was only sufficient to act on the defensive; and it was a horrible reflection to all, that, if the enemy did succeed in making an entrance, every soul would be murdered, unless some unhappy women were spared to swell the number of some savage chieftain's wives.

In spite of their numbers, these wretches were scattered in about two hours; but they bore off the cattle. Not one white man fell on that memorable day: and, so intent was Colonel Lindsay on the working of the gun with Lieutenant King, R.A, that he was unconscious or careless of the balls whistling round his elevated position, until reminded of it by his Adjutant, Lieutenant Jennings.

While this fearful warfare was going on at Fort Peddie, *Colonel* Somerset, with an immense train of waggons, con-

taining supplies and ammunition, and a force of dragoons, Cape Mounted Riflemen, and Burghers of all sorts, sizes, colours, and denominations, was moving thitherwards through the bush, avoiding the defiles near Trumpeter's, and making a *détour* by Commatjes. Colonel Richardson, with a division of the 7th, was sent from Graham's Town, in the middle of the night, to draw the attention of the enemy from Colonel Somerset's party, but did not meet any Kaffirs. The enemy were on the alert, as usual, having their scouts watching the country; and, before Colonel Somerset could reach his destination, he was warned of the proximity of the foe by shots fired at the leading oxen of a foremost waggon; but Colonel Somerset, ready-witted in the bush as a Kaffir, had anticipated this, and provided spare oxen. With admirable coolness and speed, the dead oxen were cut away, and fresh ones "inspanned," and in this manner, under the fire of the enemy, did Colonel Somerset and his gallant band make their way through the dense bush, up narrow and precipitous defiles, down the valleys, and across the dangerous drifts, and succeeded in reaching Fort Peddie, with the loss of four men of his own regiment; two or three also being wounded. Major Gibsone, 7th Dragoon Guards, and Lieutenant Stokes, R.E., had their horses shot under them at the first attack, and some troopers were killed.

This division left Graham's Town on the 29th of May, the day after the engagement at Peddie, but before any intelligence of it had been received. On the 30th, at midnight, we heard the 7th Dragoon Guards gathering under our windows, in Graham's Town, previously to starting to make their demonstration; and on Sunday, the 31st of May, Sir Peregrine Maitland, with a small escort, proceeded to a tower about ten miles from town, from which he observed Colonel Somerset bivouacked. It was not known till the next day that Colonel Somerset had encountered the enemy. No news was received from him, till he could add that he had passed the bush, and was within sight of Peddie.

Never happy in idleness when there was an enemy at hand, Colonel Somerset only remained long enough to Peddie to refresh his men and horses, and then again moved into the bush. Well acquainted with the disposition, habits, and superstitions of the Kaffirs, Colonel Somerset is the kind of foe they most dread; brave, hardy, active, and high-spirited, he is just the man to lead the hardy Cape Corps against

such barbarians. And now, again, he was soon upon some of the stragglers who had attacked Fort Peddie on the 28th of May. They had assembled "to breakfast," in a kloof, thickly wooded; but on one green spot, lit by the sun, there was gathered a tolerable array of them, little dreaming that an enemy as wary as themselves was at hand. The green and sunlit spot was soon darkened by the smoke of British artillery, and the kloof and mountains gave back the thundering echoes to the astonished ears of the savages. Such as escaped death slipped through the bush, and along the wooded ravines, to warn their friends of danger.

Colonel Somerset then moved with his division to a place where wood and water offered the means of a pleasant bivouac, and the troops were about to open their havresacs and turn their horses, knee-haltered, out to grass, when Lieutenant Bisset, Cape Mounted Rifles, who had gone out with Lieutenant Armstrong, of the same corps, to reconnoitre (the latter having observed a few Kaffirs skulking near the bush, and surmised that more were in the neighbourhood), rode back with the intelligence that, his horse having carried him up the slope of a hill, he had found himself just above a body of about six hundred Kaffirs. These savages, having had a long march, were halting on their way, preparatory, perhaps, to attacking the waggons, which they did not know had passed through Commatjes Bush; or, it may be, they had been stayed in their progress by the sound of the shells thrown into the kloof, to rout the "breakfast-party," two hours before. There they were, however, a regular "clump of Kaffirs." Down the slope flew the fiery steed, which could only be guided, not stopped, in its career, and right past the dark mass was borne the rider, while they, bewildered at the unexpected sight of the "wild horseman" in that sequestered valley, never moved, but gazed in silence at him as he sped past them. "Wearing round," in sailor's phrase, his impetuous and hard-mouthed horse, he managed to bring it up at the halting-place of the division, where he reported the near proximity of the enemy to Colonel Somerset, who, lifting his cap from his head, gave three hearty cheers and shouted to Major Gibsone (7th Dragoon Guards), "Return carbines, draw swords, and charge!"

"Hurrah!" was echoed back; and on they dashed, Dragoons, Cape Corps, Burghers, Hottentots, and Fingoes. *They found* the enemy *up* and in position; but they had

never intended to be caught in an open plain. They had never before had an opportunity of judging fairly of a charge of English cavalry. Such a *mêlée*. The cavalry dashed through the phalanx of Kaffirs, and, for want of more cavalry to support them, *dashed back again!* A Hottentot soldier, one of the sturdy Cape Corps, having two horses given him to take care of, charged *unarmed*, save his sword, and *with a horse in each hand!* There was great slaughter among the enemy. Captain Walpole, R.E, who had gone out as an amateur, was severely wounded in two places; Sir Harry Darell was again wounded, but not severely, with an assegai, as was also Lieutenant Bunbury, 7th Dragoon Guards. Such Kaffirs as could not escape fell down exhausted, and cried for mercy: there was a great deal of cunning in this,—they would have stabbed any one who approached near enough to them to offer a kind word. They had all had enough, however, of meeting a combined force of cavalry and Cape Corps, and no doubt the latter tried to surpass themselves. Those gallant little "Totties" are an untiring, determined band. How little do we know in England of the smartness and courage of the Hottentot!

So excited were the troops by this victory over the enemy —more than two hundred savages being killed, and an immense number carried off wounded—that they galloped back to Fort Peddie with the news, and without refreshing themselves or their horses. Had the enemy been a few minutes earlier in leaving *their* bivouac, or had the troops been a few minutes later in reaching *theirs*, the parties would never have met. Only one man fell on our side, a Cape Corps soldier, who had often been reproved for his rashness.

This action on the Gwanga served to damp the ardour of the Kaffirs for some time. They bore off their wounded and dying to the kloofs, where they had established hospitals in the clefts of rocks, or under bush, screened by karosses and sheep-skins, and mourned the death of many a chieftain's son, captain, or councillor. The superior chiefs themselves seldom fall, and no paramount chief is expected to lead his men to action. In the attack on the Mancazana, Macomo, Sandilla's uncle, beat his warriors to the advance with his knob-kiurries; and then, seating himself on a hill, waited the result of the attack and the capture of the cattle.

While these operations were going on "across the border," the Boers began to show *their* teeth on the other side of the

Orange River, and the Griquas, in alarm, moved towards Philippolis, a mission station, with their families and cattle. The Boers had resolved on taking advantage of the times to recover the cattle and sheep which the Government had given to the Griquas, in compensation for their losses in their war with the Boers, in which we had assisted them. These were the Boers who had deserted the Colony and tracked over the Orange River ten years before. It is irrelevant, however, to my present purpose to touch upon the Dutch question; nevertheless, it may be remarked that we had great occasion to regret this disaffection. Captain Warden, (formerly of the Cape Corps,) the representative of Government at the Modda River, soon settled the question, in a spirited and judicious manner. Six rebel Boers were taken prisoners, and sent to await their trial in gaol.

The Burghers continued to move up from all quarters. I watched one body on their entrance into Graham's Town, and saw them winding through the streets; the cavalcade of horsemen alone must have been at least a mile in length. Strong, hardy, daring fellows they looked, too; but there was something very melancholy in the thought, that they had left their homes and families to meet a ruthless and savage foe, whom they had in no wise injured, or treated otherwise than with humanity and patience. How many might never return! I turned sorrowfully away, as this thought passed through my mind.

Still the Colony was overrun with Kaffirs. As fast as they were put down in one place, they started up in another. The mails could not pass in safety, the enemy sometimes waylaying them, murdering the post riders, and destroying the letter-bags, or stealing the relay horses from the mail contractors. The inhabitants of the different districts received the most garbled statements of affairs, and discontent prevailed in all directions at the delay in the warfare; a delay entirely unavoidable, and as ruinous to the Government as to the colonists.

In spite of some attempts to foster enmity between the military and burgher forces, it was pleasant to observe the manner in which the *fighting men* worked together; and I therefore give the substance of a dispatch from a Burgher officer, which was published by order of the Commander-in-*chief,* and was dated—

"SIR, "Trumpeter's Post, 24th June, 1846.

"I have the honour to report to you that, in compliance with your orders, I left this on the 22nd instant, at four o'clock, A.M., taking with me 240 men of the Provisional Infantry, and 120 Fingoes, under Captain Symonds, for the purpose of scouring the kloofs on the left bank of the Fish River. At seven o'clock the same day, we came upon the enemy, whose spoor (trail) we had followed up from the Fish River drift. Sending a flanking party down each side, under Captain De Toit and Captain Symonds, I proceeded down the Gwanga Kloof. Scarcely had we entered, when we heard the enemy talking distinctly about fifteen paces in advance of us. We immediately rushed up, and found that their fires, ninety-three in number, had been deserted a few moments before we came up, and that cattle had also been driven past. We soon after fell in with the enemy, who, being fired at, fled in all directions, leaving their cattle behind them. We captured them, 120 in number, with four horses, and went back up another kloof, where we found the enemy in strong force hid behind rocks hanging over our heads, opening their musketry on us. The fire was returned briskly by our men, who faced the enemy with much coolness. By this time, Captain De Toit had joined us, having had a brush in another kloof. The skirmish lasted for three hours. One Kaffir, I supposed to be a chief, was seated on a hill, directing the movements of the enemy, telling them to surround us and take the cattle back.

"After we came out of the kloof, the Kaffirs tried all they could to cut us off, waylaying us in every ravine, and firing long shots at us. They followed us up within five miles of Fort Peddie, when they gradually retreated, with the loss of six men. No casualties on our side. I suppose the enemy to be about a thousand strong. I beg leave to state that I think it impossible to drive the enemy out of the kloof alluded to, and those immediately beyond it, without a very strong force of infantry and a piece of artillery. I beg to bring to your notice the conduct of Lieutenant Lange, who on all occasions when we have met the enemy has particularly distinguished himself, * * *

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"THOS. J. MELVILLE.

"To Commandant Size."

On receiving this dispatch, the Commander-in-chief caused the kloofs in question to be scoured, and it was found that the enemy had abandoned their strongholds in that quarter. This was only for a time. A troop of dragoons was ordered out six weeks after to clear the "Clay Pits," near Trumpeter's. The name is derived from the red clay which is found in the neighbourhood by the Kaffirs, who paint their bodies with it. It is, however, an unseemly name for the spot, which I know well. It is quite a fairy place, with a tiny valley of emerald green, and a crystal spring, flanked on three sides by steep rocks clothed with thick bush, and the stately euphorbia tree. There the coneys have their dwelling-places; there the large starry jessamine of the Cape scents the air, and contrasts its graceful wreaths with the deep green foliage of the shrubs; there the wild convolvulus forms its own bright bowers, intermingled with the ivy geranium; and there the chandelier plant waves its bells near the clear spring where the lions come down to drink in the deep twilight so peculiar to South Africa. There the baboons shout to each other from rock to rock; and there, through the gay plants that enamel the turf, winds the glittering and fatal snake. There the pretty lizards —"the friend of man," as they are called by those who assert that they warn the sleeping traveller of the serpent's approach, —creep about in the sunshine; and there—ah! there we made one day a pleasant resting-place on a journey. We were very merry, *then*, and the valley rang with laughter and with song, as we tried the echoes. And *now* the savage lurked there, like the lion lurking for his prey. I remember that the day we did rest there, when I expressed myself enchanted with the spot, some one said, in an indifferent voice, "This is where poor —— was killed in the last war; and where the waggon was stopped, and the poor creatures with it were murdered!"

It was now found necessary, in consequence of the dense bush near Trumpeter's being full of Kaffirs, to open a communication between Graham's Town and Fort Peddie, by a route near the sea. The marines, sailors, and a party of sappers were therefore sent thither to form a raft for the conveyance of some expected supplies for the troops across the Great Fish River, near the mouth.

Sir Peregrine Maitland, with a very moderate escort, made his way through the bush, and established his head-quarters *at Peddie for a few days*; but on the 23rd of June, he took

the field, and encamped with a large body of troops, part of the 7th, 90th, 91st, Cape Mounted Rifles, Burghers, Hottentots, and Fingoes, at the mouth of the Fish River; and, in compliment to the Admiral of the Cape Station, the locality was named Fort Dacres.

On the 26th, an express arrived from the Admiral, recalling the sailors and marines to rejoin the "President," under orders for the Mauritius, and probably Madagascar. Their removal, at this moment, was much to be regretted; British energy, patience, courage, and perseverance, however, surmounted difficulties hitherto unconsidered, and the "Waterloo," with her cargo, was soon anxiously looked for. Supplies, too, reached the troops, who were occasionally without any food but meat for days, and even that was scarce and bad. A shilling was once offered for a glass of fresh water, without success, and two shillings and six pence for a biscuit! At Fort Peddie, too, they were in a miserable plight, the horses almost starving. No comforts whatever for the men, some of them being badly off for clothing, of the arrival of which they had been disappointed by the destruction of the baggage-waggons near Trumpeter's, in May. By the way, some days after the attack on Fort Peddie, Páto's people brought some of the store-waggons to the hill, in sight of the garrison, and set fire to them, in order to decoy the troops from the buildings; but without success.

A discovery was made near the Fish River mouth, by some soldiers, of a leaf which they substituted for tea; but the water, from being so near the sea, was very brackish and unwholesome, and thus no good judgment could be formed of the quality of the substitute. Some Boers arriving at Fort Dacres, having never seen the sea, rushed down to it in amazement at the "Groete Vley" (Big River), and, stooping down to drink, were much disappointed at finding it "brack" (salt).

Difficulties of various kinds now beset the path of the Commander-in-chief. The enemy had stolen most of the colonial cattle, and what was left was in such a wretched state, from fatigue and bad pasturage, that, independently of present hunger, the trek oxen could make but very little way. On the 6th, Major Yarborough, 91st, in command of the regular infantry, consisting of about 120 of the 91st, and part of the 90th, made his first march from the Fish River mouth, along the sea-shore, to the mouth of the

Beka: here they encamped the first night, and had a taste of the rough service in which they were engaged. The waggons did not reach them till morning, so that they had but slight provision, and no tents. However, they made the best of it, and, rolling themselves up in such cloaks and karosses as they could muster, lay down by the fires to sleep. Those who had saddles made pillows of them,—and a saddle makes no bad resting-place for a weary head, as I can testify from experience. On the 10th, all was bustle again; tents were struck, and a hasty meal was made of tough beef and ration biscuit, hard and mouldy most likely, and the division again moved on at five o'clock in the afternoon.

After sleeping five nights in the open air—in consequence of the waggons with the tents being in the rear, from the state of the oxen—they reached the Buffalo River. During this march, they experienced much discomfort from bad weather, as well as want of provisions. On one occasion, they could not see their way for twelve hours, and were obliged to stand under a heavy rain, the ground being so saturated with wet that they could not lie down. For four days, the men never tasted meat, and the officers had only such provisions as their horses could carry. The poor Fingoes were reduced to eating their shields of bullock-hides, and the Hottentots tightened their girdles of famine. Fortunately, Captain Melville's Hottentot Burghers overtook some Kaffir women, from whom they captured three hundred cows,—a great god-send to a starving army, for a long march was before them, the Kaffirs having gone as far as the Kei. The General, who shared the privations and sufferings of the troops under his command, determined to follow them up, but for a time the division halted till the waggons came up with comforts, in the shape of coffee, biscuits, sugar, rice, &c.; and at the same time vessels continued to arrive at the Fish River mouth, whence stores could be forwarded, though literally at a "snail's pace," to the troops in front.

On the 17th of July, Colonel Somerset, with three days' provision, headed a large force of 1,600 cavalry and infantry, the latter provisional forces, which were to recapture the stolen cattle from Páto; it will be seen with what success. From the state of the trek oxen, it was quite impossible for the regular infantry to follow in support of Colonel Somerset's division; they therefore proceeded to the Debe flats, *vid* King William's Town, headed by the untiring and brave General Maitland, on

their way to the Amatolas, to intercept the Gaikas. The poor oxen could scarcely crawl, many of them dropping dead on the way. The Cape ox is certainly the most patient and gentle creature of its kind. And now the last issue of meat was again made, and sad prospects were before the troops on their way from the sea, whence other supplies alone could be looked for Happily, a few straggling sheep were afterwards captured: and thus fed from day to day, in the wilderness, by Providence, the troops moved forty miles in ten days. On the 21st of July, they encamped four miles from King William's Town, where in the war of 1834–5, Sir Harry Smith, the present Governor of the Cape, met the Kaffir chiefs.

On reaching the spot where the troops were to encamp, on the other side of King William's Town, through which they had passed—finding it ransacked by the Kaffirs—they were unpleasantly surprised by the return of twenty empty waggons, which had left them two days before for the Fish River mouth, with an escort of one hundred Burghers, who had fired away all their ammunition and retired, having one man wounded, and losing six oxen. The Kaffirs informed them, as they set fire to one of the rear waggons, that "unless we made peace with them, they would stop all our convoys."

Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, who had left Graham's Town on the 8th of July, for the Fish River mouth, where he was relieved by the second division of the 90th, joined the General's Camp on the 26th of the same month, bringing with him some welcome and long-looked-for supplies.

While thus encamped, a Kaffir woman, pretending to be the sister of the Chief, Umhala, made her way to the Governor to sue for peace, asserting that Umhala was "sitting still." Many such messages had been sent, but were quite unworthy of obtaining a hearing. The Kaffirs having driven their booty across the Kei, were of course anxious for peace, and Sandilla had the cool impudence to send four ambassadresses to the Lieutenant-Governor at Fort Beaufort, to ask "why we had made war upon him," and to request permission to "plant his corn!" After the affair at Fort Peddie, Stock, an I'Slambie chief, sent messengers to complain of *our attacks on him*, when he, too, was "sitting still," and only wished to be allowed to "watch his father Eno's grave!" Very pathetic indeed! Stock *was* no doubt "sitting still" beside "his father's grave," but his people were at work, plundering,

Beka: here they encamped the first night, and had a taste of the rough service in which they were engaged. The waggons did not reach them till morning, so that they had but slight provision, and no tents. However, they made the best of it, and, rolling themselves up in such cloaks and karosses as they could muster, lay down by the fires to sleep. Those who had saddles made pillows of them,—and a saddle makes no bad resting-place for a weary head, as I can testify from experience. On the 10th, all was bustle again; tents were struck, and a hasty meal was made of tough beef and ration biscuit, hard and mouldy most likely, and the division again moved on at five o'clock in the afternoon.

After sleeping five nights in the open air—in consequence of the waggons with the tents being in the rear, from the state of the oxen—they reached the Buffalo River. During this march, they experienced much discomfort from bad weather, as well as want of provisions. On one occasion, they could not see their way for twelve hours, and were obliged to stand under a heavy rain, the ground being so saturated with wet that they could not lie down. For four days, the men never tasted meat, and the officers had only such provisions as their horses could carry. The poor Fingoes were reduced to eating their shields of bullock-hides, and the Hottentots tightened their girdles of famine. Fortunately, Captain Melville's Hottentot Burghers overtook some Kaffir women, from whom they captured three hundred cows,—a great god-send to a starving army, for a long march was before them, the Kaffirs having gone as far as the Kei. The General, who shared the privations and sufferings of the troops under his command, determined to follow them up, but for a time the division halted till the waggons came up with comforts, in the shape of coffee, biscuits, sugar, rice, &c.; and at the same time vessels continued to arrive at the Fish River mouth, whence stores could be forwarded, though literally at a "snail's pace," to the troops in front.

On the 17th of July, Colonel Somerset, with three days' provision, headed a large force of 1,600 cavalry and infantry, the latter provisional forces, which were to recapture the stolen cattle from Páto; it will be seen with what success. From the state of the trek oxen, it was quite impossible for the regular infantry to follow in support of Colonel Somerset's division; they therefore proceeded to the Debe flats, *vid* King William's *Town,* headed by the untiring and brave General Maitland, on

their way to the Amatolas, to intercept the Gaikas. The poor oxen could scarcely crawl, many of them dropping dead on the way. The Cape ox is certainly the most patient and gentle creature of its kind. And now the last issue of meat was again made, and sad prospects were before the troops on their way from the sea, whence other supplies alone could be looked for Happily, a few straggling sheep were afterwards captured: and thus fed from day to day, in the wilderness, by Providence, the troops moved forty miles in ten days. On the 21st of July, they encamped four miles from King William's Town, where in the war of 1834–5, Sir Harry Smith, the present Governor of the Cape, met the Kaffir chiefs.

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burning, murdering, torturing and mutilating the troops and colonists, *while* he "sat still," and *approved*. He should have *protected* that sacred spot, and kept the neighbourhood of Fort Peddie clear of marauders. When his father died, after the commencement of the war, he was buried decently; the military at Fort Peddie witnessing the funeral, and receiving the promises of fidelity which Stock offered. But, in spite of these promises, in spite of the Kaffir law that "no tribe shall engage in war for twelve moons after the death of its chief," Stock's people were among the *first* who made their ruthless way through the helpless Colony with brand and assegai!

The chief, Umki, took refuge at Peddie, at the commencement of hostilities, leaving his people, or rather permitting his people to surrender at will. He was received at Graham's Town, where, with his wives and ragged retinue, he was provided with "board and lodging" at the expense of Government. There is no faith to be placed in any chief but the Christian, Kama, who, with the remnant of his people, took an active part in the defence of the Winterberg district, thirty miles from Fort Beaufort. Kama proved himself true to his religion, to us, and to himself, in every way sacrificing worldly distinctions and property, and, as I have before remarked, putting his life in jeopardy by the deadly offence he gave the Tambookies in refusing a second wife from that royal race. Yet I have never heard the voice of public philanthropy raised in favour of Kama.

CHAPTER VIII.—Expedition across the Kei.

Early in July, Colonel Somerset proceeded on an expedition across the Kei, in pursuit of the treacherous chief, Páto, who had carried his plunder towards Kreli's country. Kreli is the son of Hintza, who was shot during the former war by a colonist of the name of Southey, while endeavouring to escape from Colonel, now Sir Harry Smith. Kreli had declared he would not receive Páto, and it had yet to be proved whether the former was faithful or treacherous to us: if faithful, it was for policy's sake, and not from any sense of honour.

Colonel Somerset having remained absent on this expedition longer than was expected, great anxiety was felt for his safe return to the Governor's camp; when, on the 30th of July, *intelligence was* received at Graham's Town that he had

crossed the Kei, and taken between six and seven thousand head of cattle, from Páto's people. The Kaffirs, it is said, were very daring; their dread of losing cattle is the only thing that gives them any courage to face the troops, but the dispatch mentions that "the moment the troops crossed the Kei, the enemy fled in all directions." Before passing the river, the wretches dared them with their usual cry of "Izapa!" The Fort Peddie Fingoes, intent on cattle also, fought desperately—nothing could restrain them; one only was killed and one wounded. Captain Groenenwaldt, of the Swellendam division of Burghers, was badly wounded, after having captured two thousand head of cattle—it is said, with eleven men. But, when such false statements were made against the military, it is difficult to believe all the fine things in favour of the civilians, especially when I know that many things that could be said militating against the latter, were carefully concealed from the public. We have often known the troops sent out to remedy the disasters and losses of the irregular forces; when, if the latter were only dismounted Hottentots, no blame was attributed to them, however careless they might have been. This is injurious, for we know not what faith to put in the favourable reports on civilians, however truly they may deserve them.

Mr. Shepstone, Government Interpreter in command of the Fingoes, had a narrow escape in re-crossing a drift. The Kaffirs, with their usual cunning, allowed him to pass it; but, in returning, they completely surrounded him. Mr. Shepstone ordered his men to lie down, and in this position they fired on each foe as he crept out of his ambush. Having beaten them, they attacked another body, and re-captured two thousand head of cattle, on the point of being carried off from a weak party of Fingoes. On this occasion, Mr. Shepstone was struck on the head by a spent ball, which had, however, sufficient force to hurt him considerably.

On the second day of the expedition, the body of a Chief, in a tiger-skin kaross, was dug up.* It was not recognised, and was, of course, of inferior note. On approaching the Kei, the colonial infantry halted to breakfast at a kraal, where they found an old woman.† They learned from her that the

* The Kaffirs are in the habit of burying their chiefs, but no other dead.

† It is the general custom of the Kaffirs to leave an old woman in a kraal as a spy. They manage to keep up a constant communication with her, and supply her with food.

cattle "had only moved that morning," Mr. Melville having heard the report confirmed by some goatherds whom he had taken prisoners in seizing the goats, pushed on with two hundred Hottentots, and re-captured some cattle, and the next day thousands more were seen on the other side of the river. Captain Donovan, Cape Mounted Rifles,* led a party of the Cape Corps across the river; the guns and the rest of the cavalry lining the heights. Captain Donovan brought back several head of cattle to Colonel Somerset, and bivouacked for the night. It was a miserable one. Cold, dark, and very wet; no tents, scarcely any provision, and but slight covering! Little rest could be obtained, for the enemy and the Fingoes kept up an incessant exchange of shots, yelling and shouting to each other like demons. Some of the prisoners admitted that Páto was near the sea, and observed that Umhala had "died at the Gwanga," but this was no doubt figurative, implying that his power was broken; he was dead as a Chief. Mr. Melville, who had lost his way, returned, July 21st, to Colonel Somerset's camp, bringing with him a large herd of cattle, having killed five Kaffirs in taking it. As the colonial infantry were all sadly knocked up with fatigue and hardship, it was now determined by Colonel Somerset that the three prisoners should be sent with messages to Umhala, Páto, and Kreli, previously to the return of the troops. So, drawing up his forces in line along the heights above the drift of the Kei, three rounds of artillery were fired, and the prisoners sent off with a message to the effect that "Colonel Somerset had fired three guns on these heights, to say that he took possession of that country, from the Fish River to the Kei, for the Government—one gun for Kreli, because he had given shelter to Páto, the great enemy of the Colony; one gun for Páto; and one for Umhala—that these guns were only the forerunners of what was to come; that we were going to the Amatolas, to attack the Gaikas, and that afterwards we would return to the Kei." The prisoners were then set free; they kissed Colonel Somerset's

* Captain Donovan nearly lost his life on the banks of the Gwanga, on the day of the memorable action there. On reaching a drift, whither he had led his horse to drink, four or five Kaffirs suddenly rushed upon him. His rifle was on the ground, and there was no time to draw his sword, before the musket of a savage was levelled at his head. A man named Brown, formerly a private in the 75th Regiment, coming up at this instant, snatched up Captain Donovan's rifle, and shot the Kaffir dead on the spot.

feet, and rushed down the hill towards the river. On the great guns being fired, the Kaffirs on the heights about two miles off, fled as fast as possible.

As the division marched back, the Kaffirs showed themselves, in small parties, following in the rear, and at night continued to harass the troops by firing into the camp. The next day, the 22nd July, both men and horses were knocked up, and the former were frequently obliged to walk. About sunset, Mr. Melville's party were followed closely by the enemy; and, had they not received assistance from Colonel Somerset's division in front, they would have had some hot work, as the savages were four times their number. All along the line of march the Kaffirs continued to fire at them; fifty-eight horses were left dead: during the whole of the night, the enemy kept up a fire upon the camp, without effect. On the 23rd, men and horses began to fail in strength, for want of provision; and, tired and famished, the troops had to fight their way, as the enemy fired from every ambuscade along the line of march; horses and cattle dropping fast. After sunset, they were again beset by savages, whose fires were visible from the bivouac. Lying in a circle round the cattle, little rest could be obtained; the Kaffirs shouted and yelled as usual, saying they now had the Umlunghi "in a calabash." As this insolence continued, it was supposed the Gaikas had come down from the Amatolas to help Páto's people; and thus, a rush being expected, the men were ordered to stand to their arms till daylight. In the middle of the night, while this sharp firing from the enemy was at its height, a man's ammunition blew up, wounding himself and two other men. Some horses were also stolen, in spite of all precaution and vigilance. Two or three Kaffirs were shot.

Right glad were the troops to reach the General's camp, and the Governor himself must have been much relieved at their return, especially with such booty.

On the 26th of July, Colonel Hare left Fort Beaufort with a thousand troops. Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, was appointed Commandant of Beaufort during the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Andries Stockenstrom having taken the field some weeks before. Sir Andries had had a conference with the Tambookies, who some time before had come down upon the Hottentot settlement on the Kat River, and done considerable mischief. This mischief being done, and the Tambookies having no doubt shared the plunder with the

Gaikas, they promised to take no farther part against the Colony! The affair at the Gwanga, and the approach of the planting season, were two grand incentives to them to "sit still," but, as long as the cattle were known to be in Tambookie-land, how could any arrangements be satisfactory?

On the day that Colonel Hare left Fort Beaufort, the 26th of July, Sir Andries Stockenstrom put his Burgher force in position, moved in the night from Block Drift, and, on reaching the Tyumie, had a spirited engagement with Macomo's people (Gaikas), who had entrenched themselves in those fastnesses. Sir Andries Stockenstrom's plans of attack were generally admitted to be good; his movements were made in the night, and were as stealthy as those of the savages themselves. It was at dawn of day, after spending the night on the ridge of the mountains, that Sir Andries divided his force into parties of two hundred, and entered the bushy kloofs of these strongholds, where they were soon engaged with the enemy. As I have only had hearsay evidence on this subject, I can give no description of the fight from good authority, but it seems to have been a smart affair, Sir Andries cheering his men, who fought, it is said, till their ammunition was nearly expended. Many Kaffirs are reported to have fallen in this engagement. The enemy might be said to have been nearly hemmed in. That part of the country where the Kei, the Bashee, and the Umtata have their sources, is described as being of an "impracticable character," and abutting upon the territories of the Tambookie Chief, Umtitara, and of the Amaponda Chief, Faku. With the former, Sir Andries had already made "arrangements," and received promises of good faith! Faku offered his services to the Government at the beginning of the war, but it was not considered expedient to accept them. He, however, it is said, received permission to seize such cattle as he could take from our Kaffir foes; and, as he destroyed women and children without mercy, he became an object of great terror "to all the country round." No reliance could be placed on the good faith of any of these Chiefs, but they seem to have deemed it politic to "sit still" and plant their corn, provided we did not try to seize the cattle.

On the 5th of August, the enemy approached Colonel Hare's division under the Amatolas, and commenced hostilities by firing; this was returned by the troops, and continued for *some time*. Serjeant Barnes, of the Royal Sappers and

Miners, was shot through the heart, and a serjeant of the Provincials was also killed, besides eight or nine coloured people being wounded. Before sunrise the next morning, the two divisions under Colonel Hare and Sir Andries Stockenstrom were in motion, and the former, seeing the Fingoes hesitate for a moment at the edge of a bush, raised his cap, gave three hearty cheers, and led the way himself. The old soldier's Irish blood was fairly up. The fight continued till sunset, and during the action blue-lights and rockets were thrown up at intervals, as signals to the head-quarter division, but there was no answering signal, nor could it be ascertained where this division actually was. On the following morning all was preparation for a second engagement; but, as usual, the enemy had slipped away in the night, like a Will o' the wisp, towards the Buffalo. Colonel Hare moved on to Fort Cox, where Sir Andries was to join him, after scouring some of the difficult passes of the mountains, where the Fingoes and Hottentots fought desperately, climbing the heights in the face of the enemy's fire.

After Colonel Somerset's return from the Kei, the cavalry were too much done up for further work without rest for men and horses; one hundred and fifty-seven horses were in such a jaded state, that it was found necessary to shoot them, and many others died. The Kaffirs harassed the troops when they dared not meet them, by firing into the camps at night, while other parties set fire to the grass, to destroy even the wretched pasturage left for the toil-worn cattle.

In order to recruit the exhausted strength of his division, Colonel Somerset bivouacked within five miles of Fort Peddie, near the Gwanga. Until the cattle and horses were in better condition, it was quite impossible to continue offensive operations.

The only circumstance on which, at this period, the mind could rest with satisfaction, was the success attending the landing of stores and supplies at the Fish River mouth. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cock, at the Kowie, will reap the reward of many years' perseverance. Still the want of rain continued to destroy our hopes of vegetation, and sickness prevailed in many districts.

Some extracts from my Journal will serve to give an idea of our defenceless position in Graham's Town; and though the perils, privations, and terrors of women have little to do in the working of the great machine of warfare, they can

hardly fail to excite some interest among those who in happy England cannot fully appreciate the blessings of peace, from the circumstance of their never having endured the horrors of war. I shall relate, as concisely as possible, our own privations, alarms, and anxieties.

"August 1st.—Kaffir fires seen in the distance: in the evening, received intelligence from head-quarters relative to Colonel Somerset's engagements on the other side of the Kei, and capture of the cattle.

"Colonel Somerset could have captured more than he did, but he had not force to retain them. Every night his bivouacs were surrounded by Kaffirs, who fired continually into them; sometimes in derision, at others in anger. Some called out to the troops, 'Take care of the calves you have got, we will have them in two years!' Others exclaimed, 'Let us rush upon them!' 'No, no,' said another party, 'who ever heard of attacking a kraal of guns?' Some crept nearer the bivouac, and entreated their favourite pack-oxen to come out to them: 'What business,' said they, 'have you among white men? Come out to us—we will treat you kindly. Leave the Umlunghi, who will ill-use you and make you work.'

"Thus they harassed the troops during the whole march; hanging on their rear in the day-time, and, at night, obliging them to keep up a constant peppering. At the drifts there was always troublesome work.

"August 2nd, Sunday.—I am always more impressed with the strange appearance of the town on Sunday than on any other day; every one who can, making his way to church, and business suspended; shots, too, above the town along the hills, and the rattle of arms and accoutrements in the streets, are more audible on Sunday than in the bustling week-days, Another thing I have frequently remarked; the news of whatever occurs in the field generally reaches us on the Sabbath, and we often say, 'To-day is Sunday: I wonder what intelligence we shall have.'

"August 3rd.—A beautiful day. It is quite grievous—yes, melancholy, to see the sun scorching the earth, and know that the cattle must die for want of food, and that there will be no vegetation this year. We have had no rain for months, except slight showers for a day or two. To-day, some young girls have assembled in my cottage-garden to celebrate a birthday. What a relief it is to have left the confinement of the dreadful barrack for this small cottage on the hill! We

are scarcely considered in a safe position, but we grew weary of the gaol-like Drostdy, and succeeded in getting shelter at Fort England—misnamed a fort—where a few of the 91st are in quarters.

"But the birthday. None of our little female community had been merry since April; but this bright day I resolved to be cheerful, and to put aside my child's books and my own employments; and, since the sun would shine, and not oppressively, to enjoy it. First, there were flowers to gather and arrange. I wanted some arums, the beautiful lilies of the yam plant, so the girls went down below the parched, uncultivated garden, to a stream now almost dry and desecrated by Hottentot washerwomen: they there witnessed melancholy 'signs of the times,'—nine dead animals lay beside the dull and shallow stream. The poor starved creatures had crawled into the hollow to die. These things make but slight impressions on the young; they do not trace results, however sad, to their primary causes; so when they had replenished my flower-vase, away they went to their garden amusements. I mention these trivial things by way of contrast. She whose birthday we celebrated came down the path, with a gay wreath of flowers and foliage wound round her fair hair—happy, healthy, blooming, joyous sixteen! Thus I mused, as she stood laughing under a fine oak, just coming into leaf—like her, in its spring. Suddenly, in the distance we heard the boom of cannon echoing sullenly along the mountain ridges, and through the kloofs and passes far away. The day was so still that we heard distinctly the rapid discharges of shot and shell! The servants told us they had heard these sounds of death and doom all the morning. We only knew they came from that part of the country where the regular troops were co-operating with Sir Andries Stockenstrom and his Burgher force. Gazing in that direction, my eye fell on a signal-tower on a hill-top. That tower, with many others, is now deserted, for three reasons. The first, and most cogent one is that, like the rest of its fellows, it is useless. The atmosphere of this climate scarcely ever permits communication by telegraph. Secondly, the men cannot be provisioned there in war-time. Of meat and biscuit they might lay in a stock, as if for sea; but water cannot be procured without risking life. Thirdly, in war-time, when the telegraphs would be of the utmost use, and would save time, labour, life, and horses, by making swift communications of

the stealthy movements of the Kaffirs, the force on the frontier is so small that no men can be spared to work the signals.

"All the morning of that birthday we heard the cannon booming as we sat in the garden, and we afterwards learned that Macomo had been hemmed in and attacked in the Tyumie fastnesses, but with little success and some loss on our side. The enemy, as usual, harassed the troops, and then gave them the slip.

"5th. Kaffirs known to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Graham's Town, an attack fully anticipated by some; fortunately, we never entered into these 'alarms.' The soldiers' wives on the hill in extreme terror. Shots firing all day rapidly. I wonder more accidents do not occur among those who have lately learned the use of fire-arms. I stood at the gate in the evening and watched a fire very near the town: it blazed up for about ten minutes, and was extinguished as suddenly as it had been lit. Fires seen in other directions, supposed to be signals for a general assembly of the warriors in the mountains. More cattle stolen within three miles of us to-day. Walked down in the evening to the end of the green, to look at our defences. Sorry things! A square of thatched barracks, more like huts than houses, contains sometimes no more than fifteen soldiers, some of them left here as ineffective. Our space near the guard-house is defended by a wooden stockade, breast-high, and two other passages are banked up about three feet high. No picquets at this end of the town, for want of men. We have a kloof just above the mess-house, and it was a few miles from there that Mr. Norden, of the Yeomanry, was shot.

"6th. Our garrison is reinforced by a corps of liberated Africans, a happy, lazy-looking set, who are chiefly employed in escorting waggons. The Malays have also been brought in a body from Cape Town. They take the war coolly enough, and when off duty, lie about the green in the warm and moonlight nights, whistling and singing the most harmonious choruses. They will not enter the bush, and have never been of use in rescuing cattle.

"7th. Kaffir Jack, Cosani, arrived. He has rather a suspicious character, but has never proved unfaithful. His adventures would help to dress up a volume in Cooper's style, for he lives much among the English, but can wander at will from one end of Kaffirland to the other. Some days ago, it

was suspected that Umki's son, Sio, had gone off to Kaffirland, on some treacherous mission from his wily father. Sir Harry Smith's opinion of Umki was so bad, that he used to tell him plainly in reply to his fair promises, 'Umki, you are a liar!' Umki, however, never took offence at this. Falsehood is no disgrace among the Kaffirs; on the contrary, the greatest rogue is the best man. Jack came to say Sio had never been away. Just now Jack is under Umki's stern guidance. At any time the word of a Kaffir is worth nothing. He asked about Sandilla. I told him there was no longer a chief of that name, that there had been one, who had been to his people as a string by which beads are held together. Sandilla had been the string, but it was broken, his people had been the beads, but they were scattered, unlinked for ever, and dispersed far and wide, and neither beads nor string could now be re-united. Jack bent down his head and mused with his hands clasped for some minutes, and said, 'It is good.' Umki and his followers came up in the afternoon; two wives, servants, and children. He and his ragged retinue amused themselves by inspecting our defences, our open gardens, and our thatched houses. If Umki can communicate the true condition of Graham's Town to his friends in Kaffirland, they may take advantage of it. I am sure the Governor, if he were in Graham's Town, would not allow this treacherous *refugee* to wander at large as he does. News from the camps —unsatisfactory—Kaffirs still firing into the bivouacs. Lieut. Stokes, R.E., slightly wounded by a sentry, Mr. S. having imprudently ventured beyond the lines.

"August 8th.—The Kaffirs have again entered the Colony in numerous bodies, and continue plundering and murdering as usual. We hear this day of the arrival of the 45th in Simon's Bay on the 30th July. The distance they have to travel would in England be journeyed in about forty hours; we shall now observe the period that elapses between the arrival of the 45th in Simon's Bay, near Cape Town, and their entrance into Graham's Town, as well as that between their departure from Graham's Town and their arrival in the immediate front of the army in Kaffirland. It is to be hoped that their approach will daunt the enemy, but the Kaffirs have learned their power ever since the disastrous affair at Burn's Hill; and, in spite of occasional reverses, the tide has hitherto been in their favour. Their losses, considering their

number, have been trifling; they have possessed themselves of the colonial cattle, and they have cut off vast quantities of our supplies, while we are obliged to pause. We have driven the great body of them out of the ceded territory, it is true, but they have taken most of the plunder with them into a richer and more fertile country. The month of July has been marked by the death of one of the Colony's most promising and creditable settlers. Mr. Gordon Nourse, Assistant Commandant of the Burgher Force, was shot by the enemy, while assisting a neighbour to rescue his cattle. Sir Andries Stockenstrom, in announcing officially the death of Mr. Nourse, says, 'He fell yesterday in a gallant attack made by himself at the head of a small party upon a body of Kaffirs in the jungle. The Commandant-General has to lament the loss the service has sustained of one of the most efficient, zealous, and meritorious officers under his command.'

"9th, Sunday. Sad news from a place known by the hideous name of Hell's Poort. Five burghers have been shot by Kaffirs in that terrible pass. A party of nineteen having entered a rocky and bushy kloof in search of some cattle, they were fired upon by some Kaffirs posted on the summit of the hills on either side. The burghers, being surrounded by 200 Kaffirs, and their ammunition getting low, retired to their camp for a reinforcement, with which they returned, and again faced the enemy. Among the five who fell, were two brothers of the name of De Villiers, the history of whose death is a mournful one. As one brother fell wounded to the ground, the other ran to him to comfort and support him in his dying moments. His friends called him away; he would not stir, but held his young brother's hand in his, till a shot from the savages brought him down, and laid him beside him whom he would not forsake to save his own life.

"10th. The bodies of the five Stellenbosch Burghers were brought in to be buried. A concourse of people followed the melancholy train of five coffins through the town to the burial-ground.

"13th. Rain, at last! gentle showers. Only those who have looked on the parched soil of Africa can have an idea of the blessing of rain after a long drought. It sounds quite musical as it patters on the few trees that are in the garden. The enemy have laid waste the country from the

Buffalo to the Kei. What a sight must those vast tracts of country be, when blazing! The grass will spring up all the fresher for it, afterwards.

"17th. Walked into town. As we passed the Wesleyan Chapel, we saw Umki and his wives and children basking idly in the sun on the pavement near the chapel-porch. Umki was set aside by his tribe for being a coward in the last war, so now he bestows his unwelcome company on the English, roaming about, begging from every one he meets, spending what he gains at the canteens.

"19th. My child's birthday! these seem trifles to touch upon; to us they only bring sad memories when we compare the present state of war and anxiety with happy anniversaries passed in peaceful England. News from the head-quarter division. The General is encamped at a place called Fort Beresford, so named in the last war by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, in compliment to one of his aides-de-camp. Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, had led about 300 infantry over the Buffalo mountains, while Colonel Somerset, with a cavalry column and guns, had gone round the base of the hills, the infantry, ascending to the summit in single file, and Mr. Melville's Hottentots mounting the hill in another direction, killed three Kaffirs and captured some cattle. The troops bivouacked for the night on the ridge. Next day, every bush and kloof was scoured, but neither shots nor yells, nor the old cry of 'Izapa!' was heard in those now solitary places, the enemy having decamped in the night. At one time, a party of horsemen were discovered winding leisurely along an eminence at some little distance, and this was afterwards ascertained to be the chief Seyolo and his people coolly riding off from the vicinity of the troops, who, they knew, would have great difficulty in catching them, from their having no cavalry with them.

"In spite of the silence which reigned in these solitudes, there were evident traces of hasty retreat, by the fresh spoor of cattle; but to detail this march up the hill and down again, would be but a repetition of many other such expeditions. The Kaffirs slipped away, and the troops followed them with their ammunition loose in their pouches, to be ready for action, but returned harassed, disappointed, and half-starved.

"The country through which they passed is of a much grander and more fertile character than that occupied by the colonists; and, were the Buffalo and Keiskama rivers opened

to trade, an immense increase of commerce would be the result.*

"The head-quarter division, consisting of part of the 91st and 90th Regiments, under Major Yarborough (91st), two troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and some of the Cape Corps, remained encamped at Fort Beresford, the whole being under the command of Sir Peregrine Maitland. Colonel Somerset, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Colonel Richardson, 7th Dragoon Guards, having reported their horses unfit for duty, it was resolved that the main body of the cavalry should take up a position where both men and horses could rest and be refreshed. As soon as the horses that remain recover from the late fatigue and starvation, the country will be patrolled and kept, until more decisive measures can be framed, and the worn-out cattle are fit for more active operations.

"The Kaffirs have long remained in small detached bodies in the neighbourhood of the camp, firing into it at night and lying in wait for occasions of theft, or mischief, all day. A prisoner was brought in one day, who asserted that the woods close by were full of women and old men. Although Macomo had ordered his men not to fight, they were determined to plunder and murder, and crept into the colony and round the borders as usual. 'Young Kaffirland' had gone over the Kei for the present, with the stolen cattle.

"Troops were sent into the woods, to bring in some of the prisoners. The poor heathen females are employed in carrying powder and provisions from one ambuscade to another, and it is therefore necessary to search them. But they are not easily intimidated; and, when threatened by the military, who to frighten them put their muskets to their shoulders, they calmly put the pieces on one side, and as there was little to repay any one for the trouble of carrying off a set of Kaffir women against their will, they were left in the woods, where, no doubt, corn was buried for their provision. Great scarcity, however, must prevail with them, as the crops failed last year.

"On the 15th of August, fourteen poor waggon-drivers, chiefly Fingoes and Hottentots, went into the kloofs of the mountains to search for corn, and, seeing some cattle, were led miles away. A strong force of Kaffirs, seeing the weakness of their party as they emerged upon an open plain, rushed upon them, and, it is supposed, killed all but one, who

* This desirable change has since been effected by Sir Harry Smith.

crept into a bush, and, lying by till night, made his way back to the camp, with the melancholy intelligence. Lieutenant Owen, with a party of the 90th, was sent out in search of these poor creatures, but found only one body. The rest had probably been borne off, to suffer torture and mutilation. The savage brutality of the Kaffir is not satisfied with taking life, or even by immediate mutilation. Some Hottentots having been decoyed to a bush by some goats being placed at the edge of it to graze, they were seized by the Kaffirs, and murdered. The bodies, being discovered by the troops, were buried; but when a party again traversed the spot where they had been interred, it was found that the poor dead creatures had been dug up, mutilated, and impaled! I have lately heard a shocking anecdote, connected with the death of an unfortunate Hottentot, who, having been brought up as a Christian, wished to be allowed to make his peace with the Almighty ere he suffered death. Some wished to give him a few moments to devote to prayer, but others rushed forward, exclaiming, 'Nonsense, kill him at once,—what is the use of his praying here? Have we not driven God Almighty from the land?' The murder of the missionary Schulz dispelled the idea that such men were protected by an invisible power, an idea the Kaffirs always entertained before, and even since the commencement of the war. They have shown no respect for the missionary stations, for they have destroyed houses, chapels, and bibles; hence, their idea that they have 'driven God from the land.'

"21st. News from Fort Beaufort. Macomo had again sent to Colonel Hare to sue for peace. The Lieutenant-Governor replied, that if the Gaikas would give up their guns and the plundered cattle, he would intercede for peace with the Governor. This is not the sort of peace they want. I hope the rumours of a rupture between Macomo and Sandilla may be correct.

"A paramount chief's person is held sacred, otherwise, perhaps, as Macomo wishes to head the Gaikas, Sandilla might be secretly disposed of; but such an instance has never been known. How strange the tie between chief and people! The chief will not hesitate to sacrifice by death, or torture, any individual of his tribe, however innocent he may know him to be, if he stand in the way of his most trifling whims, but the person of the chief is sacred, and will be protected by his people at the risk of their lives.* Kreli and Pato

* *We see the same thing among insect and animal communities.*

have quarrelled, the former, it is said, reproaching Páto for bringing the Umlunghi into his country. I think it more likely they are at variance about the plunder. Kreli probably keeps a fair face to us, while he invites Páto to his kraal, and having got him there, would fain share the booty.

"Nothing yet heard of Sir Andries Stockenstrom and Colonel Johnstone, with their divisions, but to-day, the 25th, some news of importance has reached us from the Governor's camp! Stock, Eno's son, has sent councillors to say, that he wishes to surrender himself. Macomo and Umhala have intimated the same desire, but Sandilla, as obstinate as ever, protests that if we will not grant peace on his own terms, his people shall advance into our colony in the same degree as our troops move through his. This day, the contractor has killed the last slaughter-ox for the troops in Graham's Town.

"26th. News from Fort Beaufort. Captain Ryneveldt and his Burghers had had an 'affair,'—four people killed on our side, and five wounded. No chance of rain, and the country in that district and this is in a frightful state. Cattle, as usual, are dying round us, in the very streets, and dropping dead from the waggons. Colonel Somerset is patrolling between the Fish River mouth and Fort Beaufort. It will be a great thing to get supplies along that line from Waterloo Bay, for there is scarcely any corn at Beaufort. The 7th have gone thither to recruit.

"28th. Stock's agreement, drawn up by Colonel Somerset, is to be submitted to the Governor for approval. Stock's readiness to give up the cattle surprises me. He will outwit us, if he can, and probably now only wants a truce that he may be allowed to plant. No sense of honour brings him 'to the feet of the Governor,' but the document must speak for itself. Like Sandilla's, in February last, it is very pathetic, and sounds poetical. Having obtained permission to enter Colonel Somerset's camp, near the Gwanga, Stock reached it on the 21st, and made the following declaration:—

"That 'he was come to throw himself at the Governor's feet, that he was to-day the Governor's Fingo (slave), that he had fallen, and laid no more claim to his ground, that he was come out of the bush, that he was at our feet, and that by coming without arms he considered he surrendered himself; that he would leave his father's bush, and asked only for a *place whereon* to 'sit.' He entreated he might not be sent to *Fort Peddie, as it might* lead to quarrels between the Fingoes

and his people. He stated that his people were so numerous he could not count them by tens, that he was willing to give up all his cattle and horses, soliciting nothing but a place where he might sit, and hoped the Government would appoint him the care of his father's bones.'

"Colonel Somerset replied, that, 'the bush where his father's bones lay was no longer Stock's, that he had forfeited it by breaking faith with the Government, but that it should be protected, although he would not be allowed to live in it.'

"Terms were then drawn up. Stock was to send into Kaffirland for the stolen cattle and horses, a temporary ground 'whereon to sit' was appointed him till the Governor's pleasure was known; and, in the meantime, he was to be held responsible that no molestation should be offered to our convoys proceeding through that part of the country. Sonto, an inferior chief of his tribe, was not considered in these agreements.

"At the close of these proceedings, Stock laid down his arms, and wept as he did so. They consisted of thirty-three stand of arms, and thirty-six assegais in the possession of his immediate followers. Colonel Somerset returned the chief his own gun. At first, Stock was unwilling to resign his arms, saying his tribes had never yet been subdued, and would be considered women for doing so. Some time was given him to decide, and finally he gave them up with this remark, that 'sooner or later the other chiefs must come to the same resolution.' Still, the 'people' continue to infest the Colony, still their signal-fires are visible from the town, and still the cattle are captured and re-captured, and poor settlers are found murdered in their homesteads. Much anxiety is felt for the result of Sir Andries Stockenstrom's expedition into Kreli's country. It is to be hoped he will make no treaty with that treacherous chief, that can in any way compromise the Governor."

CHAPTER IX.—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

"SEPTEMBER 13th. Sir Peregrine Maitland is moving with his division towards the Fish River mouth. A report is in circulation that Faku, the Amaponda Chief, has come down upon Kreli's country. This is not to be desired. Faku is a man of immense power, with a great number of people, who will be ready to creep into the Colony at all points for *plunder.*

"Among our allies employed with the army are 150 Bushmen,* with poisoned arrows. The Kaffirs have great dread of these 'new assegais,' which are barbed, and cannot be extracted without additional injury to the wounds they inflict.

"More intelligence has been received relative to Sir Andries Stockenstrom's expedition to the Kei. The capture of 7,000 head of cattle is cheering and important; but the treaty appears a sorry affair.

"Kama, the Christian Chief, has proved himself worthy of our confidence and respect. With the few followers who have remained true to him and us, he has been, as far as lay in his power, an active and efficient ally in defence of the district to which he was driven by the threat of assassination from his half-brother, Páto. Hermanus, too, has, I am told, been true to us for many years; but of him I know nothing personally. We were always glad to receive Kama in our cottage at Fort Peddie. It is proposed to give these friendly chiefs the land in the ceded territory, hitherto occupied by Tola and Botman—Gaikas.

"Sept. 9th.—We learn that General Maitland has reached the mouth of the Fish River; but he finds it necessary to contract the line of forces, so to speak. Much impatience is manifested by people 'sitting still' themselves, at the delay in military operations. It is said, 'With such a force the Kaffirs ought long since to have been crushed.' To use a lady's simile, a skein of thread is a simple thing to unwind when fresh from the weaver's hands; but, when once entangled, it requires time and patience to unravel it.

"Although the enemy are yet considered to be well supplied with powder, their bullets are often found to be of zinc, taken from the roofs they have destroyed. These are so light that they generally fly over the heads they are intended to strike. The chiefs desire peace, but on their own terms. Macomo has presented himself at Fort Cox to Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, 91st Regiment. Sandilla is 'in the bush.' This wild child of nature dreads our making a prisoner of him. None but Stock have as yet consented to give up their arms. Nonnebe (General Campbell's great-grand-daughter!) protests that she wishes for peace, but that Seyolo 'has his hand on her shoulder, and keeps her down.' Sonto, Stock's half-brother, calls Stock, 'a woman;' and says he, Sonto, is not weary of the war; he has plenty of men, horses, and *plunder*, and will not give in. The 'moon is dead,' and

* *It was some* of these who were exhibited lately in England.

where is the promised cattle from Stock ? Colonel Somerset, with his division, consisting of the Cape Corps, some Artillery, part of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and a detachment of the 45th, has gone over to the Keiskama. The troops are to be pitied in these rains; they must encounter difficulties and privations under the floods that are deluging the land.

"Before Stock left Peddie, he sent the double-barrelled gun, which Colonel Somerset restored to him at the Gwanga, as a present to Sir Peregrine Maitland.

"A plan has been submitted to the Governor for the formation of settlements and locations for the coloured population under our Government. The intention is to take in a vast tract of land, and many men will be required to protect so large a territory.

"The inferior Kaffirs must have learned by this time that their chiefs have promised more than they could perform; they find that, although they can harass and evade, they cannot 'drive the white man into the sea;' that, although they may occasionally stop our convoys, other roads are readily thrown open. They steal our cattle, nay, the poor oxen die in our service, on the depastured line of march, and lo! ships, 'sea waggons,' present themselves on the coast of Kaffirland! It is deplorable that the 73rd should be driven out of Waterloo Bay. There is no safe harbour there for large vessels, but ships may slip their cables and run out to sea, in case of danger. The 73rd, having made their appearance at Waterloo Bay on the 3rd of September, and been driven back to Simon's Bay, have landed at Port Elizabeth, and marched from thence on the 21st. While at anchor in Waterloo Bay, they observed the blackened state of the country on both sides of the Fish River mouth, and some of them stating at Simon's Bay that the grass was burned at Fort Dacres, and opposite to it, a report was raised in Cape Town that Waterloo Bay was burned!

"Sir Andries Stockenstrom has given his Burghers leave to retire to their homes, for the purpose of planting their land. The Malay force have represented that their period of service has already expired; the Burghers in the General's division have requested the same indulgence as those under Sir Andries, and the liberated Africans will be making the same demand. On looking at these latter happy, healthy, free creatures, we cannot sufficiently rejoice at their freedom, however we may deprecate the manner in which the emancipation principle was carried out. Very different are these

well-clad negroes to those who in old times formed the West India Militia, to whom their officers addressed the following words of command:—'All dem wid shoe and tocking tan in de front; all dem wid shoe and no tocking tan behind; all dem wid no shoe and no tocking tan in de middle!'

"A few nights since, the Malays held a meeting to celebrate the festival of their new year. We were induced to look in at the scene of the *fête* for a short time. The only thing worth hearing was the war-song, which, although very simple, is very inspiring, chiefly from the enthusiasm with which it is sung. The choruses present many beautiful combinations of a peculiar kind, from the circumstance of the singers being ignorant of the rules of music. The group was picturesque. A priest in white robes, in a posture between sitting and kneeling, occupied the chief place at the head of the apartment, which was a long low room, dimly lit, except above the mats whereon the singers were assembled, without their shoes. This end was garlanded with flowers and foliage, and illuminated by a not ungraceful lantern of Chinese appearance, ornamented with coloured tapers. The priest, and his two churchwardens, as they were called, were distinguished by green tufts in their turbans, and led the chant, which was taken up and chorussed by the rest with spirit.

"The other part of the room was undecorated; here and there, a solitary candle on a shelf above cast a dim light on the head of some mustachoed Dutch Burgher; and, beside him, in strong contrast, was the comparatively slight English soldier. At one point, a knot of Hottentots congregated together, joining in the chorus, and, snapping their fingers, seemed ready to dance to it; while on the lap of a dark-faced nurse, slumbered a fair infant, resembling one of Chantrey's charming pieces of sculpture.

"Some weeks ago, a Malay was buried near this. The grave was very deep; within it were placed a number of planks in a slanting position, forming a kind of pent-house, and within this was laid the body, sewn up in canvas cloth, and so placed as not to touch the side of the tomb. Some biscuit, a pipe, and some tobacco were left within the pent-house beside the corpse, and it was then covered in. The ceremony was closed by a party assembling round the grave, and continuing in silent prayer for two hours, at least.

"Colonel Somerset has returned from his expedition across *the Keiskama*, having captured three thousand head of cattle.

But for the heavy rains, more might have been taken. The troops were in a deluge, and we hear of many suffering from rheumatism, the effects of being obliged to lie down actually in the mud, while a flood descended from the heavens. One passage in Colonel Somerset's dispatch reminds one of Lord Hill's surprise of Girard. 'Making a night march with seven hundred and fifty men, to the Gakoon river, I established myself at midnight in the midst of Umhala's tribe, without their having the slightest intimation of my move. Lying *perdu* till day-dawn, I dispersed the troops in various directions, and, although the enemy drove off their cattle and abandoned their kraals, I pursued them to the Gonube River, and by mid-day had secured three thousand head of very superior cattle, with a few horses,' &c. In this affair twenty-two of the enemy were killed.

"Now, although no one is going to compare the Kaffir foe to our brave but inveterate enemies in the Peninsula, a great deal more exertion is necessary to get at them—as well as indomitable patience and considerable skill. The idea of upwards of seven hundred men making stealthy way into the midst of a savage tribe, in spite of spies and watch-dogs, is wonderful, when we consider the difficulties attending a march at any time in such a country; and the capture of cattle for starving troops was a matter of more importance than a more glittering conquest. Goethe, in describing a disastrous march in 1792, consoles himself and his friends by affirming that they had been vanquished 'not by the enemy but by the elements.' Since the war began, the British cause in South Africa has had to contend with every element.

"September 20th.—The Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Hare, has arrived in Graham's Town. Every one is acquainted with Colonel Hare's character as a brave soldier. Of his abilities as a diplomatist he can scarcely be a fair judge himself.

"October 14th.—Graham's Town is crowded with troops. The Drostdy Square presents a very different appearance to what it did six months ago, when the enemy was hovering round us. The second division of the 45th have commenced their march to the Fish River mouth. The 73rd have just marched in; they have been indeed unfortunate on their way hither, both by sea and land, and were nearly lost at Waterloo Bay, and driven back some hundred miles for chains and anchors. They have been detained between Algoa Bay and Graham's Town by the floods that deluged Colonel Somer-

set's path. It is said the 73rd are to proceed eventually to the Buffalo mouth, where a steamer will probably be sent with supplies. The anchorage there will be surveyed: it is supposed to be superior to Waterloo Bay.

"On the 30th of September, a meeting took place between the Gaika tribes and the Deputy of the British Government, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, at the request of the Gaikas. Mr. Calderwood, missionary, was present, besides several other persons. The scene of the assemblage was 'the bush.'

"The Governor's terms, offered and interpreted by Mr. Calderwood, were these:—1st. That the tribes should lay down their arms. 2ndly. That they should restore the colonial cattle. 3rdly. That the country as far as the Kei should be placed under British rule—those Kaffirs who remain on this side submitting to such regulations as may be made for their future government.

"Macomo, Sandilla's uncle, appeared much dejected. He is the only one of the Gaika chiefs who may be said to be really anxious for peace. Some time since, he sent his eldest son an order not to fight. The dutiful son replied, that Macomo was a 'drunken coward, and only wished for peace for the sake of the canteen.' At the meeting the others expressed themselves pretty much as they had previously done. They stated that they had never heard of a conquered people being called upon to give up their arms: that they had bought them openly from British traders;* that, as for the cattle, most of them were dead; that they were tired of the war, and would not fight any more—they were 'under our feet;' that our convoys might move through the countries unmolested; that we might slay the thieves now plundering the Colony—they were a banditti under no control; and that, 'if we were resolved to continue the war, we must slay them at the doors of their huts.'!!! Cunning savages! they know that British troops will never kill unresisting men, much less the miserable tillers of the ground, the poor women of Kaffirland, and they imagine we are yet to be imposed upon.

"As Mr. Calderwood approached Beaufort, on his way to this peaceful meeting, an assegai passed across him, thrown by the hand of some savage assassin. Eight Kaffirs sprang out of a bush close by, and Mr. Calderwood and the Cape Corps orderly

* This sale of arms and ammunition to the Kaffirs was prohibited by the Dutch Government, but had been tolerated by the Stockenstrom treaties; *it is now again very* properly forbidden.

following him, galloped onwards into the town, scarcely half a mile distant. Probably, two days after this occurrence, these very men were among those 'in the bush,' who said, 'their hearts were heavy; the teacher's word was no longer good; they were under our feet,' &c. &c.! or of that party which, on encountering a detachment of the 91st, between Block Drift and Fort Cox, threw themselves on the ground, and suffered the troops to pass on.

"There is, however, no doubt that the inferior Kaffirs are heartily tired of the war, and suffering from disease, in consequence of starvation, cold, and change of diet. Some are living on the sea shore, on shell-fish; this shows their state of destitution, as they have not hitherto been accustomed to eat fish of any description. Many would be glad to be under British rule; for, in spite of their old notions of chieftainship, and habits of vassalage, they have discovered how completely they have been misled and disappointed by their chiefs. Last February, when the 27th appeared at the mouth of the Kowie, they were extremely astonished; and, had they landed, it would have had a salutary effect. The disembarkation of a regiment like the Rifle Brigade at the Buffalo, in the heart of Kaffirland, would go far towards convincing these heathens more than ever of the power of the 'Children of the foam, whose great sea-waggons from the broad waters spit forth red men.'

"October 19th.—The General's camp has been deluged. Colonel Somerset returned from the Keiskama in the midst of torrents; the wind blew in such heavy gales, that the encampment, after a tempestuous night, occasionally presented a deficiency in tents. Here lay a sleeper overpowered with fatigue, quite unconscious that his canopy was removed, there a medley assortment of camp equipage, also shelterless, the tent that covered it blown many yards away, and flattened in the mud. The poor half-starved horses, with their tails turned towards the driving rain, and quite crest-fallen, neighed joyfully on the approach of any human being, in hopes of food. None to be had. The 'Catherine' lies a wreck upon the shore at Waterloo Bay, with little chance of saving her cargo of forage, none of landing it for some time, if saved."

CHAPTER X.—Deceitful Overtures from the Enemy.

Early in November, Sir Peregrine Maitland moved towards Block Drift. He was accompanied by the 90th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Slade; the reserve battalion of the 45th, under

Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine; a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards; and some artillery. By the end of the month, all the principal Gaika chiefs had sent in most abject messages, and were as humble in appearance as they were insincere in spirit. Sandilla, in spite of his affected humility, was sullen, and perhaps among them all the only one in any way anxious for peace was Macomo.

The General, from the first, declared his intention of receiving them only as common individuals, no longer recognising one any of them as a Chief of Kaffirland. Sandilla and the rest of them brought in a few cattle, and some rusty arms; these tributes were refused, and the ex-Chiefs were granted another truce of ten days, to bring in the quantity of cattle demanded—namely, twenty thousand head—together with five hundred horses, and eighteen hundred guns.

At the time this truce was made there were good reasons for it, The General was awaiting his reinforcements, the Rifle Brigade and 6th Regiment being still on their tedious way from Algoa Bay; and the Commissary-General, Mr. Palmer, was actively exerting himself to fill the exhausted stores: the cattle were only beginning to recover from the effects of the long droughts, and there were but few fresh horses in the field. Thus, to us, time was of the utmost importance. At this period, damaged biscuit was served out for the horses, and the Fingo women at Fort Beaufort were well paid to cut grass for the starving chargers. Much sickness prevailed, too, in the camps, owing to bad diet, cold, and fatigue.

Still, Colonel Somerset contrived to be on the alert, with such men and horses as he could muster. The guns from his division soon sent their thundering echoes along the banks of the Buffalo, and Stock made his second appearance at Fort Peddie, with a number of his followers, presenting six or eight muskets, and forty-eight head of cattle; the latter he declared to be "his whole share of the colonial plunder." Stock had the hardihood to bring in, among the tributary cattle, some of the oxen taken from the waggons at Trumpeter's Drift, on the 28th of May; in which affair he had always professed to have had no share.

All this time the Kaffirs were creeping into the Colony, sweeping off sheep and cattle, waylaying the settlers, and hanging about the different drifts, watching their opportunity of crossing them unobserved. That these banditti were in a starving condition was well known. One of the most *daring robberies* was committed at Oatlands, the residence of

Colonel Somerset, within half a mile from the town, the cattle being whistled off at night by three Kaffirs. They were pursued the next morning by a party of Cape Mounted Riflemen, under Ensign Salis; the oxen were re-captured in a dense bush, but the thieves escaped.

The Governor had now to contend with the disaffection that prevailed among the irregular forces. These men complained that the promises made to them, regarding some provision for their families, from whom they were separated, had not been carried into effect. I subjoin an account of the mutiny of the Swellendam Native Infantry, under the command of Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards. The mutiny took place during the absence of Captain Hogg, who had proceeded to the Governor's camp, near Waterloo Bay, to make a personal representation of the grievances complained of by his men.

On Friday, the 23rd of October, Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, Fort Adjutant and Acting Commandant of Fort Beaufort, warned a hundred men of the Swellendam Native Infantry to be in readiness to march on Saturday morning, as an escort for waggons proceeding to Waterloo Bay. The men were much pleased with this order, as they wished to speak with the General on the subject of their complaints. On Saturday morning, however, Captain Ward was informed that the whole of the Swellendam Native Infantry were parading in the great square of the town, and in the face of their officers; and, before the Commandant had time to remonstrate with them, the men, to the number of three hundred and fifty, faced to the left, and marched off in the direction of Graham's Town. He was immediately requested by Major Smith, 27th Regiment, Deputy Quartermaster-General, to follow the mutineers with the troops, and to stop their progress. For this purpose, Captain Ward went over to the barracks, to order the bugler to sound the "alarm," but he was not at hand. The Commandant then ordered six of the sappers and two artillerymen to run the 3-pounder howitzer out, and follow him. This was immediately done, and he proceeded down the street in double time, with the gun, towards the bridge, in the hope of getting there before the men: but some of them called out from the rear, that the "cannons were coming," and the mutineers in advance stepped out. Captain Ward pushed on, and, on reaching the bridge, ordered the gun to be put in action, and fired three rounds of blank ammu-

nition to the left—not on the mutineers,—as a signal for support from the military. Captain Ward would have been unwise to follow the mutineers with only eight men, and no protection for the gun. The blank firing scattered the Swellendam people, who rushed up the hill over the bridge, and took up a position on the top of it. This hill, like many South African acclivities, is a natural defence, very steep, and covered with stone, and low bush or scrub.

In the mean time, the few mutineers who had followed in the rear of the gun were passing Captain Ward, who then turned round and desired the artillery not to fire until he gave the order. He then rushed in among the mutineers for the purpose of securing a prisoner; and, seizing the firelock of one, opened the pan, and then had a scuffle with him, until a Mr. Cumming, of Fort Beaufort, came to his assistance and held the man. Captain Ward followed up and laid hold of another, who might have proved a match for him, had not Mr. B. D. Bell, of Fort Beaufort, come forward and assisted in securing him. Soon after eighty men of the 90th, who happened to be at Beaufort on escort duty, advanced to the assistance of the Commandant, who immediately gave orders to limber up the gun and follow the mutineers, when he received an order from Colonel Richardson to let them go on. The reason for this was as follows. The Rev. Mr. Beaver, the clergyman of our Established Church at Fort Beaufort, on learning the step these misguided men had taken, immediately volunteered his services to follow them and to bring them back. In this offer he was seconded by Mr. Calderwood, the missionary. The services of these two gentlemen were immediately accepted by Colonel Richardson, and this was decidedly a preferable step to the following three hundred and fifty mutineers up a steep acclivity with a handful of men. The result was, that Mr. Beaver and Mr. Calderwood succeeding in persuading most of them to return, and would no doubt have induced the rest to accompany them back to Beaufort had they overtaken them, but these were too far in advance.

I have given this statement from Captain Ward's own words, in a letter written just after the occurrence, and never intended for publication. One or two other statements appeared in the Colonial prints at the time, but these gave a partial and rather incorrect view of the case, deprecating the plan of firing blank cartridge, without knowing the reason;

and, be it remembered, the writers of these accounts from Beaufort were not with Captain Ward at the moment of the occurrence. Sixty-three of the mutineers came on to Graham's Town, to renew their complaints to Captain Hogg, who had already represented their grievances. I am unable to say whether they obtained redress or not; probably not as soon as they anticipated, for shortly afterwards they again mutinied, when a detachment of the 40th was marched against them, and they were compelled to obey orders.

Mr. Beaver's conduct was humane and judicious in this affair. Colonel Richardson did wisely in accepting his proffered services, instead of risking men's lives in a fray; and Mr. Calderwood's ready assistance was praiseworthy and valuable.

Unfortunately, a Serjeant of the 91st, when near the wooden bridge on the other side of the river, fired at one of the Swellendam Native Infantry, and wounded him, but not severely. This piece of folly was interlarded with the account of the mutiny, by which the public would infer that it was committed with the knowledge and in the presence of the officer.

It was quite reviving to see the arrivals of stores and mule-waggons, during the period of the truce. Seven Field Officers were also imported from England, and thus disposed of: Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolls, as Commandant at Beaufort; Major Wetenhall, late 10th Regiment, of Waterloo Bay; and Major O'Grady, late 2nd Regiment, was appointed to the command of the Levies in Graham's Town. Lieutenant-Colonels Mackinnon, Napier, and Montresor, were employed with the General's division, and Major Storks, late 38th Regiment, with the 2nd division, under Colonel Somerset.

The great misfortune hitherto attendant on the war had been the impoverished state of the Commissariat; but now, while we were gaining time and making fresh preparations for a renewal of hostilities, the enemy were growing hungry. Their women were their foragers for roots, and these poor creatures had carried powder and provisions for them from one stronghold to another for many months.

Wherever these savages found it impracticable to take away the whole of the cattle they had stolen, they killed what they must otherwise have left to fall into our hands; and, cutting it up into strips, hung it about the bush, in the densest thickets, to dry, thus providing for their friends, who

were acquainted with these (probably long-established) primitive larders. Meat thus dried and hung up is called *biltonge*, and is by no means bad when grated.

The remains of Captain Sandes, Cape Mounted Rifles, were at last discovered on the Debe flats, near the side of the road leading to Fort Wiltshire, by a party of his own regiment, who were patrolling in that neighbourhood. A letter was found in the pocket of his jacket, and his eye-glass lay near him; by these, and his dress, he was identified. Here Mr. Macdonald, a young Ensign of the Cape Corps, caused a grave to be dug by the soldiers, with their swords:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,"

at that melancholy burial, in the solitary plains of Africa, and though it may be little thought of beyond the suffering friends and relations of that poor murdered man, the circumstances of his death, fighting alone and desperately as he did through hordes of savages in their first moments of ferocious excitement, must ever, when spoken of, awaken the sympathy and regret of his countrymen. The discovery of his remains was the only consolation left to his unfortunate widow, who only awaited this to leave the land which had brought her so much misery. It would have been intrusive to have troubled her with empty condolences, but there were those who felt deeply for her, and longed to assure her of their sympathy.

Lieutenant Lewes, of the 27th Regiment, met his death by accident, falling from his horse against the tressel-boom of a waggon. He lingered only a short time afterwards, and lies buried near the Camp at Fort Cox, mourned by all his brother officers, who were sincerely attached to him, and regretted by all who were acquainted with his honest-heartedness and kindly disposition.

If any proof were wanting of the innate villany of the Kaffirs, it would be furnished by what occurred during the time. Stock's people, in passing by Newtondale, formerly a mission station, twelve miles from Fort Peddie, being hospitably sheltered and fed there by a party guarding that spot, the repentant chief repaid this kindness by walking off at dawn with what cattle his people could drive away! At Fort Hare, Macomo began his usual career of drunkenness, maltreating his wives, and, in a fit of passion, striking one of his children dead out of its mother's arms! At times, he is

in a perfectly frantic state, riding wildly about the neighbourhood of the General's camp, in an old uniform. The last time I saw him was at a moment of peace. The band of the 7th was playing some choice pieces, and Macomo, in a blue coat and brass buttons, trousers with a broad red stripe, and a well-burnished dragoon helmet, stood by, calmly listening, with equal attention, to a set of lively polkas, and next to a glorious air from "Lucrezia Borgia." Music has the most soothing effect on a Kaffir. The savage, Umhala, has been known to shed tears, and retire from observation, on hearing the band of a regiment playing in Graham's Town.

Now that the fighting is over, I confess I should like to see a foray. I have witnessed the march of a Commando, but in this there is little excitement. The sound of the trumpet among the wild mountains in Africa, the "upsaddling" from a state of calm repose—the "assembling"—the steady forward movement—the gradual hum of voices on the look-out—the first sight of cattle quietly grazing in some wooded kloof—the dusky forms that are seen creeping away, bewitching the cattle on—the extending the cavalry, who spread themselves out in all directions, and dash at full speed, in parties of two and three, towards the thieves and their prey—must make a picture of no ordinary interest. Then, the hunt through the bush—the flying up and down short cuts, to intercept the enemy, or drive him into an open plain—more resembles the hunting some wild animal than any thing else; while, in the distance, the Kaffir scouts and videttes, who dot the hill sides, are seen skimming along the mountain ridges, with news of the fray, to their friends.

"November 25th.—We have had melancholy proof of the sickness in the field in the death of Captain Knight, 7th Dragoon Guards. Although he went into the field in good health, the cold and privation he endured on service in a few weeks laid him on his death-bed, with disease of the liver. In his military career, he was most fortunate, obtaining his commission as Cornet in the 7th in 1841, and his troop, by the death of Captain Bambrick, killed in action at Burn's Hill, on the 16th of April, 1846.

We met Captain Knight's funeral in the streets of Graham's town to-day. The party consisted of but few troops; and the Hottentot soldiers of the Cape Corps, in their bush dress, green jackets, and leather trowsers, with havresacs slung across their shoulders, ready for the field, gave a service-like

appearance to the procession, creating melancholy emotions, apart from the principal object of the mournful cavalcade. The charger, which had carried his master through the actions in the Amatolas, moved on, unconscious of its sad trappings, and the dirge that wailed through the lately blockaded streets was in strange contrast with the echoes that had formerly filled them from the rifles on the hills.

"The 6th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Michel, presents so youthful an appearance, that some of the recruits look anything but suited to the service here. Two hundred of them have never yet been taught to handle a musket. Such a country as this is very disheartening to a zealous Commanding Officer, who finds his men and officers scattered in all directions, with no prospect of seeing them in a body till he lands in England. The Rifle Brigade have taken the coloured population by surprise, as hitherto all soldiers from England have been *Roed batjes*—red jackets. They have named the Rifle Brigade the 'English Cape Corps.'"

As the enemy began to succumb, and to mingle with the people in our camps, we heard various details connected with the war for which we were not prepared. It was learnt that the Gaikas, under Sandilla, seriously meditated an onslaught on our handful of troops, under Colonel Hare, at Block Drift, on the 26th of January, 1846. These are the particulars, as related by the Kaffirs. Besides the three thousand warriors drawn up in front of Colonel Hare's force of scarcely three hundred men, there were immense numbers collected on the hill-sides, and in the ravines. Women were there, too, watching for the signal, which was to be the waving of a kaross by a chief. It was stated, also, that, as soon as this signal was given, the scout on the point of a hill attempted to obey it, as he had been desired,—namely, by firing off his piece; but three times it missed fire and he gave it up. No response followed the raising the tiger-skin banner, and the result was the breaking-up of the conference, and the safe return of the troops to quarters. It is most probable the armed scout was deterred by superstitious motives from trying a fourth time to give the signal of destruction. Had the Gaikas risen *en masse*, as was intended, what a fearful slaughter there would have been at the moment, and how terrible would have been the effect on this devoted Colony!

The day that meeting took place, my little girl and I were travelling with a small party, on horseback, through the bush

not far from Block Drift. Captain Bambrick had accompanied us part of the way on the first day's journey: it was the last time I ever saw him. As we wound along a splendid road, lately made between Post Victoria and Botha's Post, a distance of nine miles, I looked up the mountain sides, clothed with euphorbia, mimosa, and innumerable shrubs, and observed that probably those silent thickets were tenanted by human beings, who could watch our progress unobserved. We had no fear. "The word had not been given to kill;" and, though they were not aware of this expression on the part of the Kaffirs, we had every reason to believe they would never fire the first shot. I am doubtful as to the truth of the premeditated onslaught at Block Drift; for they did not fire the first shot in the Amatola Mountains.

The account of one death in the ranks of the 91st Regiment, on the first day's action in the Amatolas, affected me sincerely when I heard it. Gibb, a soldier, who was much exhausted with the march up the mountain, was allowed to mount the horse of an officer's servant, and was shot dead soon after. The melancholy task of informing his younger brother—a bugler, attached to the grenadier company—of his loss, fell to the lot of the Captain of that company. The poor fellow was shocked at the intelligence; but, at the moment he heard it, the enemy were pressing on; the grenadiers were ordered to advance in skirmishing order, the cavalry were coming up in support, and it was necessary to sound the bugle to extend. The officer, feeling for the young soldier, bid him calm his emotion, if possible, at such a moment: he obeyed as well as he could; and after various attempts to sound his instrument, did so at last, with tears running down his face in showers. What thoughts of home and of parents' faces, and sorrowing voices, were passing through that poor fellow's heart at the moment of excitement and danger! What memories of early times, when he and his brother had played as children together!*

* Another soldier of the 91st met with a cruel death at the hands of the savages. Being too much exhausted to ascend the Amatolas, he sat down by the way side. At night, when the roll was called, poor Ewell was missing. The Kaffirs admit, too, that they took him through the bush to a spot where some of their Chiefs were assembled with many warriors. Here they tied their victim to a stake, and literally flayed him alive; the little children being permitted to assist in tormenting him. Oh, "pastoral and peaceful people!" The Kaffirs said that they imagined the

"15th December.—Another movement is to take place over the Kei, into Kreli's country. At the commencement of hostilities, a body of Fingoes were located, to the amount of three thousand, east of the Kei. These soon found that Kreli was in league with the tribes near the colony, from the circumstance, that many of his best men were creeping towards it. Large droves of fine colonial cattle were passed over into the forests of the Bashee. The resident Agent and the members of the missionary department, with five hundred Fingoes, took refuge with the Amapondas, farther east, where they must have suffered great privations. What must be the sufferings of the women and children in such difficult straits! The women are most to be pitied, since their misery arises from anxiety of mind, and this is worse to bear than a host of physical evils. Two thousand five hundred Fingoes remained with their families and cattle in the district of Kreli, who has certainly displayed great tact in avoiding all open collision with our dependents. Faku, it will be remembered, is the terrible Zoolah Chief, who spares neither women nor children, but who, with his tribe of warriors, drives all before him at the point of a short assegai. With this weapon, these people close upon their enemy, and stab him. The Fingoes in Kreli's neighbourhood have been permitted to keep their ground and cattle; Kreli would not choose to meddle with them, because they are our allies, while Faku had probably some dread of the good musket in their hands, a weapon ill suited to the Zoolah spear. Faku's tribe, it is said, resemble the Mantatees in their cannibal propensities, only indulged, however, after an unsuccessful foray in search of plunder, or provision. The Mantatees are a tribe farther north than the Zoolahs. It has been determined to march into Kreli's Country, in consequence of the discovery, that Kreli has been the receiver-general of the enemy's plunder. The 27th have been ordered from the head-quarter division at Fort Hare, to join Colonel Somerset—No. 2 division—and advance towards the Kei. Whether they will cross it, appears very uncertain. It is perfectly well known now, that, besides the Gaikas, Páto, Umhala, Sonto, Seyolo, &c., have made Kreli's Country their depôt for stolen colonial cattle.

grenadiers of the 91st could not be killed, as the balls appeared to glance harmlessly past them. Mr. Cochrane, however, was wounded three times on the last day in the Amatolas.

"Sutu, the mother of Sandilla, has made her appearance at Fort Hare, wishing to surrender herself, and to make intercession for her son. To this latter request, the General has replied, he does not war with women, and can enter into no negotiations with them. Sutu is an aged woman, of a size that would befit the wife of a Daniel Lambert. She is very infirm, and would have gladly have given herself up long ago, but was not permitted by Sandilla to have any communication with the English authorities. This young Gaika tyrant was once on the point of roasting his mother alive! and she was only saved from this fearful doom by British interference.

"Colonel Somerset has made two successful forays across the Keiskama; and, besides re-capturing some fine colonial cattle, has brought the I'Slambies to implore for peace. After the first expedition, Umhala, Nonnebe, and Seyolo presented themselves with their abject and deceptive protestations at his camp on the Chalmuna river.

"In the second expedition, from which he returned not many days ago, four hundred head of cattle were taken, and the notorious Chief, Páto, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the troops, but concealed himself in a cave. He has since sent in to beg that he may give himself up, if permitted to do so. The Government will be puzzled how to act towards him; he has been our most treacherous, troublesome, and determined enemy.

"In the first foray two of the Cape Corps were killed, through their own imprudence. They stopped to drink milk in a Kaffir hut, where there were some women. The latter slipped away, and gave warning to some men concealed in a kloof near the kraal, who, on learning that but two were to be opposed, came upon them at once, and murdered them both. One poor Hottentot, in his dying moments, brought down his Kaffir foe.

"In the second expedition, on the 24th and 25th November, the Rifle Brigade proved a most efficient force.

"On the 17th December, we learn that Sandilla has at last surrendered himself at Fort Hare, bringing in about forty head of cattle, and several muskets and carbines taken from the waggons at Burn's Hill, on the 17th of April, and giving up the two prisoners demanded by Colonel Hare in February and then refused. One was the axe-stealer; the other the murderer of the Hottentot. They were lodged in gaol. Another prisoner, who accompanied them, died the night he

entered his prison; and, some time afterwards, the Kaffirs, affecting to suspect poison, requested permission to examine the body, which was accordingly exhumed; but was too much decomposed to allow of the forming any opinion on the subject."

CHAPTER XI.—Appointment of Sir Henry Pottinger.

The expedition across the Kei was still the theme of expectation during the month of December, 1846. Sir Andries Stockenstrom's command of the Burgher Forces had been deputed to Captain Sutton, Cape Mounted Rifles, who was to proceed across the Kei in the intended foray.

At this time I wrote in my journal, "This is certainly an extraordinary warfare. The enemy are coming into our camps eighty at a time, enrolling themselves as British subjects, and obtaining cattle, which they assert to be their own, and even horses; while we are marching troops into Kaffirland, seizing plunder and meeting with little open resistance. but running the chance of being murdered, as the Cape Corps soldiers, were, in the hut. It is certainly very difficult to understand.

"The attention of the public has been lately called to an article in the Leeds Mercury, asserting that 'the present war has been forced upon the British Government by the settlers.' Now, this assertion of a 'correspondent of undoubted veracity,' that 'the colonists have tormented the Governor into this war,' and that they 'thirst for Kaffir blood,' is vicious in its purpose, and utterly opposed to truth. The colonists have lived in alarm and uncertainty for ten years. Waste of time and property have never been considered, and many lives have been sacrificed on both sides in consequence of the aggressions of the border tribes on the unprotected farmers! No other nation than England would have permitted her settlers to bear the insults and depredations suffered by British emigrants at the hands of these heathen robbers, who have been permitted to arm themselves and to make every preparation for war during a period of three years, and this in the ceded territory between Kaffirland and the colony. Those who assert that the present Kaffir war has not been forced upon the British Government by the Kaffirs, are the enemies

of their countrymen, and no friends to the heathen. We have too long attempted to civilize him by indulgent measures, and have not even established such laws for the security of the industrious settlers against the aggressions of these barbarous thieves, as would be considered necessary defences against any civilized Christian neighbours, whose characters and customs are opposed to our own. Sir Peregrine Maitland is the last man to allow 'a people thirsting for blood' to torment him into 'deeds of violence;' and, had not the colonists an implicit reliance on his justice, they might fear, from the present aspect of affairs, that his humanity might cause him to relax in his demands on the Kaffirs for compensation for cattle. They are at present, indeed, subdued by terror at the sight of our reinforcements, but are far from being humbled, or convinced: their humility is feigned, their apparent conviction and submission are exhibited in the sulkiest moods. I much doubt their system of non-resistence lasting beyond the season for gathering in their corn. However, as Talleyrand said of the Bourbons' return, 'C'est le commencement de la fin.' Matters now must be brought to a close, not speedily, and perhaps not satisfactorily. Already the colonists say, 'We shall have another war ten years hence.' The military hoping to leave the Colony, rejoice in the prospect of home; those lately come out wear rueful countenances,—visions of solitary outposts, of commandos, of no society, of continued discomfort, disgust the young soldiers just arrived, and promise no good will in the performance of their duties.

"At Fort Hare, they are endeavouring to drive away ennui by hack races, or any kind of amusement which easily presents itself. The listlessness of a camp life is too often complained of to need comment. In this Colony it is worse than ever, since books are obtained with difficulty, and the heat and glare render the tent habitations very trying to the patience as well as to the constitution. The sight especially suffers, and several officers and men have been rendered incapable of duty from inflammation of the eyes.

"Macomo's eldest daughter is the belle of the camp; she is one of nature's coquettes, and attitudinizes, exhibits her teeth, affects bashfulness, or mirth, as suits the taste of her admirers, and is as great an adept in the art of mute flirtation as any beauty at Almack's, or Ascot.

"December 8th.—We hear that Umhala has come into Colonel Somerset's camp, offering to give us three hundred

head of cattle, and bring with him two hundred and fifty of his people, tendering his submission to Captain Maclean, late 27th Regiment, and now the Agent between the British Government and the I'Slambie tribes. His adhesion is accepted on the understanding that he can never be recognized as a chief, but merely as a Kaffir; that the British are not anxious for peace, unless arranged satisfactorily and honourably, that if he wishes for war he had better avow it honestly than propose terms which he may intend to violate, and that he had better now make his decision without duplicity. In reply to this, Umhala remarked that 'the war had lasted too long, since the corps of the Kaffirs were suffering in consequence of the delay.' Very cool! 'His arms and those of his people had been left on the plains of the Gwanga! He had but two alternatives. One was to place himself at the Governor's disposal, the other to be dependent on Kreli. He found he could depend upon the honour of the British! whereas he could not place confidence in any Chief of his own land!' &c.

"After he and his people had been duly registered, they all moved over the Buffalo, and are to remain there until matters shall be more definitively settled.

"Umhala's alternatives remind one of the choice of David, who preferred 'falling into the hands of God rather than men.' The cunning Kaffir knows that, by submitting to the British authorities, he yields to the humane influences of Christianity, whereas by giving himself and his people up to Kreli's tender mercies they would, to use Umhala's terms, 'become the slaves (Fingoes) of the Amagalekas,' or as some call them, the Ama Hintza tribe. The terrible Zoolahs also would assail them.

"The position of the Fingoes for many years, under their hard task-masters the Kaffirs, reminds one forcibly of the Israelites under the Egyptians. Sir James Alexander, in his sketches, gives an animate description of the redemption of these unhappy slaves from their miserable bondage by Sir Benjamin D'Urban.*

* "On the 7th of May," says Sir James, "I witnessed a most interesting sight, and one which causes this day to be one of immense immense importance in the annals of South Africa. It was no less than the flight of the Fingo nation, seventeen thousand in number, from Amakosa bondage, guarded by British troops, and on their way across the Kei, to

"There is a report, from very tolerable authority, that Páto has come in contact with Kreli, and that both are disputing about the cattle. It is not unlikely that Kreli has coaxed, or at least tacitly encouraged Páto into his country, with a promise of protection after passing over the Kei. Kreli may even make a merit of giving up the treacherous Páto. These, however, are merely my own surmises. One thing must be apparent to every one who has the honour of our country at heart—Páto should never be admitted to terms by our Government; he should be hunted from our borders, and made to take his chance among the other tribes eastward of the Colony. To enrol him as a British subject would be a disgrace to the name of one.

"I must not forget to mention that on Umhala's leaving the camp, after registering his name, it was ascertained that he and his people had abstracted several of the trek oxen belonging to the Government! What honourable subjects are these!

"The Rifle Brigade has been found a most efficient force on the frontier of South Africa; one hundred of them are to be mounted. The General finds it expedient to dispense with the Burgher forces, who will be permitted to return to their homes in February. The corps of liberated Africans, who have been chiefly employed on escort duty, have been asked if any of them will volunteer for the Cape Corps, but not even the promise of a horse and the appointments of a soldier, will tempt them to enlist. Some say, they would not mind returning to the frontier to serve, after having seen their families near Cape Town, but they object to the green jacket. Scarlet would be a greater temptation. These poor redeemed slaves display their joy at the prospect of a release from service, in dancing and singing. Unlike the war dances of the Kaffirs and the Fingoes, theirs are slow and quiet, and regulated

find a new country under British protection."—See Sketches in Western Africa for the rest of this description, vol. ii., chap. 23.

I have already touched upon the idle state of the Fingoes, who do nothing for the country which has rescued them from a slavery of the most miserable character. They have fought well during this war; but this has generally been in defence of their own cattle, or with the hope of remuneration. The garrison at Fort Peddie was originally placed there for the protection of the Fingoes, who would in no way render their services to their protectors, and whose time was chiefly passed in basking in the sun. The women tilled the ground, the children herded the cattle, and the men hunted—when hungry.

in their time by a small drum, or tom-tom, and another curious instrument of wood and wire, a rude imitation of the lute; indescribable, however, in appearance and sound, but requiring to be regularly tuned before using, like any other stringed instrument. While they move, or rather slide along the ground within a circle, they sing a monotonous air, containing only three or four notes.

"When I touched on the subject of the burial of a Malay some time since, I did not mention the custom of turning the face of a corpse towards Mecca, the Malays being strict Mahommedans. I should not have thought, perhaps, of inquiring about it, but that the question was asked me. I learn that the Malays are scrupulous with regard to this, regulating the arrangement by a compass, and making a strict allowance for the variation.

"One peculiarity of Africa has been singularly striking, during the continuance of this wretched war. I allude to the variety, consequently presented, of the coloured tribes. First, comes the stalwart Kaffir, with his powerful form and air of calm dignity, beneath which is concealed the deepest cunning, the meanest principles. Some call the Kaffir brave; he is a liar, a thief, and a beggar, ready only to fight in ambush; and although, to use the common expression, he 'dies game,' his calmness is the result of sullenness. Are such qualities consistent with bravery of character? Next to the Kaffir ranks the Fingo, differing from the Kaffir much as the Irish do from the English, being more mercurial, and less methodical. After these, may be named the Kat River Hottentots and the Griquas, half-castes between Dutch and English. The Hottentots, whom I have already described, are little appreciated, or even known in other countries. This war has proved that they make the most efficient soldiers for the service in which they have been engaged. The little stunted Bushmen, too, the real aborigines of the land, have assisted us with their poisoned arrows, and are a keen-witted race. Their talent for mimicry is well-known, a proof of their quickness of observation. The Malay may be considered naturalized in the Cape Town districts. The Africanders, a caste between the Malays and Europeans, with apparently a dash of Indian blood among them, are a remarkably handsome race; the women would make fine studies for Murillo's beauties. Their hair is their chief ornament, and is of the deepest black. They take great pains in

arranging it and twist it up quite classically at the back of the head, fastening the shining mass of jet with a gilt arrow, or a miniature spear.

"The Zoolahs, or Zooluhs, I have already spoken of. These are to the east, beginning some way beyond Kreli's Country, and reaching to Natal. Their great chief, Panda, is in constant communication with that dependency.

"Finally, we may name the West Coast Negroes, the liberated Africans, who have been trained, in a short space of time, into tolerable discipline. They have lately been brought to the Cape from St. Helena, the latter place having been established as a depôt for these poor creatures, when rescued from their sea-prison by our vessels of war off the coast. None of them are ever willing to return to their own country, where they are liable to be seized, and made objects of traffic between their own people and the European slave-dealers.

"December 28.—As I write, this eventful year is closing in. The curtain is gradually falling on the scenes of the last nine months.

* * * *

"It is thought that this expedition over the Kei will be the last, and perhaps Kreli may make a merit of necessity, and give up Páto and his plunder. This latter, however, is only my own idea. Colonel Somerset will follow up the enemy, as far as he is permitted to do so. At this period, while Kreli's people are only waiting to reap their corn, it seems to me that it would have a good effect to threaten the Chief with a march through his country in search of cattle, unless he exerts himself to restore what we know is either there, or has passed through it.

"The resources of the colony are open. We have troops, supplies, and some fresh horses The Graham's Town Journal of the 19th of December, has some remarks on the efficacy of sending a vessel to the mouth of the Umzimvooboo, in Amapondaland. 'In one month,' says the writer of this article, 'the British flag may be floating at the mouth of the Umzimvooboo.'

"This river lies about midway between Graham's Town and Port Natal, being rather nearer to the latter place.

"While Colonel Somerset's division is in preparation for another forward movement, the Government Agents are busy in registering black British subjects. The Kaffirs see that it is to their interest to make peace for the present. They will

apparently submit to any terms we may dictate, but no matter what promises they may make, or what guarantee for future good behaviour they may give, their promises are written upon sand, and their bond is insecure, because void of all honour. Thieves and liars they will remain, until some system is established to overcome their heathen customs, and subdue their vicious natures. Whether the proposed system be available for these purposes, can only be judged of by the result.

"Sir John Malcolm, in his 'Central India,' says there is no other way of converting heathens than by beginning with children; the prejudices of the old ones are too strong to be eradicated. Sir James Alexander makes a remark to the same effect, and in no country can there be greater proof of it than in this.

"I yesterday happened to open 'The Report of the Directors to the fifty-first General Meeting of the London Missionary Society, on the 15th of May, 1845,' and in a notice from King William's Town, find these words in conclusion: 'Jan Tzatzoe and the other native assistant have made extensive journeys through the year, for the purpose of diffusing the name of Christ and the knowledge of his salvation.' My first impulse was to laugh, knowing that Jan Tzatzoe, the propagator of Christianity in 1845, has been foremost in the mischief of 1846; but it is melancholy to think how we have been imposed upon. The very writer of the report probably considered Jan Tzatzoe in earnest. It is hard to accuse others of deliberate mis-statements, unless their motives are fully proved. Jan Tzatzoe has also had the advantage of religious instruction in England, having been exhibited there as a Christian Kaffir a few years ago!

"December 29th.—Intelligence has been received from Colonel Somerset's division, which is moving along the sea-coast. He has captured two hundred and sixty head of cattle from the I'Slambies. Sir Peregrine Maitland had come up with the second division, and would cross the Kei at Warden's Post on the 21st of December. Colonel Somerset would proceed by the mouth of the Kei, and the two divisions would meet at Butterworth, the missionary station between the river and Kreli's kraal. The whole country is said to be teeming with cattle. There have been some encounters between the Burgher patrols and the cattle-stealers, and a Hottentot Burgher was shot last week at Kaffir drift.

"*More* mule-waggons have passed up the hills to-day,

with provisions for the troops. How invaluable would be the camel in this country! Some object to the use of it, in consequence of the moist state of the country after severe rains; but the slow-moving oxen, with the heavy waggons, are often detained for weeks. The camel, by its swift pace and its strength for burden, would soon make up for time lost by casualties. The latter animal, too, would always thrive on the food from the bush, and would have less need of water than the ox. I heard an officer of well-known intelligence and keen observation remark how useful elephants might be made in such warfare; the bush would afford them provision, and a howdah, filled with armed men, and placed on an elephant's back, would make a splendid portable battery for the low jungle of Africa.

"The troops cross the various rivers in boats, which they carry with them. There must be something very imposing in the sight of an armed force, varying in numbers from two to four thousand men, moving along these vast wilds by moonlight; but choosing such paths as shall screen them from the spies, who lie in wait to bear intelligence back to the enemy, and give warning of the approach. In these wilds will be found much grander scenery than in the colonial districts. Here the grass is richer, the trees are of a superior height, the rivers clearer, the mountain slopes more abundantly clothed, sometimes with vast forests, and the valleys are more fertile. Here the Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Fingoes dwell amid the finest pasturage, and in the most healthy part of the country.

"December 31st.—New Year's Eve! Home! Home! Where are the happy faces I have seen gathered ronnd the cheerful hearth long years ago? How often, as I look back on past years, am I reminded of Mrs. Hemans's 'Graves of a household!' We are sundered—scattered far and wide. One who returned to us, after long years of absence in the service of his country, found his grave at last in Canada. Another moulders on the rock of St. Helena, snatched away in the bloom of life by the ruthless hand of consumption. One has been called by duty to the shores of the Mediterranean; another has returned to England, debilitated by the climate of the West Indies; and even the sisters from that 'household hearth,' to which I turn with sad remembrance, are, with two exceptinos, suffering from the vicissitudes of a military life. Vicissitudes, trials, privations!—these are indeed to be found

in Africa, and in the space of four years I have suffered from the horrors of shipwreck and of war.

"A strange wild sound of music comes up across the green from the barracks, and the moon is just old enough to shed her tender light upon a group of Malays, who, in their picturesque dresses, are marching to the measured beat of a drum of their own making, and the sounds of several rude flutes, clarionets, and horns, shaped hurriedly from the bamboo, but emitting not unpleasant music, in most perfect time. This is the peculiar feature in the talent for harmony displayed by the Hottentots and Malays: no matter how rude the instrument, or how poor the voice, tune and time are perfect. The old Irish air of 'Garryowen' has a strange effect played by this untutored band, their rude instruments assisted by voices of many kinds, from the deepest bass to the highest soprano. And now their war song!—what a fine wind-up, with its curious combinations that sound scientific, and yet have no musical grammar in them! It is over, and the air is still again. There is the tramp of their feet over the parade-ground, and—oh, poesy! oh, heroism!—they have changed their solemn tread for a quick march, and their stirring war-song for the lively Polka!

* * * * *

"There is as much trouble here as ever, and less excitement. The registered subjects of British Kaffraria have taken to robbing orchards, while idling in search of plunder, coolly acknowledging their purpose, producing their registration tickets, and offering as a reason—for it cannot be called an excuse—that 'the English have taken their cattle from them, and they want them back again.'

"January 1, 1847.—At Fort Hare, the registration system proceeds as usual. Macomo, in a fit of wilfulness, took his departure from thence a few days ago, with a single follower; and, being traced to Fort Armstrong, not far from the Tarka Post, has been detained there. A letter from the Commanding Officer of a large division on the Kei says, 'There is still much work before us; the patrol is back, bringing in about four thousand five hundred head of cattle. Colonel Somerset, and a party of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, are gone on towards Butterworth. One of the Rifle Brigade is killed, and another wounded, in crossing the Kei drift; about fifty Kaffirs are killed. The Camp will break up to-morrow, and next day cross the Kei, and join Colonel Somerset. The

natives are determined to show fight. They walked away with three span of oxen this morning; however, they were hotly pursued, and all but five had been re-captured. They were in numbers, challenging our people to come on,' &c.

"This day brings the unexpected intelligence of Sir Henry Pottinger's appointment to the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope. The Home Authorities have doubtless seen how impossible it is for a man of Sir Peregrine Maitland's great age to undergo even the physical toil attendant upon a government of so vast a tract of country; and, when it is also considered that, in consequence of the distance of Cape Town from the frontier, Sir Peregrine was prevented from appearing on the scene till the conclusion of the first great act of the war, every one will be sensible of the immense difficulties with which he has had to contend. Every one is assured that Sir Peregrine Maitland has acted honourably, conscientiously, and disinterestedly throughout the war; and, in leaving the frontier of South Africa, he bears with him the acknowledgements of the colonists, whom he has done his best to serve, and the earnest respect of the troops, whose toils and privations he has patiently shared, and to whom he has been an example of British courage, perseverance, and true nobility of principle.

"January 18th.—The mournful news has just been received of the murder of three officers and four soldiers, by Kaffirs, on the banks of the Kei. They lost their lives in the following manner:—They belonged to a party sent to guard a drift at the Kei, and, having been some days without meat where they were, a patrol went in search of some, and, seeing cattle at a distance, those mounted, namely, the three officers (namely, Captain Gibson and Dr. Howell, Rifle Brigade; and the Hon. Mr. Chetwynd, 73rd Regiment,) and four provisional Hottentots, went in advance, leaving the infantry, about forty men, some way behind them; they had secured some cattle, and were returning, when a horde of Kaffirs rushed from a neighbouring kloof and overpowered the party, killing the officers and two of the Hottentots. The infantry were too far away to be of any assistance. On reaching the spot where they expected to find the officers, not a trace of them was to be seen, nor were the bodies found for two days after the event. The three murdered officers died nobly. They made a stand at once on the approach of the treacherous enemy from his lair. Dr. Howell's horse fell wounded at the first

fire, and the others, determined not to desert him, fought by his side till their ammunition was expended. The remaining Hottentots gave information, after their escape through the bush, of the scene of strife, and the bodies were sought for. There were at first some rumours of mutilation, but there is scarcely a doubt now of their having been shot dead at once. Mr. Chetwynd received a ball through his heart, and Captain Gibson had no less than six gun-shot wounds.

"Ten miles beyond the Kei, these brave spirits now lie at rest. Beside a spot called Shaw's Fountain, they were buried by their sorrowing comrades. Far from the habitations of the white man are their simple graves; no monument marks the burial-ground in the mighty wilderness, but the memory of these gallant spirits is embalmed the breasts of their fellow soldiers, and their lonely abiding places in the far desert will be henceforth hallowed spots in an enemy's country.

"The act by which they fell a sacrifice to savage treachery was an imprudent one, but they were 'strangers in the land,' and knew not that it is a common trick of the Kaffirs to show cattle at the edge of the bush, and lie in wait."*

CHAPTER XII.—Sufferings of the Settlers.

"Another year has opened its pages in the book of life, and the record of the Kaffir war promises nothing in the shape of peace. Our enemy, instead of being subdued, appears more obstinate than ever, and deeply intent on every device that can thwart our purpose and forward his own.

"When the Kaffirs first began to make concessions, I was of opinion that they were willing to submit to any terms at the moment, in order to gain time to plant and reap. The result has been what every one experienced in the Kaffir character ought to have anticipated. We have dealt too mercifully with the treacherous and cruel foe; cruel he is by nature; witness his brutality even among those of his own colour, nay, his own blood. Some say he is not cowardly; it is certain he meets death at the last moment calmly, and he has a peculiar pride in bearing pain and annoyance at all times with apparent indifference. A Kaffir will not raise his hand to remove a fly from his face; and, as he rubs his skin with clay and grease to protect it from the effects of the sun, these attract the flies, and I have known a savage sit for

* See Appendix.

hours in the sun with his cheeks and brow covered by these tormenting and fidgetty insects, without attempting to remove them. It must be allowed, though, that a Kaffir skin more resembles the hide of some powerful animal than the skin of a human being. In the early part of this war, some person procured the entire skin of a Kaffir, and had it treated in the same way that leather is first prepared for tanning. I am told that the texture is at least three times the thickness of a white man's, and I see no reason for doubting the assertion.

"The Kaffir has neither generosity nor gratitude, which are invariably the attributes of a brave nature; he will not meet his adversary openly, unless he has the advantage immensely in numbers, as in Captain Sandes's case. When there are some thousands, to one helpless or unarmed man, they will annihilate him without mercy. The Kaffir has no genuine pride, for he will submit to any personal degradation to obtain his ends; in short, he is an ignoble foe, and we gain no more credit, or profit, in fighting such an enemy than if we were endeavouring to circumvent an army of baboons. The Kaffir warriors move from kloof to kloof, from drift to drift, with their provisions in their pouches, or deposited at certain distances in the bush, while their women contrive to support themselves in the neighbourhood of the British camp, making occasional excursions to see their relatives in the field, to furnish them with useful intelligence and gunpowder. Where the latter is obtained is, professedly, a mystery! The resources of the Colony present temptations to those who have long lived by trading in the country beyond the Kei; and, although provisions have not been forwarded along the coast, small vessels have made their way to the mouths of the rivers between Waterloo Bay and Natal. A report, founded on good grounds, is abroad, that the Kaffir women have lately been employed in conveying ammunition to their friends, by means of pack-oxen, from Algoa Bay to the interior of Kaffirland, right through the Colony. This is by no means improbable, when the territory is so vast, and the population scattered, and comparatively small.

"There is little doubt that the Resident Agent at Block Drift now sees the uselessness of endeavouring to carry out the late arrangements of Government with regard to 'British Kaffraria.' How he ever supposed such measures could succeed must remain a puzzle to all acquainted with the Kaffir's nature! 'I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of

Christ,' is an appeal which the South African savage, in his present state, cannot be brought to understand.

"January 6th.—We have the old story from the field; the troops have been patrolling, and have rescued two thousand head of cattle from the I'Slambies. The 6th, under the command of Colonel Michell, have had their share in this foray. Much sickness continues to prevail. The cunning Páto has again succeeded in eluding pursuit, although Colonel Somerset hemmed him in. The gallant Colonel, while moving through a mist with a party of troops, came suddenly on his enemy. The surprise of seeing Páto's panther-like face, as the gloom cleared for an instant, elicited an exclamation from Colonel Somerset, as he drew his pistol from his holster, and Páto escaped into the bush ere the shot could take effect. At the time the despatches were written, only one part of the troops had crossed the Kei, and our private letters mention that the rivers were rising fast. Those who were on the eastern bank, had only a few days' provisions with them, and they may be cut off from all communication with the troops on this side for two or three weeks.

"News from England.—Orders have been received to this effect:—the 27th, 90th, and 91st Regiments are to embark for England immediately, if they can possibly be spared. The 90th are to march to Graham's Town at once, and onward to the coast. I despair of our removal with the 91st. Sir Henry Pottinger is daily expected on the frontier. The 27th and 91st Regiments will no doubt be detained till his arrival, and what his movements may be it is impossible to know."

On the 12th of January, Sir Peregrine Maitland arrived at Graham's Town, from the frontier, on his way to Cape Town, bringing with him the intelligence, that two thousand head of fine cattle had been captured across the Kei by Colonel Somerset's division; this was a second recapture in less than a fortnight, and under considerable difficulties. But the grand capture, of six thousand head, was made afterwards, and on the 17th of January, Colonel Somerset crossed the Kei at the imminent peril of his life, but the patrol, with all the cattle, were unable to ford the stream, which was still rising with such force that nothing could stand against the torrent. All provisions and supplies were cut off, and the troops had nothing but a few mealies (Indian corn) to subsist on. Three men were drowned on the morning of the 15th: Serjeant-Major Ritchie, 7th Dragoon Guards, and two of the Cape

Corps: and Mr. Allen, Assistant-Surgeon of the Cape Corps, was only saved by disengaging himself from his horse and swimming ashore.

The command of the troops on the frontier now devolved on Colonel Somerset, until the arrival of General Berkeley. The efficiency of the Colonel for such a command has been fully proved during this long and harassing war.

On the 19th of January the force made its way across the Kei, with eight thousand head of cattle, captured in Kreli's country. The Kaffirs hung upon the rear, disputing each drift and passage with the troops. In crossing the Kei, a serjeant of the 6th, and a private of the Cape Mounted Rifles, were shot by the enemy.

Having recaptured so much cattle, Colonel Somerset now determined to fall back towards the Colony, and on the 19th he issued an order, warning those in command of posts and divisions, to be as vigilant as ever in their observations of the enemy's movements, as hostilities had not ceased.

Meanwhile, sickness prevailed among the troops in the field and still increasing. Rheumatism, camp-fever, and dysentery, reduced the subject of them to a deplorable state of debility, and it was melancholy to see young men, who had been scarcely three months in the Colony, brought to positive decrepitude from these sufferings.

"February 6th.—The 91st are under orders to proceed from Fort Peddie to Graham's Town, for the purpose of preparing for embarkation for home.

"The 'Thunderbolt' steamer, having on board Her Majesty's Commissioner, Sir Henry Pottinger, and Lieutenant-General Berkeley, the Commander of the Forces; in rounding Cape Recife, on the 3rd of February, struck upon a sunken rock, sprung a leak, and it is feared will go to pieces with the first south-easter. The disappointment of the 90th, who were waiting at Algoa Bay for this vessel to convey them to Cape Town for final embarkation, may be will imagined. The old soldiers who stood eagerly watching her approach, set up a universal shout as they saw her coming round. What must have been their feelings when they beheld her run right ashore?

"The appearance of the 90th on leaving the Colony is so totally different to what it presented on its arrival here, that it goes far to prove the good effect of the Cape climate on constitutions debilitated by Indian service. Under every

disadvantage of fatigue, privation, and a residence under canvas during an African summer, with the thermometer at times 157° in the open air, the 90th, on their march from Graham's Town to the coast, presented a perfect picture of a regiment of British veterans.

"We lately saw them in our evening ride, as they toiled up a steep hill before us with their long line of waggons and dusky waggon-drivers. How cheerful they looked! I envied them as I turned my horse's head back to the land of banishment and anxiety! I could not help uttering the words, 'Happy 90th, God speed you!' aloud, as the last waggon passed us, and an old soldier, with a bronzed cheek and grey hair, saluted our party, by way of 'Thank you for your good will!' How little they anticipated their disappointment at Algoa Bay!"

It is not long since we rode a few miles on the Fort Beaufort road to see the cattle that had been captured by Colonel Somerset's division across the Kei. We reached the bivouac just as the sun was declining. The cattle, seven thousand in number, were gathered into a dense mass, and surrounded by their guards. I never see a poor patient-looking Cape ox, that I do not think of the strife continually existing here for the sake of its race. The mass of cattle was a Smithfield show; but the tents round it—the huts contrived to hold one person—being a few bushes and a piece of tattered canvas, the fires where the Hottentots and their vrouws cooked their suppers, the piled muskets, the picquets and scouts turning out for the night, and the pack-oxen, apart from their fellows, and so tame as to be pets and playmates of the boys who watched them, presented an extraordinary sight, particularly in that strange light between the setting of the sun and the reign of the moon. This crowd of cattle had been brought into the Colony with great speed and security, by the levy in command of Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards; and, as was anticipated, the enemy followed them, in various parties, through the different passes between Kaffirland and our own territory. Fortunately, Captain Hogg and his people had been too swift and careful in their movements to be circumvented even by Kaffirs, and the cattle was distributed to the farmers without delay.

We took another ride one day, which created sad sensations. Above the Drostdy barracks, on the western side of Graham's Town, is a succession of hills and undulating plains. We

chose our path along the open ground, being a vast irregular space, evidently very fertile, for the turf was gay with beautiful wild flowers. Gigantic mountains, piled one above the other, formed the background of this noble amphitheatre. Here and there a hill was clothed in patches of deep green, and on its summit waved a few small trees, but there was no dense bush, and two or three farms dotted the plains, many miles in extent.

"These farms have probably been secure from the Kaffirs during the war," said I.

We reached one of them. Although it had escaped the brand of the savage, it looked desolate. The owners had only returned within a few days. They had not deserted it till the last moment; their cattle had been stolen and their herds wounded, their land was untilled, and the little watercourse was choked with rubbish. We passed on to the farm a short distance beyond it. The settlers, a man and his wife, perfectly English in appearance, but pale and harassed, stood surveying their miserable homestead. This, too, from its open position, had escaped the brand; but the windows were shattered, the door swung on imperfect hinges, the steps were broken and grass grew between them; the little garden laid waste; and, as if in mockery, a scarlet geranium streamed garishly over the crumbling embankment; rank weeds filled the place of other plants under the broken boughs of the apricot trees, and a few poor articles of furniture which had been borne away to Graham's Town, on the family flitting, stood in the open air, awaiting more strength than the exhausted mistress of the place could command. Her husband had been trying to bring a piece of ground into some sort of cultivation, but it was heavy work; the long droughts had parched the earth, and the mimosa fence was scattered over the face of the patch, which had once yielded vegetables.

We asked them if they, too, had lost their cattle? The man smiled, as he said, "Yes;" he seemed amused at our supposing it could have escaped the hands of the robber. The woman sighed, and answered that two of her herds had been killed, and her son had had a narrow escape of being shot. "We did not like to stay after that, Ma'am," said she, "and we have been many months in Graham's Town. I'm sure I don't think we are safe now, in spite of all the fresh soldiers we've got in the country," she continued, casting a frightened glance

towards the gloomy mountains behind the homestead, "but we are all ruined, and things can't be much worse, so we may as well take our chance."

The colonists, who are the best judges of the benefits conferred on them by Colonel Somerset's exertions in their behalf, have come forward to bestow a solid testimony of their gratitude towards him, by setting on foot a subscription for the purchase of a piece of plate, setting forth that "The inhabitants of Albany, impressed with the great service rendered them by Colonel Somerset during the Kaffir war, by his rapid march from Block Drift into Lower Albany and other parts of the district, thereby relieving the inhabitants from imminent danger, and in some cases from almost certain destruction, from the wrathful hands of an invading enemy, and further for his services rendered to the Colony in general by his great exertions in the field, it is proposed to present him with a piece of plate, as a mark of their esteem and gratitude."

The march alluded to, of such importance to the safety and he lives of the unfortunate settlers, was "made on his own responsibility." By this "forced march," says the Graham's Town Journal, February 13th, 1847, "Colonel Somerset saved Theopolis, Farmerfield, Salem, Bathurst, and other places in Lower Albany, from probable destruction."

On the departure of his Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland from the frontier, the troops fell back from the Kei to the Buffalo, where Colonel Van der Meulen assumed the command of a division, consisting of four companies of the Rifle Brigade, beside his own regiment, the 73rd, two guns, seventy Cape Corps, a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and a chequered group of Provisionals. This division encamped amid the ruins of what once promised to be a flourishing town, named by Sir Harry Smith, King William's Town; the site having been taken possession of by him in the name of William IV., in 1835; but it was subsequently abandoned.

Here, then, among these memorials of the last war, the troops are building huts and bowers for themselves. The heat is intolerable. The walls of Sir Harry Smith's abode are still standing, and the old garden contains some excellent fruit trees, planted probably under the direction of Lady Smith, the interesting Spanish heroine of some charming sketches of the Peninsula, and the favourite of the African frontier.

Lady Smith, of kindly memory, would live in the hearts of those who knew her, even were she not connected with one of the heroes of the late conquests in India.

Fort Peddie has been strengthened, and is now the head-quarters of the 6th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Michel. Besides the 6th, Colonel Michel has at his disposal a troop of Dragoons, a party of the Cape Corps, and some companies of the Rifle Brigade.

The 91st are scattered far and wide at outposts and bivouacs. The light company, under Captain Savage, are in Colonel Michel's district, patrolling between Post Victoria (abandoned and resumed within eight months) and Fort Peddie. The Grenadiers, under Captain Ward, are on their march to the neighbourhood of Hell's Poort, to intercept cattle-lifters. The levies have been dismissed, or dispersed of their own accord; the flank companies of Her Majesty's 91st are employed in their stead!

The Beaufort Division is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, and consists of the 45th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine; the reserve battalion 91st, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell; 7th Dragoon Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, and a Burgher Force, under Major Sutton, Cape Mounted Rifles.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Registration System.

The pithy motto of "Deeds, not words," is fraught with sound sense; nevertheless, words uttered with calmness and decision, to a suffering community, carry comfort to the hearts of men, if, by their import, they simply prove that the sufferer's cause is understood.

Sir Henry Pottinger left Cape Town on the 10th February, 1847, in the "President" flag-ship, Admiral Dacres, and an address was presented to him on his landing at Algoa Bay, by the inhabitants of Port Elizabeth, to which he replied in a manner that evinced his determination to meet the difficulties before him unflinchingly.

Whilst Sir Henry Pottinger was receiving and replying to the addresses of the inhabitants of Algoa Bay, Sir Peregrine Maitland, his family and suite, were embarking at Cape Town for England. Every demonstration of respect towards the ex-Governor and Lady Sarah Maitland, was displayed by

the inhabitants, who pressed forward to offer a kind farewell.

On the 24th of February, the guns from the battery above the Drostdy Barracks announced the arrival of Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B., the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces on the South African frontier; and, on the 27th, another salute told of Sir Henry Pottinger's approach to the then immediate seat of Government, Graham's Town.

The registration system has not succeeded. A farmer misses his cattle, sheep, and horses, or his garden is trampled down, or stripped of its produce. He represents the case to the officer of the line, or the Burgher in command of the nearest post, or bivouac. A patrol is ordered; the spoor is traced, and the men enter the thick bush, creeping on their hands and knees. They first come on the ashes of a fire, and the *débris* of a meal; the eyes of a savage scout gleam through a screen of mimosa thorns, and then disappear; there is a rush through the bush, a Kaffir exclamation of "Ma-wo!" a stray shot or two from the enemy, fired with deadly intent, but unsuccessfully generally, from the very desire to take unerring aim, a volley from the patrol, then a chase to no purpose; for, shortly after, the savages utter a yell of defiance from some distant or impracticable pass, or more frequently vanish in silence, leaving, perhaps, the traces of blood, the Kaffirs possessing extraordinary vitality, and rivalling, though in a different sense, that celebrated British Corps, the "Die Hards." The deserted bivouac of the enemy is then examined, and the booty that presents itself as a reward of toil and courage, consists of the bones of an ox, the remnant of a roasted goat, or sheep, some trophies from Burn's Hill, in the shape of an artillery powder-bag, part of a leather belt, a few stray assegais, perchance a good hair-trigger gun, some filthy karosses, and a registration ticket or two, setting forth how Cana, or Weni, or Tuti, No. 300, or 3000, &c., had "surrendered himself at Fort Hare, or Fort Peddie, on such a day, 1847," the said surrender, by the way, having been followed up on some occasions by a gift of cattle recaptured by the troops on the very morning perhaps that it was presented to the said Cana, Weni, Tuti, &c., &c.

On the 25th of February, the Grenadiers of the 91st Regiment having been detained many days on the eastern side of the Fish River, in consequence of its being impassable from its swollen state, the soldiers adopted a peculiar mode of

getting the baggage-waggons across this gulph of dark and sluggish waters. Availing themselves of a short period when the drift became navigable, these patient and experienced soldiers took the waggons to pieces, and embarked them piecemeal with their cargoes in the clumsy craft which forms the sole means of conveyance.

The first two years of our sojourn here, the locusts devastated the land. The prophet Joel describes this dreadful visitation as "Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains," "Like the noise of flame of fire that devoureth the stubble," as a "strong people set in battle array;" and any one who has ridden through a cloud of locusts, must admit the description to be as true as it is sublime. On one occasion, at Fort Peddie, the cloud, flickering between us and the missionary station, half a mile distant, dazzled our eyes, and veiled the buildings from our sight; at last it rose, presenting its effects in some acres of barren stubble, which the sun had lit up in all the beauty of bright green a few hours before. Verily, "the heavens" seemed "to tremble," and the sky was darkened by this "great army," which passed on "every one on his ways," neither "breaking their ranks" nor "thrusting one another." So, they swept on, occupying a certain space between the heavens and the earth, and neither swerving from their path, extending the mighty phalanx, or pausing in the course: the noise of their wings realizing the idea of a "flaming blast," and their whole appearance typifying God's terrible threat of a "besom of destruction."

"They shall walk every one in his path!" Nothing turns them from it. And, if the traveller endeavour to force his way through them with unwonted rapidity, he is sure to suffer. I have ridden for miles at a sharp gallop through these legions, endeavouring to beat them off with my whip, but all to no purpose! nothing turns them aside, and the poor horses bend down their heads as against an advancing storm, and make their way as best they can, snorting and writhing under the infliction of several sharp blows on the face and eyes, which their riders endeavour to evade with as little success. One draws a long breath after escaping from a charge of locusts, and looking round you, you exclaim with the prophet, "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them."

The white ants are another plague—books, dresses, carpets, &c., all fall a prey to their voracity in a few days; the very houses give way before them; and when they are on a march, never swerving from their path, some thousands in number, the earth has the appearance of being covered with ashes. Twice, then, have I seen the land subject to this curse; and in 1846 the droughts proved perhaps a worse misfortune. Here again the prophet's words were applicable: "How do the beasts groan! the herds of cattle are perplexed because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate!"

The rise of the rivers is another of the wonderful sights of Africa. At one moment the bed of the river presents little but a surface of mud; a distant murmur is heard, then a roar; nearer, yet nearer, and a wall of water is visible up the stream. On, on,—not foaming, nor leaping, norg lancing in the bright sun,—like a cheerful, honest, English torrent—but with a slow sluggish movement, the wall advances, swelling in its career, and gradually filling the great chasm with a dull and sluggish volume of lead-coloured fluid; while the cattle stand trembling and gazing on the brink of this African Styx, their Fingo herdsman making no bad representation of "Charon grim!"

Páto's last message to Colonel Somerset might be admired for its coolness, if the intentions implied in it were serious in all their bearings. His ambassadress, a Kaffir woman, came into Graham's Town lately, to tell Colonel Somerset that Páto desired to meet him*, and that speedily, as his (the Chief's) tobacco-pouch was worn out, and he only waited for his enemy's skin wherewith to make a new one! There is no doubt that Páto would readily appropriate the said skin of his persevering foe to the purpose required, but as to meeting Colonel Somerset, that is "quite another thing."

Witchcraft is working its mischief in Kaffirland, accompanied with the most revolting ceremonies. After the first affair on the Amatolas, Sandilla presented Umyeki, one of his numerous fathers-in-law, with a trophy of victory. The skull, skin, and right hand of our unfortunate friend, Captain Bambrick, 7th Dragoon Guards, were considered by the young Gaika chief as worthy offerings to this celebrated witch-doctor, or worker of spells. These wizards outrival

* The Kaffir *sobriquet* for Colonel Somerset implies, in their language, a peculiar species of hawk, famous for its keen sight and its activity.

the chiefs in power, and have hitherto carried on their incantations with a success that baffles both missionary and military exertions.

The wizard, Umyeki, then gathers round him a vast assemblage of his fellow-savages; and, after going through the usual harlequinade attendant on those mysteries of Kaffirland, he exhibits a decoction, a mixture of herbs with Sandilla's trophies, and as this boils and foams over on the fire he has prepared according to form, under it, he dips a stick into it, stirs it up, and then pointing the magic wand in the direction of our outposts, camps, bivouacs, and leaguers, he decrees as he thinks fit, sickness to one, fear to another, and so on; and thus by persuading his deluded and superstitious countrymen that he paralyzes the colonial forces, the Kaffirs acquire fresh courage, and persevere in their aggressions. A clever artist has seized on this for a subject, which promises to make a fine picture. The demon look of the wizard, the curiosity depicted in the faces of some of the spectators, the terror of others who turn aside, or shrink away, with faces half-averted, are all well portrayed. Such a scene can only be imagined by people who are accustomed to the study of the Kaffir countenance.

Those who witnessed Sandilla's first offer of *amende* to the British Government described it as singularly impressive, and were touched with some feelings of compassion for the restless Gaika. The image presented is a mournful one. Sandilla, at the age of twenty-four, hitherto Lord Paramount of the Amakosas, including Gaikas, I'Slambies, and many smaller tribes, sits moodily on the mountain-ridge, awaiting an answer to the conciliatory message wrung from him by force of the British arms; and, surveying in silence the territory he has forfeited,—lands extending as far as the eye can reach—mountains and deep valleys, green pastures, and sheltering bush—the home of the savage, all threaded by the Tyumie stream—those waters, of which he once vowed "the white man should never drink,"—on its fertile banks, the tents of the English now stand in proud array. The echoes round that vast space give back the bugle call, the fife's shrill notes, the drum's dull rolling sound, where once was heard the hunter's shout, the jackal's cry, the peevish whine of the wolf, the mocking laugh of the hyena, and but lately the wild whoop of the Gaika warriors. Silently sits that young Chief upon the mountain edge, but not alone—to him, at

least, his people are true. A chieftain's power is absolute, but, alas! it is only applicable to mischievous purposes. His vassals watch him, and a proud sorrow is depicted in their countenances as they gaze on him, turning from time to time their fierce and scowling eyes on the British Commissioner. In strong contrast to this, Sir Peregrine Maitland, with his Staff, rides slowly by—his calm features totally unmoved, as he hands a written decree to his delegate, and passes on. With their arms folded, and yet with every nerve on the alert, and hands ready to seize the short destructive assegais at their feet,* the warriors of the Amatola, unsubdued in spirit, haughtily await the "word" of the "White-headed Chief of the children of the foam," to which Sandilla vouchsafes no reply. Apart, a young Gaika, Anta (Sandilla's brother), speaks words of bitter scorn. Eye and hand sweep round the glorious territory, and at each pause in his vehement harangue, a low and solemn sound, like the distant roar of many waters, rolls through the circle of his auditors. No notice of what is passing is vouchsafed by the Amakosa Chief. At last, drawing his robe of tiger-skin around his withered limb, he moves slowly and, in spite of his lameness, with dignity, from the council-ground, and is lost in the deep recesses of the "bush."

All this, I say, presents a mournful image to the mind, and many a romance has been formed on poorer incidents; but we must remember when we hear the broad assertion of philanthropists at home, that we are not justified in taking from the Kaffir, "the land of his fathers," that the country is only his by might—no more his than ours, he having driven the aborigines from the dwelling-place God originally led them into. Where are these poor Bushmen now? Far up the country, among the steep recesses of the mountains, where they form a link between the animals of the wilderness and human nature. Thither civilization may follow them when the land of their forefathers shall be under British rule!

It may here be remarked that the Zooluh tribes, near Natal, now punish witchcraft among themselves with death. Umwangela, a chief, lately ordered a Zooluh wizard to be destroyed by one of the tribe, named Nomgulu; both the chief and his subject were seized by the British authorities, and tried for murder. Umwangela's defence was, "I was dead; I had lost my family by the wizard, and determined to have his

* These are used when compelled to close with the enemy.

life in return." Nomgulu pleaded that he was "only the dog of Umwangela; that witchcraft was a crime punishable by death." Umwangela and his "dog" were found guilty of murder on the British territory, and sentenced to death; but the sentence was not carried into effect. The witnesses who discovered the prisoners arrested them when returning from bathing, it being the custom of the Zooluhs to wash, after an execution.

Part of the 1st battalion 45th Regiment, stationed at Natal, have lately been engaged in hostile operations against a chief named Fodo, who had assembled his warriors near the Umzunculu River, and carried off a quantity of cattle, killing some of the peaceable inhabitants of the Ambaca tribe. On the 27th January, the troops, consisting of some Artillery, Cape Corps, and a party of the 45th, in all not three hundred, encamped on the banks of the Umzunculu. They were accompanied by some natives subject to our Government. The country was too rugged for the Artillery rockets to be of much use, and the bush aided Fodo's escape. Some five hundred head of cattle were recaptured from the enemy, and five prisoners were secured. The Lieutenant-Governor has wisely offered a reward for the apprehension of Fodo and his colleague, Nomdabulu.

I have touched on the subject of this skirmish in the district of Natal, because, although that district is under a Lieutenant-Governor of its own, it is closely connected, commercially, politically, and in a domestic way, with these south-western territories, and also because our troops have been engaged there.

As a set-off to such hostilities, there are some hopes that the Dutch will pause* in their career beyond Natal. A few words about their settlements in that part of Africa will not be irrelevant to my subject, inasmuch as, from the extension of our possessions to Natal, we are fast approaching the line of demarcation they would wish to establish.

About two hundred miles north-west of the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay, a town has arisen, called by the emigrant Boers Orichstadt, after its founder Orich, one of the first who *trekked* in a spirit of discontent against the English. The natives of the country round Orichstadt are a branch of the Baraputses, but are called by the Dutch *knob-neus*, or knob-noses, from that feature being tattooed after the fashion

* They paused to fight, and be conquered.

of a string of beads. With these natives they have lately made an expedition against some of the Zooluh race, to rescue cattle. This commando lasted one day, and was successful, many Zooluhs being killed, and the cattle taken from them. Throughout South Africa the cry is still "Catttle! Cattle, Cattle!"

A sort of trade in ivory has been established between Orichstadt and Delagoa Bay, but the chief obstacle is the intervening low swampy country, which is so unhealthy that both men and oxen frequently sicken and die on the journey. The natives near the bay navigate the river Maponta in canoes. These are a half-caste race, employed by their masters, the Portuguese, to purchase ivory in the interior.

The fort at the bay is not the residence of the Governor-General of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa. He resides at Mozambique, and the officer commanding the troops at the fortress has absolute rule over all the natives within the small district, among whom are a few European settlers, living in wretched dwellings near the native huts. The fort is useless as a defence, being built of mud, and the interior is a mere stock-yard for the Lieutenant-Governor, who traffics in ivory with the vessels which touch here. There is also some suspicion of a trade in slaves.

Near Delagoa Bay is a tract of country, called Tembia. Here Captain Owen, R.N., once proposed to occupy a position for watching the slavers on the coast. A mission was also established here, and progressed favourably for two years; but England giving up her right in Tembia to Portugal, the unfortunate natives who had gathered round "the Teacher," were soon disposed of to the slavers. The Dutch are also suspected of being connected with this melancholy trade. Let us hope that the future state of their adopted country will be such as to induce them to return to it. The droughts which devastated this part of Africa in 1846, did equal mischief at Orichstadt, and there has been much consequent distress. It is the assurance of this which has arrested the travelling Boers from advancing further to the north-east with their families.

March 24th.—The troops again take the field this day. Páto's message to the Government is conciliatory, based on the usual grounds—a scheme to gain time until the corn is gathered in. The Governor's reply is, that "Páto must surrender himself unconditionally."

Sir Henry Pottinger and his suite have pitched their marquees at Fort Peddie, in the immediate neighbourhood of the I'Slambie tribes. It is possible his Excellency will find more difficulty in dealing with these savages than with His Celestial Majesty the Emperor of China. Active operations are now been carried on under Sir George Berkeley and Colonel Somerset in the I'Slambie country; and, in the mean time, the key to Kaffirland is to be made use of, at last; the Buffalo Mouth is to be opened at once; and, for the present, the haughty spirit of the Gaikas seems at rest.

CHAPTER XIV.—Opening of the Second Campaign.

The opening of the mouth of the Buffalo river, for the transmission of stores seaward to Kaffirland, will, I trust, prove the usefulness of this key to the seat of war and turmoil. With what breathless eagerness will the first boat be watched careering through the foam, which at times separates, as a veil, the stream from the ocean! Intent as we, poor exiles, are upon every movement that affects the progress of operations, languishing for home, as well as interested in the welfare of the colony, we gaze earnestly on each convoy of waggons wending its slow, uncertain way up the hill "hard by," on its way to the front. On the 22nd of March, we paused in our evening walk to observe the train of twenty-six waggons, *en route* for the Buffalo mouth. What an example of African locomotion it presented! Some of these contained ammunition, and it struck me that the nature of their contents might have been concealed rather than manifested by their funereal coverings of black canvass. The foremost in the train suddenly stopped. Had a steam-engine led the van, it would have panted, and puffed, and tugged in vain, along such a pathway. The transport for soldiers' necessaries in this country is so small, that this waggon had been loaded beyond the capabilities of so cumbrous a machine, and it stuck fast; none of the others, therefore, could move along the narrow road. In vain, the driver slashed his long whip, —the echoes only mocked it; In vain, he shouted "Bosjeman!" "Abeveldt!" "England!" to his oxen; in vain, the Hottentot *forelouper* screamed, and leaped, and scolded "Ireland" and "Scotland." He might as well have attempted to move those two ancient kingdoms from their foundations, as

the oxen named after them: they only tossed their heads at him and their tails at the driver as if in pure scorn. They were weary, and chose to rest! The despairing escort, foreseeing delay, used frantic exertions to push the huge vehicle from behind, and the drivers in the rear took advantage of the blockade to light their pipes and smoke them with their usual imperturbability. The shrill voices of the vrouws, who accompany their husbands on all occasions, to make their coffee, light their fires, and broil their carbonatje, formed a chorus, in very high treble and very low Dutch, to the unmusical medley.

At length, there was at attempt at an advance; but, as the leaders would only move up the face of the hill on one side, or down the slope on the other, very little ground was got over; and, soon after sunset, the opening between the hills was illuminated by the fires of the encampment formed there.

In March the second campaign fairly commenced; Páto was yet unconquered. Three companies of the 73rd marched from King William's Town for the Buffalo Mouth, and were relieved by the same number of the 45th, from Fort Hare. Colonel Buller, Rifle Brigade, commanded the field-force at King William's Town; Colonel Van der Meulen, the 73rd, at the mouth of the Buffalo, where Lieutenant Jervois, R.E., selected the site, and made preparations for building a military post for 300 men. Colonel Johnstone, 27th Regiment, was appointed Commandant at Fort Hare. The great Chief, Macomo, went wandering about the town at Fort Beaufort in a state of frenzy, from intoxication, having made the canteen his head-quarters. The only wife, out of ten, who clung to him in his fallen fortunes, complained, at last, of the injuries he had inflicted upon her, by blows, as well as with a sharp instrument; and his child, whom he had in some whim named "Magistrate," narrowly escaped the fate of the poor little creature at Fort Hare, which, if not murdered at once by him, died from the effects of his savage treatment.

The intelligence received from the Buffalo Mouth on the 4th of April, was, that Major Smith, 73rd, had been wounded by the enemy in ambush near the camp, when visiting the sentries; and two Burghers and a Fingo shot. There was the usual detail of cattle stolen and recaptured, with casualties on both sides pretty equal, waggons fired at, and a successful chase by Captain Armstrong, Cape Mounted Rifles, after a Kaffir lad, whom he rode down, but who would give

no satisfactory information, although he was endeavouring to communicate with some mounted Kaffirs, swimming their horses across the Keiskama. Colonel Somerset, in his dispatch, suggested "the expediency of establishing a cavalry post on the east bank of the Keiskama, to intercept marauding parties, who are constantly passing out of the Colony with cattle." Sir Henry Pottinger decided on shooting all such captured cattle as could not be removed without encumbering the troops, or delaying them in their operations.

Colonel Somerset's plan, of dotting the Colony with troops, was the means of protecting it materially from Kaffir thieves. An old Dutch settler's cattle were once driven, by a band of these robbers, right into Commatje's post, on the Fish river; proving that they were hurried or intercepted in their march, or, what is equally probable, that they had come from a distance. One lot of cattle was recaptured in the neighbourhood of Double Drift, another post of the Fish River; the Kaffir thief was first observed reclining under a bush, calmly contemplating his precious booty. Occasionally, we were without milk, in consequence of the milkman's cows having vanished in the night, within three miles of Graham's Town. Such losses, however, not unfrequently occurred from carelessness on the part of the owners, or herds; the cattle straying to the edge of the bush, where there were always Kaffirs lying in wait to "lift" them.

Bathurst, in Lower Albany, may be said to defend itself to its best ability. This pretty settlement has risen and flourished under the patient labour of emigrants, sent thither in 1820, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Duke of Newcastle. The labourer, the mechanic, the unthriving tradesman, the servant without work, may not only find employment, but are absolutely wanted here. The former may plant his three, and sometimes four, crops of potatoes in the year, to say nothing of other produce, and manifold resources of gain and comfort. It is singular that Great Britain, in 1847, suffered from the failure of the crops, the gardens of corn, pumpkin, &c,, in Kaffirland, were more than usually productive.

One of the most thriving establishments I have seen is a location called Clumber, five miles from Bathurst, originally established by an emigrant sent hither by the Duke of Newcastle. Here, as in other places, the chapel is built as a place of refuge in case of war; it stands on a green mound, commanding an extensive view, and its position is admirably

adapted for the purposes of defence and observation. I was struck with the church, which would be an ornament to any large, well-built English town.

The ride to the Kowie, from Bathurst, is exceedingly pretty, and I shall never forget the by-path to the sands, from the small inn at Port Frances. Such is the name of the scattered village (for it cannot be called a town), rising in the immediate neighbourhood of the little bay, or, more properly speaking, creek. On turning a corner, we entered a shrubbery, thickly planted, by the graceful hand of Nature, with a variety of flowering shrubs and trees. On each side rose tall grey rocks, relieved in shape and colour by the euphorbia, and other stately plants. The velvet turf under our feet was enamelled with flowers of various hues; wreaths of jessamine floated over our paths, and festoons of the wild cucumber, with its glorious scarlet, but poisonous fruit, hung in graceful garlands, forming natural arches above our heads. Silently our little party wound its way through these fragrant and beautiful arcades. How grand was Nature in her solitude! undisturbed, save by the occasional trill of some bird, the more valuable because the voices of birds are seldom heard in the magnificent solitudes of South Africa! Amid such fair scenes, I have often regretted the want of water, which always adds life to a picture; but here, on emerging from this green and quiet nook, our horses bounded upon firm sands, with the sea before us, dashing up its vast and glittering volumes of spray and foam in indescribable grandeur.

The house built for Mr. Cock, the enterprising individual who has resolved on establishing the harbour, gives evidence of great expectations of success, and, should Port Frances ever assume the character of a moderately thriving town, it will form a charming locality for the settler.

One ordinance of the Lord High Commissioner was important, and doubtless had a great effect on the Kaffirs, especially at the opening of the South African winter. All traffic was forbidden "between her Majesty's subjects (whether residing within or without the boundaries of the Colony) and the different Kaffir tribes who were still in arms, or had been recently so, against Her Majesty's paramount authority and dignity." Instructions to this effect were given to Mr. Calderwood, (Commissioner for the Gaika tribes) on the 25th of March, 1847, but "that no persons may plead ignorance of, or want of information with respect to the said notice," Sir

Henry Pottinger again announced that "any of her Majesty's subjects who might attempt, under whatever plea or pretence, to evade it, would do so at their peril, and would be held to be in treasonable intercourse with her Majesty's enemies." The withdrawal of the traders from Kaffirland must have worried the enemy considerably. The Kaffir is miserable without tobacco; men, women, and children indulge in smoking to an extraordinary degree; and as the winter advances they will feel the loss more and more. Snuff is another luxury with which they have become fairly infatuated—they will even *eat* it, frequently swallowing it in the shape of a ball; and the English blanket is now one of the necessaries of life. They carry their love of ornament to such an excess, that they have certain fancies relative to their beads, which have as much sway over the fancies of the sable belles of Kaffirland, as any fiat, or caprice, from the divan of a Parisian modiste, or the penetralia of a Mayfair beauty. One year the leathern boddice of a Tambookie bride is *parsemented* with beads of a dead white; another season, the I'Slambie girls will quarrel for a monopoly of bright blue, and the Gaikas set up an opposition in necklaces of mock garnet and amber. Birmingham buttons ornament the skin cloaks of the women of Kaffraria, and brass bangles, from our manufactories, conceal the symmetry of their arms, which are models for sculpture.

Although our British traders would suffer individually, for a time, by this cessation from their traffic, the most respectable of them acknowledged that they saw the necessity of it, and anticipated advantageous results hereafter. The great object of this measure was to prevent, or rather check, the sale of gunpowder. It is by these means that the Kaffirs have been enabled for years to collect it, and it is still to be feared that there are many men among the "pale faces," wicked enough to traffic, not only in the articles named above, but in arms and ammunition. Magazines have long been stored with the latter; and as the traveller passes through a village of Kaffir huts, he little imagines that two or three of these rude edifices, standing side by side, were unceasingly and jealously watched by as many idle-looking savages, whose listless air well conceals the importance of their real occupation.

Our enemies soon learned that we were determined on tiring them out; that we could not only reduce them to subjection, but leave nothing undone to keep them so. They were made to understand, that we were not merely "fighting for a

hatchet!" During the operations of the troops under the command of General (late Colonel) Hare, against the Gaika tribes, the enemy, when beyond the range of our musketry, would call out from the ridges of the hill, "Well, Umlunghi, have you found the hatchet yet?" In January, 1847, a Kaffir woman's body being discovered near the camp at Fort Hare, horribly mutilated, the legs and arms amputated, some of her countrymen stated that, a stolen hatchet having been found in her possession, they had determined to make an example of her, lest an additional cause should arise for the continuance of the war. Had this been legally investigated and proved against the perpetrators of the deed, they would have suffered for the attrocity; but, although the story wanted official confirmation, it was believed by most of those who were in camp at the time.

A long line of posts was immediately planned along the Buffalo River. The General, Sir George Berkeley, had a narrow escape on the 31st of March, being fired at by the enemy from behind a bush, the ball passing at no great distance from him. He was encamped at the mouth of the Buffalo, awaiting the arrival of ships with stores and provisions. No field operations could take place until the question was decided as to the practicability of landing cargo there; the surf is at times tremendous, but the place is allowed to be equal to Waterloo Bay, if not safer.

In the mean time patrols were scouring the bush in the neighbourhood of Páto's gardens, near the Buffalo; and although shots were occasionally fired into the camps, they were too uncertain to be often effective. As usual, the enemy was scarcely ever seen; he fired from his cover of rocks, and thus, his own loss was concealed. Stock and Nonnube profess to be friends, and to protect certain passes, but Colonel Somerset recommended caution in this respect, as he knew they were not to be trusted.

In dwelling on the necessity of emigration, as a refuge and amelioration for the condition of the Irish especially, I have called to mind circumstances under which I have known great solicitude expressed by them, when separated from all communication with their priest. The Roman Catholic clergyman who left this, in 1846, was unremitting in his duties towards his flock. Sunshine or storm, Father Murphy and his black horse, each identified with the other, were seen wending their way, at a sharp pace, towards the humble cottages of Irish

emigrants, or the hospital, where lay some poor Catholic, who "could not die" until he obtained comfort from his pastor. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Devereux, is rapidly gaining the esteem and confidence of his people, by his unremitting attention and exertions. It is, indeed, honourable to the colony to witness the readiness with which all unite in the great purpose of forwarding relief to the poor stricken creatures at home.

"April 13th.—News from the Front! Sir Henry Pottinger has received an order from the Home Government to augment the regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen to twelve companies, thus adding a battalion to that efficient corps.

"I shall look with great anxiety on the progress of recruiting for the Cape Corps, having long since earnestly dwelt on the advantages to be derived from such a measure. It is worthy of remark that, when an order was given in London, in 1842, to raise a certain number of boys, for the Cape Mounted Riflemen, it was carried out in less than two days, without the slightest difficulty. The Hottentots here will not be so easily obtained, at least until better pay is promised.

"Another victim has fallen a sacrifice, not to the bullet or the assegai, but to the bodily hardships and anxiety of mind undergone during the war. The Colony has lost a friend by the death of Mr. Mitford Bowker. For several years he held the appointment of Resident Agent to the I'Slambie tribes; but after his retirement from this office, he became a sheep-farmer, and for ten years suffered from the depredations of the savage. He was one of those brave settlers who stood by his homestead till 'the word had been given to kill,' remaining on his farm, with his family, till the last moment. Forming a little encampment near a kloof, he and his brave brothers, with a small body of steady friends, were attacked by the enemy, whom they kept in check, losing one of their number, of the name of Webb, Mr. Bowker himself being struck by a ball. At last, from the smallness of the force, they were compelled to break up their encampment; and then, Mr. Bowker, although long and decidedly opposed to the policy of Sir Andries Stockenstrom, accepted the appointment of Commandant of part of the force under the latter officer. Worn out in body and mind, and ruined in fortune, he finally sought shelter under a brother's roof, and died at the age of forty-five, leaving a wife and children, with the good name their father bore as their sole inheritance.

"In a sketch which I have read of his life, he is spoken of as

belonging to the aristocracy of England, 'being related to Lord Redesdale' through his mother's family. Mrs. Bowker's eight sons may be considered among the props of the Colony, and to their mother they owe an education which has enabled them to fill the position of British settlers with credit; and, it might have been, with eminent success. From a stirring mother of a numerous and thriving family, assisting all in their industrious occupations, and cheerfully sharing their toils, anxieties, and difficulties, I hear it stated by her intimate acquaintances that Mrs. Bowker has become a broken-hearted woman. What a reward after more than twenty years' patience, perseverance, and good example! As an honorable close to the outline I have quoted of Mr. Mitford Bowker's life, I have to add that he was not merely 'a relation of Lord Redesdale's,' but of our own dear English Miss Mitford—God bless her!

"In the record of a war, where troops and settlers are united in the field, and where each among the latter has a stake at issue beyond mere worldly fame, the settler claims an equal place with the soldier, and honourable mention when he deserves it. Alas! within the last twelve months how many have 'died and made no sign,' who, with hearts crushed under the weight of sorrow and anxiety, and toil-worn and dispirited, have sat down at last, awaiting their release from present misery, in dull, absolute despair! 'Ha!' exclaimed the Kaffir scouts one day from the hills, 'ha! ha! Umlunghi, we will put the cold hand upon you!' Truly, they have kept their word, in more ways than one. Those who fell in the first engagements have escaped a year's anguish, and much 'hope deferred.' Let us trust that those who die now, like Mr. Bowker, leaving his widow and children mourning for him on his desolate land, may at least close their eyes on the dawning of a bright horizon."

I must not omit to mention the death of another settler, Mr. Philip Norton, holding the temporary rank of Captain in the Graham's Town Hottentot Levy. Here we have the same record of misery, the same tale of slow fever induced by the fatigue, exposure, and privations incidental to the state of this frontier at the present juncture. Driven from his home, a year before, by the rush of the Kaffirs, his premises were fired, his flocks were scattered, and he was obliged to take up arms in the common defence. At the age of seven-and-twenty, this young man, who commenced his career with every pros-

pect of success, dies the victim of the late disastrous war, leaving a young widow and four little children to mourn his loss.

CHAPTER XV.—Capabilities of the Colony.

"April 20th, 1847.—To-day is the anniversary of our sad intelligence from the Amatolas, with its list of killed and wounded. It is a singular fact that the Kaffirs themselves dislike to be questioned concerning the remains of poor Captain Bambrick, but have no hesitation in speaking of other sufferers.

"Within the year we have heard of the death of the late Lieutenant-Governor of the Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope. Major-General Hare died on board the 'Essex,' four days after leaving this country for England. He, indeed, may be considered as one of the principal victims of the war. Long ere the irruption burst forth, he should have been at home. In 1845, finding his health declining, he expressed desire to be relieved from the duties of his appointment, and it is most deeply to be deplored that his wishes were not complied with at once. When he was called to the field, all ideas of self were laid aside; and who shall say what the gallant soldier suffered, in mind and body, at the very moment the cheers of encouragement burst from his lips? Whatever may be said of his political career, when Lieutenant-Governor, the difficulties he had to contend with would, if explained, be sufficient excuse for many errors set down as wilful. He is dead! and it is a pleasure to recall his many excellent qualities. If he was not the man for South Africa, let it be remembered that, during the most eventful period of his government, he was here against his will, and that, having led his old corps against the ungrateful Gaikas, whom it had been his chief fault to trust and treat too kindly—when, I say, he had headed the 27th once more, with honour to himself and them, he left the field, debilitated from fatigue and anxiety; and it was not until the mountains of the land in which he had suffered so much had faded from his sight, that 'he turned his face to the wall,' in the cheerless cabin of that restless ship, and died of a broken heart; for such, in fact, his disease may be pronounced."

One of the last anecdotes recorded of him, though trifling,

is one of the many proofs of his kind nature. When about to leave Fort Beaufort for the field, and engaged in giving over the command of the Northern District to Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, his attention was diverted from the arrangements for defence to a little child who passed him by, looking up smilingly in his face. Bastions, forts, bridges, picquet-houses, &c., faded from the mind of the single-hearted soldier; the child's smile was returned, and the kind eyes followed her retreating footsteps till she passed out of sight. The attention of the officer engaged with Colonel Hare was more particularly recalled to this little incident, by his Commander returning gravely and officially to the solemn charge he was handing over, namely, the defence of a large garrison town, with scarcely any garrison to protect it. It may be added that Mrs. Hare was one of the inhabitants left to the mercy of the invaders, who, however, never came beyond the outskirts of the place; and Colonel Hare was pleased to express himself highly satisfied with the arrangements made by Captain Ward. Neither cattle nor horses were lost in the immediate neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort, during the period of that officer's command, nor did the enemy venture to fulfil their threat of invasion.

The registration system is dying a natural death; at least, such an inference may be drawn from the order lately given to officers, not to inquire for their tickets of Kaffirs who may be found driving cattle. Many months ago, a party of the 27th Regiment, suspecting that some cattle found in a kraal was stolen, demanded the necessary credentials, when a Kaffir coolly offered as such, a leaf from a soldier's pocket ledger, picked up, perhaps, after the burning of the waggons at Burn's Hill.

The immediate border of the Colony was subject to the usual depredations; the Chiefs making the old excuse, that they "are sitting still, but that they cannot control their people."

The post established at Waterloo Bay, under the command of Captain Savage, 91st Regiment, became the favourite haunt of these thieving wretches, in consequence of the number of waggons collected there, waiting for supplies. A clear front offers a great temptation to these cattle-lifters; and, on the 22nd of April, Lieutenant Butler, 7th Dragoon Guards, had a smart gallop after the enemy. On the 21st, sixty waggon-oxen were whistled away through the bush: the Dragoons pursued them; but, sighting them at dark,

could not come up with them in time to attack the thieves. From the scanty force we have, compared with the land we have taken, sufficient guards cannot be given for the cattle in the pasture-grounds, sometimes a mile from the posts, and, by the time the herds,—if not shot,—can give notice of the loss, the Kaffirs, with half-an-hour's start, can generally elude their pursuers. But, on the 22nd of April, the Dragoons, only ten in number, were in the saddle in a few minutes; yet, notwithstanding this, they had a ride of fifteen miles before they came up with their game, having traced the spoor along the sea-coast. The robbers were caught at the mouth of the Beka River, where Lieutenant Butler cut them off. The cattle were retaken, and three of the enemy killed. Only four had been employed in the marauding expedition, though, doubtless, there was a horde in the bush. The fourth fell to Mr. Butler's lot to despatch; and he, having ridden down the savage, struck him on the head with his sabre, which broke at the hilt; and the Kaffir, clinging to the officer's stirrups, and imploring mercy, Mr. Butler gave him his life, and took him on, as a prisoner, to Waterloo Bay, with some guns and a number of assegais. Unfortunately, in his transit from Waterloo Bay to Fort Peddie, being tied by one hand to a waggon, he soon slipped the *reim**, and escaped.

On the 30th of April, a soldier of the 6th was found murdered very near the camp.

Colonel Somerset lately recommended that a guard of cavalry should be placed at the ebb and flow-drift near the mouth of the Keiskama, this river lying between the Great Fish and Buffalo Rivers, to intercept marauders; but there are no cavalry to send thither; and, at this juncture, we hear of troubles with the Griquas and Boers, near the Orange River. The Resident, Captain Warden, Cape Mounted Rifles, has applied for troops, and Lieutenant Plestow, 7th Dragoon Guards, has marched to the Modda River, with thirty men of his regiment.

Lieutenant Davis, late Adjutant of the 90th Light Infantry,

* "Reims" are strips of bullock-hide used as thongs, and constantly carried in this country, by experienced travellers, for repairing broken girths, &c., and so on. One day, when out riding, my stirrup-leather broke, and the Orderly of the Cape Corps was about to receive a sharp reproof from the Officer who accompanied me, for not having a reim, when he pulled some hairs out of his horse's tail, which served the purpose at once.

having been appointed Superintendent of Native Police, has succeeded in drilling and organizing a very efficient force, consisting chiefly of "tame" Kaffirs.

During our residence at Fort Peddie in 1843-4, we were frequently struck with the idleness of the Fingoes. The women, poor creatures, tilled the ground, carried water, cut wood, ground the corn,—in short, did all the heavy work; and the little boys and old men herded the cattle; while the young men, unless called out on a *commando*, for a few weeks or days in a year, spent their time in hunting, dancing, eating, and sleeping, and, not unfrequently, in lifting their neighbours' cattle. It was at this period that Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, deprecating so weak a system, proposed to the Lieutenant-Governor to have these Fingoes organized, armed, and drilled as regular troops, by British non-commissioned officers; but Colonel Hare neither then nor afterwards dreamed of the mine which was about to explode beneath his feet, and the suggestion was not seriously considered by his Honour.

When we read of the distress of our own country, and of the wretched earnings of our mechanics, we are disgusted at the idea of these same Fingoes striking work (as Coolies) at Waterloo Bay, being dissatisfied with the pay of 2*s*. a-day. As their services are necessary in landing cargo, their demand of 3*s*. a-day has been acceded to, and they have consented to work, when it suits them! for they take occasional holidays, for dancing and eating. At Algoa Bay, the Fingoes are often paid 6*s*. a-day for working as Coolies.

What a settlement for the starving Highlanders the Amatola Mountains would be! And what employment offers itself along the coast for the active Irish! If the Amatolas were devoted partially to agriculture, instead of pasturage, or to sheep-farming, with a view to the exportation of wool, there would be comparatively no temptation for the Kaffir, and a New Erin might rise, upon the eastern shore of this fertile country. Its very productiveness renders agriculture an uncertain speculation, in consequence of the small population: here again, emigration provides the remedy. It is to be hoped that the Royal Society will send hither intelligent and truthful individuals, who would make none but just reports of the capabilities of the colony. Coffee, sugar, and innumerable other articles might be raised here; flax, particularly, would be successful; and the discovery of coal at Natal, leads scientific men to infer that it is to be found elsewhere. At the

Kowie, it is pretty well ascertained to be in existence. We learn from Natal, that the military there are intent on farming, the productive soil tempting many to purchase land, with the intention of settling. We might thin our dark mines of England, by sending men to South Africa, to work the treasures of her earth. It is, however, of the utmost importance, that the Emigration Societies should be particular as to the class of people selected.

Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, has succeeded in raising another levy of about 200 Hottentots from the lower districts, who are expected at Waterloo Bay on the 10th of May. Lieutenant Forsyth, R.N., is relieved from his duties as a harbour-master at this bay by Lieutenant Connolly, R.N. Lieutenant Forsyth was appointed to this office at the Buffalo Mouth, 30th of April. The long-looked-for vessel, the "Frederick Huth," has at last reached the Buffalo in safety, after a month's voyage from Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay. She was seen three weeks since off the Buffalo, and was driven back to Waterloo Bay. At last, she was again sighted eight or ten miles from her place of destination: a mist came on, and it was doubtful whether she could make her way over the bar. At length, the curtain of vapour, which hung between Colonel Van der Meulen's camp and the ocean, was lifted up, and there at last lay the welcome ship at anchor. The landing of the cargo is progressing favourably, which is at this moment of great advantage to the troops, their provisions being at a very low ebb.

The first step taken by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Young, has been to send the Chief, Umyeki, out of Graham's Town.

"May 10th.—Further particulars have been received of the murder of the soldier of the 6th. Those on the spot, and most capable of judging, are of opinion that this horrible deed has been committed by Fingoes. It seems that, on the unhappy man's cries being heard, the guard rushed to his assistance. A little pool of blood was observed near the spot where he had fallen, and he had been dragged some sixty yards along the road. A gun-shot wound in the body, and an assegai stab in the heart, had silenced his cries speedily. The *spoor* of three or four men was traced towards Peddie; and, as the murdered man had some tobacco about him, and an empty case, with a hatchet beside it, lay near him, it is supposed, that, having gone to fetch some stolen and secreted tobacco from the bush,

he was waylaid by Fingoes and murdered, for the sake of the plunder. As no cattle were near the place, it is not likely that Kaffirs would be lurking there.

"We have an instance to-day, the 19th of May, of our enemy's perseverance and determination, in the report from a patrol in search of stolen cattle. A private of the Rifle Brigade, having lost his way in the bush, heard Kaffirs approaching the spot where he lay *perdu;* thanks to his green jacket, he was enabled to watch the movements of the savages, without decided danger to himself. They approached a kloof, in which one of their number awaited them. The rifleman saw them handing their arms to the Kaffirs in the ravine, who concealed them in some nook selected for the purpose. Watching his opportunity, the soldier effected his journey back to the camp; and, on giving his information, Lieutenant Macdonald, and a party of the Cape Mounted Rifles, were sent out to search the spot, for the muskets and ammunition hidden. From this, it may be inferred that there are many similar depôts of arms in the bush."

CHAPTER XVI.—Surrender of Sandilla.

Sandilla came into Graham's Town, as a captive, on Sunday, the 25th of October, 1847, closely guarded by a body of Cape Mounted Riflemen and 7th Dragoon Guards, under Captain Bisset and Lieutenant Petre, and attended by the Councillors, and his own brother, Anta (a young man of great talents and energy, and his chief warrior), he rode through the streets, just at the church doors opened to send forth the Christian observers of the Sabbath. Bare-headed, and with downcast eyes, his withered limb hanging below his kaross, marking him as the restless Gaika,—he who had issued his "word" from the mountain-side, over his wide-spread and beautiful territory, now passed on a prisoner, followed by a few Hottentot boys!

How little could that wild creature comprehend the feelings of white men, as they watched him on his way! There was, of course, great satisfaction at seeing him thus secured; but all anger would have been as much thrown away on him as on the wild beast which it is necessary to cage. The cavalcade moved slowly through the streets, the Drostdy barrack-ground is reached, the soldiers on guard at last behold the

man whom they have so long sought—the door of a large empty store is thrown open, and, in another moment, the fallen Chief sits down, in that dim space, with his followers. The free air and the bright sun make but little way through the narrow loop-holes, and the shape and aspect of his prison must offer a wretched contrast to the broad valleys and free mountain paths which the ill-advised and misguided Lord of the Amakosas has forfeited.

It was the useful green jackets, the untiring Rifle Brigade, who worried Sandilla out of his hiding-place among the mountains. In June, the troops were about to hut themselves for the first months of the winter season, which, in this climate, is so uncertain as to render all calculations relative to military movements useless. Our enemy took advantage of this temporary cessation of hostilities to burn all the grass, from the Buffalo to the Kei, and to take his usual pastime in cattle-stealing. Happily, the Colony was tolerably well guarded, and the boundary vigilantly watched; the colonists, too, had not only much less cattle to lose, but took the precaution of drawing nearer the towns, with their families and property.

Sandilla remained in the neighbourhood of Fort Hare during the pause in our operations. On the other side of the Buffalo River, Páto was coquetting with the authorities, now sending Jan Tzatzoe with a conciliatory message, and now making his simple-minded brother, Cobus Congo, an envoy to our camps with a flag of truce, and hollow protestations. At last, he consented to come in and surrender himself unconditionally, as was required by the Government; but this step was prevented by a skirmish between our troops and Sandilla's immediate followers. Páto, of course, changed his mind, to wait the result of this affair, handed over the stolen cattle to the care of Kreli, beyond the Kei, and sat down quietly to observe our proceeding.

The affair in question, which took place on the 15th of June, was as follows:—

Some colonial property (goats and horses) were stolen by Kaffirs from the Kat river settlement; the spoor of these was traced to the territory of Sandilla, who, with every appearance of good faith, returned them to Fort Hare. But, although he did this, he determined on turning the robbery to good account, and punished the thief by "eating him up," appropriating his cattle to his own royal purposes, thus taking

the law into his own hands; and, finally, refusing to give up the thief to the patrol sent for him by our authorities. This patrol consisted of two troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards, two companies of the 45th Regiment, small detachments of the Cape Corps, a Fingo levy, and eighty of the Kaffir Police. These were deputed to demand the thief, and a fine of three head of cattle, from the Gaika Chief. The cunning Sandilla "knew nothing of the thief," the goats "had been found straying." The troops secured the Chief's cattle; but, on their return towards Fort Hare, were waylaid by the Kaffirs in great numbers. These called out, "You have done well to come to the old graves," alluding to the battle at Burn's Hill, in April, 1846; and, following the troops nearly to Fort Hare, they succeeded in re-capturing almost all the cattle, exclaiming, as they retired with their prize, "By and by, you will learn wisdom, and not come again."

Lieutenant Davis was in command of the Kaffir Police, so successfully organized by him, on this occasion. These men "fought bravely, and did good service against their countrymen," "a fact," says the Graham's Town Journal, "which only shows that, when self-interest is sufficiently influential, they will sacrifice those of their own blood with as little remorse as they will the colonists.'*' Lieutenant Russell, of the Kaffir Police, was killed, at the early age of twenty-three; eight or ten casualties, killed and wounded, occurred on our side, and several of the enemy are supposed to have fallen.

The Christian Kaffir, Kama, who had served us well during this war, against the Tambookies, remonstrated when called upon to fight against the Gaikas. He was willing, he said, to defend the white man's property and rights, and this he did with the remnant of his tribe, but he begged the Government would not insist on his attacking his own people in their haunts. Kama and his little band have not eaten the bread of idleness during the war; cattle have been rescued by them, positions defended, and safe escort to travellers afforded.

On Sir George Berkeley reaching Fort Hare, on the 22nd of June, Sandilla sent him a few cows as a peace-offering for his late offence, saying, that "the account was fairly balanced in the late affray with his people—two being killed on either side; and he therefore hoped nothing more would be said about it." Sir George Berkeley returned to Graham's Town a few days after, and it being determined to trust no longer

* Their treachery has since been plainly manifested.

to Sandilla's promises, it was resolved to commence active operations against him in August or September. Meanwhile Sir Henry Pottinger published a proclamation, dated 7th August, declaring Sandilla a rebel, and no longer under the protection of the British Government, and calling on all to assemble in Commandos against him; the final clause related to the neutral tribes, and closed in these words:

"I do strictly, solemnly, and unqualifiedly enjoin and command all persons bearing allegiance to her Majesty, to refrain from molesting such neutral (or friendly) Kaffirs, and to consider the protection of them and their lives and property to be a paramount duty."

So, now, this headstrong savage became a hunted outlaw. He who had vowed to drive the white man to the sea,—that white man who should not "taste of the Tyumie waters,"—had not now a resting-place for his head!

The remembrance of an interview I once had with Tola* occurs to me at this moment. It was in a picturesque spot near Colonel Somerset's residence at Post Victoria, in the centre of a large bower, which had been constructed round some splendid trees. What had once been a fair pasture land for Tola's herds, was now worn with the tread of soldiers' feet; the stir of the camp filled the air which once breathed over a comparatively silent space, and not far from us a band played Irish tunes, to which Tola's Kaffir councillors and attendants listened with a grave silence, unmoved at the grotesque attitudes of Hottentot children. On a rustic bench sat Tola, with his kaross wound round him; his face resembled that of a wolf—his eyes glaring and the teeth projecting, and his hair, dressed with red clay, looked more like a knitted worsted wig than anything else. There were other ladies present besides myself, and also some officers. I asked Tola if he belonged to the war-party? He replied, it was only the young men of Kaffirland who were for war,—he loved peace. He is the freebooter of his tribe!

"Why," I asked, "are the young men permitted to raise their voices above the old ones?"

"The young men are numerous, and hold the assegai."

"Well, have the old men no power to restrain them from throwing it?" I inquired. "If so, Young Kaffirland will soon have the voice in council, and there will be little wisdom."

* Tola, Dodo, Eno, Moshesh (Moses), will be recognised as patriarchal names.

Tola sat in deep silence many minutes, and then observed, "It is true." He afterwards asked the interpreter how it was that white women spoke with the minds of men? A female offering any opinion at all was a source of astonishment to him. The Kaffir women are, however, remarkable for shrewdness; but this is seldom exercised but upon great occasions, and then only by witch-doctresses, who profess also to have the gift of prophecy.

All this time that Tola was professing to deprecate war, he was filling his kraals with colonial cattle, sending out marauding parties (gypsies), and collecting ammunition.

An English paper states, "it is said that the attack on the escort in charge of a Kaffir prisoner, was absolutely planned, by Bothman and Tola, on the market-place at Fort Beaufort." That it was planned there, and carried into execution an hour or two afterwards, I know, and that Tola was the planner. Bothman is an inferior Chief and quite dropsical. We one day met him out riding; he begged us to raise our veils, which we did, laughing, and he acknowledged the courtesy by a sound between a bark and a sigh.

When the movement of the troops was anticipated by Sandilla, he named Macomo's son, Kona, as his successor, in the event of his death. Of Kona's wife, an anecdote, illustrative of her shrewdness, was told me by the Acting Quartermaster-General at Block Drift. During a foray made on a Kaffir kraal in that neighbourhood, the enemy fired on our troops, and managed, ere the fire was returned, to screen themselves behind some of their women. Among these was Kona's wife. Some days afterwards, she presented herself to Capt. Scott, 91st Regiment, Acting Quartermaster-General, saying that Colonel Hare had desired her to ask him for rations, in consequence of her previous suffering and distress. As a token of the truth of her statement, she produced a biscuit which Colonel Hare had given her, desiring her, she said, to show it to Captain Scott, in proof of her assertion. Rations were issued to her, and she enjoyed them till Colonel Hare counter-ordered them, never having mentioned the subject to her: he had merely given her a biscuit when he met her, as she complained of hunger!

We were not sorry to hear that the women of Kaffirland began to dread an invasion of their kraals, and threatened to strike work. They were tired of the war, they said. Although *they have no* voice, their assistance in the Ordnance and Com-

missariat departments is invaluable. Poor wretches! no wonder they dreaded another year of privation and toil.

The advantages of the opening of the Buffalo River were particularly manifested in the facility with which the "Rosamond" steamer landed troops and ordnance stores there, on the 28th of July, in the space of two hours and a half, in perfect safety; and the 90th thus accomplished in little more than a fortnight, a journey which, by the old route, could not have been performed under at least six weeks, and most probably two months.

A tradition has been handed down among the Kaffirs, similar to a superstition entertained by the Burmese. To the latter, it had been foretold by their priests that, as soon as a vessel without sails, or rowers, should be seen in the Irawaddy River, Burmah would fall. The appearance of the "Enterprise" steamer in their river daunted their spirits, and contributed in a great measure, to discourage the Burmese troops. The Kaffirs relate, that a prophecy exists among them to the effect "that when sea-waggons shall make their resting places in the mouth of the Buffalo, Kaffirland shall *die*."

The 20th of August had been originally fixed for the march upon the Amatolas, but unavoidable delays occurred, which might have been disadvantageous, but that time was given for the grass to grow which the enemy had burned. The Cape Corps, with the addition of several young officers, left Graham's Town in high spirits at the prospect of "smelling powder," but the Burghers were, in most instances, unwilling to take the field, notwithstanding the promise held out to them, that the cattle they might take should become their property.

In September, all became anxious for the march of the British troops upon the Amatolas. Various reports were afloat, some of them probably having originated among the Kaffirs themselves. Sandilla was said to be assembling his warriors; Páto and Kreli were to combine their forces; and many other similar rumours, not to be relied on, but sufficiently alarming to the inhabitants of isolated farms, were circulated.

Sir George Berkeley left Graham's Town for the front; Colonel Somerset marshalled his people along the Buffalo line; and on the 17th of September the army was fairly set in motion, with its face towards one great rallying-point, the mountains of the Amatola, which were to be entered at three given points, viz., by the Burgher and Native levies, under

Major Sutton, Cape Mounted Riflemen, and Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, from Shiloh, upon the upper part of the Amatola; Colonel Somerset, with the Cape Mounted Rifles, from King William's Town; and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, with reserve battalion 91st Regiment, a strong detachment of the 45th, and some Burghers, from Fort Hare. I subjoin, as much more graphic than any description of mine, the following account of the "gathering" of the Reserve Battalion, 91st, at Fort Beaufort, on the morning of their march to Fort Hare, where they were to take up their position previously to their movements on the enemy's territories. The extract is from "a letter addressed by a young soldier to his friend."

"The Colonel (Campbell) and our men left this on the 17th, and after scouring every hole and corner in the Amatolas, succeeded, I believe in killing some fourteen Kaffirs. Colonel Campbell took the pipes with him, gaily decorated with ribbons and a flag. The drums played them out with 'The Campbells are coming.' They were all in good spirits; and, as they passed the barracks from the main square, the men who were left behind commenced cheering them, and they returned it with a will. I don't think there was one left that would not gladly have gone to the field at that moment, especially under such a Commander as Colonel Campbell. After searching the kloofs, the division ascended the hill, where the Kaffirs were so *civil* to us at *first*, and, not seeing the enemy, they had a dance at the top, the pipes playing a national tune, to which ——— danced the Highland Fling, just to begin the performance."*

After eighteen months' warfare, with so harassing and treacherous a foe, it was something to see men start again with such spirit for their work.

Sir George Berkeley made good use of the unavoidable postponement of the march upon the enemy. The camps

* During the advance of the enemy on Block Drift, at the beginning of the war, and when this post was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (then Major Campbell), he took up a position on the top of the schoolhouse, rifle in hand; four men were employed in loading his arms for him, and he brought down two of the enemy successively in a few minutes. When a third fell dead, a soldier of the reserve battalion 91st Regiment, could restrain himself no longer; forgetting Colonel Campbell's rank as an officer, in his delight at his prowess as a soldier, the man slapped his Commanding Officer on the back with a shout of delight, and the exclamation, "Weell done, Sodger!" Was not such a compliment worth all the praise of an elaborate despatch?

were well stored with provisions and ammunition, supplies were laid in for a hundred days, and everything was made ready for military movements, when the time should arrive for them. Thieving went on, but the Colony escaped another irruption, owing to the boundaries being well garrisoned.

The Commander-in-Chief having waited till the great machine was prepared to work, set it in motion, and, on the 20th of September, each division was at the post appointed for co-operating with the others. All was well arranged, and Sir George Berkeley gave good evidence of his generalship in his determination not to make an advance without a large force, well provisioned, and unincumbered with baggage. There were three grand divisions; these encamped on their allotted ground, and from their camps sent forth their patrols into the mountain passes, without waggons, and in the lightest marching order.

CHAPTER XVII.—Prospects of Peace.

The rain fell in torrents throughout the Colony, but this did not deter the patrols from advancing on the enemy's country. As the Kaffirs did not think it wise to show themselves to such large bodies of troops, nothing took place, at first, but a conflagration among the huts and kraals of the contumacious Gaikas; it was, however, well known, that they had not left their hiding-places. Towards the Mancazana, some houses were fired, probably in retaliation, and the usual system of cattle-lifting, though to less extent, was carried on in the Colony by gipsy parties of the enemy.

In the meantime, old Sutu, Sandilla's mother, sent word to Sir George Berkeley that Sandilla was "the Governor's dog," &c. &c.; that, "if the Government would accept his submission, he would behave better," and so on. These messages were like all the rest—hollow and designing. The Kaffirs under Tyalie, a petty Chief, having captured twelve hundred head of cattle from Sandilla, claimed a right, as British subjects, to retain them, according to the Governor's notice; but, as this was suspected to be a *ruse* adopted by Sandilla himself, the troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Reserve Battalion, 91st Regiment, were sent forward to secure the cattle.

Several Kaffirs, caught in the act of stealing, were brought

into King William's Town; and, after receiving one hundred lashes, were dismissed. Prison rations were thus dispensed with, and these Kaffirs became, for a period a least, a warning and a mockery to their tribes. In Kaffirland, as in China, disgrace is attached to a thief, not for stealing, but for being found out.

The division under Major Sutton, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Captain Hogg, 7th Dragoon Guards, which had moved from Shiloh, captured two hundred head of cattle in the Amatolas, and killed a few Kaffirs; with the loss, on our side, of Serjeant Phillips, Cape Mounted Rifles, and formerly of the 91st.

Although incessant rains deluged the country, the troops continued healthy. In reply to Sandilla's messages, Jan T'Jatzoe was desired to intimate to him that no terms would be listened to from him but those of unconditional surrender.

This T'Jatzoe, to whom I have before alluded as a Kaffir who had been exhibited in England* in the false character of a Christian Chief played a cunning part during the war of 1846-7, and was actually engaged in the attack on the waggons at Trumpeter's Drift. The British public were completely imposed upon by this savage heathen, for such he is, and ever will be. On his return from England, whither he had gone, or rather been taken, in direct opposition to the orders and wishes of his father, a petty Chief†, he was asked many questions by his tribe, concerning the country he had visited.

"Was it large?"

"Yes, it was large; but the people were so numerous they found it small."

"Were they so very numerous?"

"Yes; England was like a huge piece of meat covered with flies crowding upon each other"

"What surprised him most?"

"The waggons which travelled without oxen or horses." (Railway carriages.)

"Ah," said Macomo, after a conversation of this kind with T'Jatzoe, "I have always told our people, that there was no

* At Exeter Hall, at Sheffield, &c., in 1836.

† As was proved before Sir Harry, then Colonel, Smith, and published in a document signed by him, and by Captain Lacy, 72nd Highlanders, Arthur Balfour, Aide-de-Camp, and Mr. Shepstone, Kaffir Interpreter. This document, dated King William's Town, February, 1836, bears the *marks also of* Macomo and Ganga.

use in trying to conquer the white man. It is like little boys attempting to shoot elephants with small bows and arrows."

Macomo, with all his people were removed to the neighbourhood of Algoa Bay. He was opposed to the war, from policy, from the beginning; but when once the cry was raised in the mountains, he immediately assumed the command, being the General of the Gaikas, and, when sober, an able warrior and councillor. He was glad when an opportunity offered of surrendering himself, the charms of the canteen superseding the desire for glory among his tribe; but he used every means to remain on his old location. His appeal was pathetic enough, but we have profited somewhat by our experience in the "word of a Kaffir." "Here," said he, stretching his hand over the beautiful territory, "my father, a great Chief, dwelt; these pastures were crowded with cattle" stolen, of course; "here I have lived to grow old; here my children have been born; let me die in peace where I have so long lived." These entreaties, however, could not be listened to for one moment; and, as a last trial, his daughter, Amakeya, the beauty of Kaffirland, made her way to the tent of Colonel Campbell, 91st Regiment, who, totally unprepared for her appearance, was yet more astonished at the sacrifice she offered, if her father's sentence of banishment might be rescinded.

I have elsewhere mentioned Amakeya as the belle of the camp at Fort Hare, and no doubt she had been sufficiently reminded of her charms to make her sensible of the value of them. She made her strange offer in all the consciousness and pride of beauty; and, with her finely-moulded arms folded before her, she spoke without hesitation, for she was guided by motives worthy a lofty cause—motives, how desecrated! how degraded! Poor Amakeya!

"If her father might remain on his own lands," she said, "she would be the sacrifice and guarantee for his future good faith towards the white man. She would leave her own people, and follow Colonel Campbell; his home should be hers; she would forsake all, and dwell with him. This was her last word, her final decision, and she would abide by it."

It may here be observed, that the young girls in Kaffirland are brought up with strict notions of female propriety; to

forfeit their reputation, is to entail on themselves severe punishment, and on their families perpetual disgrace.

Amakeya's motives were not unappreciated by her hearer, but the proposal was, of course, rejected, with every consideration for her position, and the circumstances by which she had been actuated; and she departed with her father on his journey. We may fancy Amakeya taking a last look at the green places wherein her childhood had been passed, and finally sitting down among a strange people, in sight of the "great waters." A new and wondrous spectacle to that mountain-girl must have been that mighty and pathless sea.

On the 4th of October, an express arrived at King William's Town, containing the information, that the division under Colonel Somerset had captured one thousand head of cattle, and a number of horses and goats, at a sweep, and had killed eight of the enemy. That under Colonel Campbell had also been successful in capturing cattle among the Gaikas, as well as some horses, and in killing some twenty of the enemy, and laying waste his country. The detachment of the 45th, under Major Hind, did good service with Colonel Campbell's column; and afterwards accompanied the head-quarter division to the Kei, together with two companies of the Reserve Battalion of the 91st, under Captain Scott and Colonel Campbell, with Lieutenants Dixon and Metcalfe.

The same work went on, from day to day. Now, our troops captured cattle from the Gaikas, who, it was ascertained, were a good deal disorganized;* and now Páto's I'Slambies slipped away with the oxen pastured near our camps and bivouacs. The rains poured on, and the troops, though healthy, suffered from the unusual cold. There was nothing to be done with the enemy but to worry him; which was attended with dreadful harass to us.

As was conjectured, by those who knew the character of the Gaikas, Sandilla and his people had not entirely abandoned the Amatolas; the Chief had secreted himself in one of the deep valleys of those mountains, near a stream called by the Kaffirs, the "Wolf's River." The nature of the ground secured him from the approach of cavalry, but it was just the place for the operations of the Rifle Brigade. Sir George Berkeley's plan of patrolling the country, and falling back on camps well stored with provisions, in the very neighbourhood

* Macomo foretold this, saying "they could not fight when he was gone"

of Sandilla, soon drove the rebel Chief from his haunts. Abandoned by many of his people, his crops destroyed, his dwelling burned, his cattle scattered among those he could not trust, and deprived of Macomo's support, he found himself constantly exposed to the fire of our troops, and at one time, it is said, he dared not venture to slake his thirst at the stream for four-and-twenty hours. Thus worn out, without the slightest advantage to himself or his nation, he resolved on surrendering; and, sending to King William's Town a message to the effect that "he was driven to this step by the prospect of starvation," some bread and meat were forwarded to him by his envoys; and, on the 19th of October, the troops in the camp, commanded by Colonel Buller, Rifle Brigade, looked anxiously, through the mists of a stormy day, for the expected prisoner. He came at last, followed by eighty of his people; and, after an interview with Colonel Buller, "an escort of dragoons, which had been in readiness," was ordered to accompany Captain Bisset, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Lieutenant Petre, 7th Dragoon Guards, with the captive Chief, and the necessary dispatches from the Lieutenant-General commanding, to Sir Henry Pottinger. Captain Bisset, on that day, the 20th of October, rode 120 miles.

Sandilla admitted that he had been nearly taken by a patrol of the Rifle Brigade, acting with Colonel Somerset's division, on the 12th of October. The party had lost their way while skirmishing; but for this, he must have surrendered to them, or been shot. He afterwards told Colonel Campbell, 91st, that on one occasion they had been within 1200 feet of each other, the Chief watching Colonel Campbell from the bush. When passing, as a prisoner, near the camp of this officer, Sandilla stopped his horse, and, calling to the former "My friend, my friend, come hither!" begged to shake hands with him. Colonel Campbell's good advice to the misguided Gaika had been unheeded, and the latter now acknowledged the truth of what the Colonel had told him, that "it was madness to fight with the white man, who would not be conquered, even though the war were to last for ever."

In the announcement by Sir Henry Pottinger, that the surrender of Sandilla had taken place, His Excellency the High Commissioner records "the high sense he entertains of the zeal and energy with which the operations against Sandilla had been carried on under the Lieutenant-General's guidance,

in which operations the troops and levies have been subjected to great hardships, and exposed to unusually inclement weather."

Immediately after the surrender of Sandilla, Colonel Somerset planned his forward movement towards the Kei, with a force upwards of 1200 strong, including cavalry, infantry, and levies. The country beyond the Kei was known to be swarming with cattle.

On the 30th of October the troops made a night march of thirty miles towards the Kei, and, on the morning of the 31st, reached a stream called Chechabe. On the heights above this little river, the Kaffirs were seen gathering in great numbers, and at last took up a very strong position, evidently determined to make a stand against the British force. The latter was soon disposed in battle array in front of the enemy, with flankers thrown out, supports in the rear, and the reserve under Captain Bentinck, 7th Dragoon Guards. The Cape Mounted Rifles, led by Captain O'Reilly, advanced up the face of the hill, the enemy, as usual, screening himself, while the troops moved slowly but steadily onwards, under the incessant fire of the Kaffirs, until within eighty yards of them, when, the bugle sounding the gallop, the "Totties" cheered, and entered the bush in gallant style. In twenty minutes, the savages were dislodged, and driven over a hill into a ravine below, leaving behind them arms, karosses, and several horses. Seventeen of them were counted dead after the engagement; many had been borne off, and the rocks over which they had been dragged were streaming with blood. In this affair, our troops sustained but two casualties.

Colonel Somerset considered that this gathering of the Kaffirs was arranged to divert his attention from the cattle concealed not far from the scene of action, the Kei being in too swollen a state to permit their crossing into Kreli's country—the Amaponda. This was, no doubt, correct; and as, from the nature of the country, it was impossible for the troops to follow the enemy at once, they vanished, as usual, in the deep recesses of the mountains.

Early in the morning of the 31st, Captain Somerset, Aide-de-Camp to General Berkeley, had very nearly fallen a sacrifice to his imprudence in venturing out, *en amateur*, with a single orderly, on the spoor of cattle. A party of Kaffirs suddenly appearing, Captain Somerset turned his horse's head; so did his orderly: the speed of Captain Somerset's

charger saved his rider's life; the poor orderly fell from his, and his throat was instantly cut by the savages.

It was hoped that the success of Colonel Somerset, at the Chechabe, would daunt Páto; but no offers of submission worth listening to were received. A few Kaffirs, coming within hail of the troops, called out that they "did not intend fighting any more; the cattle were across the Kei, and the Umlunghi must go for them if they wanted them." Either Páto or one of his councillors shouted aloud, "We will not meet you, but will return into the Colony, and wander as wolves."

Although I had seen Sandilla at Fort Peddie in 1843, I went to pay him a visit in captivity. The room in which he was imprisoned was half filled with his followers and councillors. Seated on an iron bedstead, with his blanket wound round him, he smoked his pipe in silence; some of his followers reclined idly on the straw mattresses provided for them; and, by the side of the young Chief's couch lay Anta, whom he roused from sleep on our naming him, for he was as great an object of interest as Sandilla. Putting aside the blanket from his face, he sat up and eyed us keenly, looking from us to his brother, but what was passing within their minds no one could divine; their countenances expressed neither surprise, curiosity, resentment, nor dislike. Some sat round a fire in the centre of the room, and one aged Kaffir, with a grey head, gazed earnestly in our faces. This was one of Sandilla's chief advisers, and one whom he managed to cage with himself, by sending for him amicably, giving secret orders, however, to compel him to come in case he hesitated. As the cunning Gaika has always professed to act "by the advice of his councillors," he anticipated that the greater punishment would devolve upon them, and by this means he trusted that his own would be lightened.

The replies of Sandilla to various remarks and questions lately put to him are shrewd enough. On his being told, by one of the authorities, that if he attempted to escape from his confinement he would be shot, Sandilla answered that "as he had voluntarily surrendered himself, it was not likely he should run away." Soon after his imprisonment, he requested a daily allowance of wine. On being asked if he had ever been in the habit of drinking it, he said "No." Then why indulge in what he had never been accustomed to? "I am now the white man's child," replied Sandilla; "my father

is wise, and I would do all things as he does." When his warriors left his "Great Place," to join the gathering in the Amatolas, he found one lingering long behind the rest. "What are you doing here?" asked the Chief; "you are like a solitary locust when the swarm has gone; so, the sooner you hop after it the better."

"December 17th.—The frontier to-night is delirious with joy. The town is illuminated, and beacon lights telegraph from the hill-tops that Sir Harry Smith has arrived."

CHAPTER XVIII.—RIDE IN THE WINTERBERG.

I HAVE lately ridden within the space of a fortnight—and resting half that fortnight—two hundred and fifty miles, through the country lately infested, and still haunted, by the savage enemy. It presents a glorious contrast to last year; the hand of Providence has put aside the hand of man. The majestic Winterberg mountain, nearly nine thousand feet high, rose before us in our ride, green almost to its summit. The valleys beneath us, as we passed from one mountain-top to the other, were "smiling with corn;" the grass on the plains waved as in our English meadow lands; the woodman's axe rang in the forests, near the scene of many a bloody fray; and, although small groups of Kaffirs doubtless looked down upon us from many "a leafy nook," we passed up the steep ascents in the midst of deep jungle and impervious thickets, unmolested. On the road to Fort Hare, a spot was pointed out to me, on which a Hottentot waggon-driver had breathed his last. He was shot by the enemy, who had carried off his oxen, scarcely a month before. A fortnight after I had travelled that way, with but slight escort,—Colonel Campbell, 91st, being the only one of our party who was armed,—a man, formerly of the Royal Artillery, was killed by an assegai, thrown by an unseen hand, from some huts formerly occupied by some of Macomo's tribe.

In spite of terrible associations, my ride in the Winterberg Mountains was a peaceful one, and full of interest. The monkeys swung from bough to bough, the canaries sang their untiring melodies, the bell-bird chimed its solemn-sounding note, and there was little to break the calm of the scene save the advance of the Christian Chief, Kama, with a dozen dusky followers, all armed and mounted, on his way to Graham's Town,

The Winterberg is a district taking its name from the mountains so called—*berg* meaning mountain, in Dutch. The tops of these mountains are often covered with snow. The close of the first day's journey from Graham's Town brought us to the Koonap River, which we found almost impassable for horses. The troopers of the dragoon orderlies were towed over in the wake of the boat, trembling, snorting, kicking, some turning heels uppermost, and others at last submitting to their fate, and falling exhausted on the bank on reaching it. The river roared and tumbled, and the passage across, in the old boat, with its uncertain rope, would have frightened fine ladies. But people must cease to be fine ladies in Africa. Some of our horses were left picqueted with a guard of soldiers, and I confess to some uneasiness during the night, as I lay listening to the noisy torrent below our little inn, half expecting to hear shots exchanged between the guard and the enemy. The inn itself was a "sign of the times." The host, Mr. Tomlinson, an old Life Guardsman, had made the place defensible, and stood his ground during the heat of the war. My bed-room window, hung with white curtains of primitive English dimity, was still bricked up half way, and travellers passing by rested their arms against the loop-holed walls, and told of cattle lost and Kaffirs killed, with an air of as little concern as they would have worn in relating the prices of a country fair.

I was not sorry to hear, the next morning, that our steeds had neither been stolen by the enemy nor swept down the river.

After a night's rest at Fort Beaufort, we left it, on the 12th of November, for Fort Hare, a strange-looking garrison, consisting of innumerable formal houses of a single room each, reminding one of the account of some barracks in England, in which an officer can lie in his bed, stir the fire, open the window, and shut the door, without much alteration in his position.

The scenery around Fort Hare is very grand, and not at all in accordance with the prim little edifices of "wattle and daub" which form precise squares and most unpicturesque alleys of a pale gingerbread hue. In approaching Fort Hare, we were obliged to plunge our horses into the Tyumie stream, amidst a crowd of Kaffir girls, who were swimming, laughing, and shouting to each other, like a bevy of sable Naiads, from

the bushes and the boughs overhanging the long-disputed waters.

On the 15th I started, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Beaver, from Fort Beaufort, for my ride among the mountains. Colonel Campbell, of the 91st, accompanied us on the first day's journey, beguiling the day with many graphic anecdotes of the war; and the rest, beside some clear spring, after passing up the steep ascents between the Blinkwater and Post Retief, was delightful. This Blinkwater post was ably defended, during the war, against a hundred and fifty of the enemy at least, by Serjeant Snodgrass, of the 91st Regiment, and six or eight soldiers. Serjeant Snodgrass was honourably mentioned in general orders, in consequence.

Another rest at Retief, and we advanced the next day. As drew near the noble Winterberg, it presented the appearance of a huge elephant with a howdah (of basaltic rock) on its back; a fringe of grey stone round it gave an idea of its trappings. Our destination was Glenthorn, the residence of Mr. Pringle, one of that family of Yair, familiarly mentioned by Sir Walter Scott. My short stay, of barely two days, at Glenthorn, prevented me from seeing much that was interesting; but a Bushman's cave tempted me, in spite of sun, dust, wind, and a "tempest coming up," to scramble through a little forest of shrubs. In this haunt, for it could scarcely be called a cave, we discovered some of those curious paintings which present a singular memento of these creatures of an almost extinct race. I have seen various facsimiles of such drawings published, but the subjects they were intended to represent have been seldom sufficiently defined to illustrate their original meaning. The one we saw was perfect in its representation of an eland and buffalo hunt. One strange pigmy creature sat sideways on horseback, in full chase of the game; another stood at bay, as if to prevent the animals from leaving the path into which they had turned; and others were awaiting them with their poisoned bows and arrows.* These drawings were done in variously coloured ochres—brown, red, yellow, and some black. This lovely spot was more like the dwelling-place of fairies than of the hideous aborigines of South Africa. A stream rippled under the trees, and the green turf was spangled with flowers of many

* The poison used by the Bushmen is extracted from the serpent's bag, from the root of the agapanthus, lily, and other plants.

colours. The monkeys had doubtless deserted it at our approach, but their *ropes* (a peculiar kind of creeper, hanging like swings from the yellow-wood trees) attested their constant presence there. We tried to imagine the Bushmen resting here after their day's hunt, and recording its events on the scarp of rock facing us, at the head of the wooded eminence, now almost roofed in with tall trees and parasitical plants. Here they prepared the poisons, for madness, disease, or death, as suited their wild purposes, from the wild bulbs which grew in such bright profusion—deceitful things! Now, the birds were singing above us in the sunshine. The Bushman's foresight with regard to provision, in this uncertain country, might afford a lesson to the white man. If they cannot consume at a meal the little lizards, locusts, &c., on which they prey, they impale them, leaving them on the thorny bushes, to return to when in need.*

The Bushmen who have lately been exhibited in London, were described as belonging to a race of people, "caught on the banks of the Great Fish River," which is altogether a mistake, as the few Bushmen left in Africa have now gone far to the northward. The Boers beyond the Orange River know their haunts, and often supply them with game, to prevent them from stealing and destroying their sheep, for, what they cannot eat on the spot, they will kill and mutilate, in the spirit of sheer mischief. These unfortunate little beings live literally among the clefts of rocks, subsisting on locusts, roots, and anything else they can find in the eating way.

A Dutch farmer, who for some time had regularly furnished a small colony of Bushmen with game, became surprised at the non-appearanee of the periodical envoys for it, and therefore went up to their "dwelling-places among the conies." A wretched scene presented itself: the measles had broken out in the community, and the dead, the dying, the sick, the old and the young, men, women, and children, were all heaped together within the caves and nooks of the steep krantzes. He dragged them from their covert, but they would listen to no suggestions calculated, if acted on, to remedy or lighten the disease, and all he could do was to rescue some of the children from the pest-house in the wilderness.

Unlike these Bushmen, and some other savages, the Kaffirs

* This is the system of the butcher-bird.

are most cautious in endeavouring to avoid all infectious maladies; and, when the small-pox swept off the aborigines in numbers, the different tribes of the Kaffirs established *cordons sanitaires*, and framed and abided by the most stringent laws of quarantine.

I could write many pages on the subject of Mr. Pringle's charming and admirably-planned location. I shall long think of the Bushman's haunt, the little chapel in the fertile valley, and, above all, the kindly welcome I met with at Glenthorn, but such agreeable reminiscences must be reserved for another time; these pages are dedicated to a history of war and turmoil, and I must not pause to dwell on pleasant memories connected with my journey through those mountain-ranges.

None of Mr. Pringle's family deserted the mansion during the war. It was made defensible, and afforded a refuge for many who dared not remain on their isolated farms. It was quite a little garrison in itself, and was never even attacked by the Kaffirs.

On our way to the Mancazana, we rested again at Mr. Macmaster's farm—a place with a pretty, peaceful-looking garden, backed by such cliffs! and interesting from its being associated with the poet Pringle, and his works, many of them having been written on this romantic spot. In the Mancazana valley we passed by the ruins of several farms, and at the post we heard an indistinct rumour of the deaths of five officers;* that such a number had been killed was clear, but to what regiment they belonged I could not ascertain. In no happy frame of mind I reached Mr. Gilbert's farm, within seven miles of Fort Beaufort; here again were the evidences of war—bullet-marks on the walls, palisades torn up, and gates well battered. A charger, formerly belonging to Captain Bertie Gordon, of the 91st, stood peaceably eating his forage in the yard, but his once sleek skin was rough, and his frame looked worn. Poor "Prussian!" his owners regretted his changed appearance, and so did I.

On our return to Beaufort, we learned further particulars of this frightful affair in the field, which were eventually fully confirmed. The sorrowing comrades of these poor officers have raised a monument to their memory, on the site of the General's camp on the Conga.†

* Captain Baker, Lieutenant Faunt, Ensign Burnop, and Surgeon Campbell, all of the 73rd, and Assistant-Surgeon Loch, 7th Dragoon Guards.

† *See* Appendix I.

The following particulars, extracted from the "Cape Frontier Times," correspond so entirely with the information I received from Sir George Berkeley himself, from Colonel Somerset, and other private sources, that I subjoin them in preference to writing my own impressions on the subject.

A most magnificent view of the adjacent country, from a peninsula stretching out upon the Kei, had tempted some of the officers of the General's camp to form a plan for visiting it. The day before they started on this expedition, Captain Baker, of the 73rd, dined with Sir George Berkeley, who told me that had he known the intention of these ill-fated men to visit a locality so far from the camp, so thickly wooded and precipitous, he would not have permitted their departure. Captain Faunce, and Lieutenant Nash, 73rd, were to have accompanied the party, but happily their duties prevented them from doing so, Lieutenant Littlehales started with them, but, rain coming on, and having a severe cold, which he was unwilling to increase in the field, he turned back. In the evening of Saturday, the 13th of November, "he became alarmed at the absence of his brother officers; and, half-an-hour afterwards, Captains Somerset, Berkeley Seymour, (the General's Staff) and Captain Bisset, C.M.R., started in search of them, and descended into the bed of the river. It was dark, and they returned at two o'clock on Sunday morning, their search having been unsuccessful. Two hours afterwards, the same officers, with a company of the 73rd, took up the spoor of the missing officers again, and succeeded in finding the unfortunate men in a deep chasm near the river. They were all lying near each other. It is conjectured that they had all been to the top of the mountain, from which elevation they had been seen by the Kaffirs, who had posted a large body to intercept them on their return." Since the event, this has been ascertained to have been the case. "At this time, a large quantity of cattle was perceived going down to the Kei, with a number of the enemy; a dispatch was immediately sent back to the camp, and the party was reinforced by detachments from the head-quarter division, and Colonel Somerset's." The latter headed the people from his own camp. After a night march of great fatigue, the troops were all anxiety for the attack: the 73rd were furious, and the sight of the dead bodies, stripped of everything, and with every proof about them of having fought desperately

against the savages, enraged their brother soldiers more and more at every step they took.

The force selected for the engagement, consisted of a hundred and thirty of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, three hundred of a native levy, thirty of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and two hundred of the 73rd Regiment; there were also about eighty farmers: the native infantry were under the command of Captain Owen. When the dispositions for attack had been made, "the troops were formed into small divisions, and a point of attack assigned to each. During these operations, the General and Staff climbed the Table Mountain, to the top, and Colonel Somerset endeavoured to cross a ford on the river; but, being baffled in his design, joined the General. A number of cattle being descried in the bend of the Kei, Colonel Somerset, with his people, wound down a pass to reach them." The Kaffirs stood their ground here unusually well, but the 73rd dashed at them in gallant style, and soon dislodged them, while the Provisionals, Captain Hogg's levy, and the Cape Corps, pushed onwards for the cattle. Colonel Somerset was busy exchanging shots with the enemy at one of their drifts, Lieutenant Macdonald, C.M.R., having been the first, with his detachment, to commence the attack at the river.

Before the engagement the troops had marched thirty miles. No great loss was sustained on the British side, and a great many Kaffir guns were taken. "Colonel Somerset," remarked the "Graham's Town Journal," "made an admirable disposition of the force under his command, and directed the whole movement with great skill. The General overlooked the whole affair, and is said to have expressed his satisfaction at the spirited and gallant manner in which the troops, and all who were engaged, behaved. The gallantry and activity of Colonel Somerset throughout the affair were conspicuous: directing, under the General, the whole of the operations below the mountain, he displayed the most perfect acquaintance with the habits of the enemy and the character of the country; he was to be seen at every point where danger presented itself, or direction was needed, and ably and zealously was he supported by every officer and man engaged in one of the severest field-days ever experienced since the commencement of the present contest."

At least thirty Kaffirs were counted dead after this action; *some of* them wearing the clothes of the deceased officers.

Mr. Faunt's horse was captured in the fray, and poor Captain Baker's charger galloped into the camp, still saddled, and bleeding from an assegai wound in its head.

Soon after this affair, Colonel Somerset succeeded in crossing the Kei, with the Cape Corps, and Captain Hogg's levy, all in light marching order, with supplies for five days. As soon as this force was on the other side of the river, Páto came back. Captain O'Reilly was then detached, with some of the Cape Corps, to look for him, when he again doubled, and escaped with a quantity of Colonial cattle; only four hundred being captured in the course of these operations.

Umhala was suspected of sheltering Páto's people and the cattle; and afterwards, when disturbed on his location by the operations of the troops, he had the insolence to remonstrate on the inconvenience he was put to by being thus suspected. Such fallacious reasoning did not influence Colonel Somerset's plans. The craftiness of these Kaffirs is the most difficult thing possible to contend with. What, for instance, could be more cunning than Kreli's reply, when accused of sheltering Páto? "Colonel Somerset's commands," he said, "had forced Páto over the Kei into his (the Amaponda) country, and so precipitately that the stolen Colonial cattle had got mixed up with Kreli's in the pasture-ground. Now," said Kreli, "this could not have been so, had Páto come hither with my permission, as, in that case, I should have separated my cattle from his." He also begged to know on what authority the British Government had decided that he had sheltered Páto. He was told, in reply, that the information had been received from certain Kaffir prisoners, whose names, however, were unknown; whereupon his councillors answered, "You, Colonel Johnstone (27th), and the Governor, and Somerset, and Stockenstrom, and Kreli, are great men, and are you going to settle an important national question, upon the report of prisoners of whom you know nothing?" Certainly a Kaffir would puzzle Lord Brougham himself, by his plan of meeting cross questions with crooked answers.

CHAPTER XIX.—Arrival of Sir Harry Smith.

On the 1st of December, 1847, Sir Harry and Lady Smith, with his Excellency's staff and suite, landed at Cape Town, amid the acclamations and rejoicings of assembled thousands.

I have already alluded to Lady Smith as "once the favourite of the African Frontier;" and, at a public assembly, Judge Menzies welcomed the arrival of the Governor and Lady Smith, by proposing a toast, not to "His Excellency and his Lady," but to "Harry Smith and his Wife." On all sides their return was hailed with joy; but, as the colonists are too apt to be guided by results rather than motives, it is better not to dwell on this reception.

Sir Henry Pottinger left Graham's Town, under a salute of guns from the batteries, on the 16th of December, and Sir George Berkeley followed on the 17th. The great event of the day was the entrée of Sir Harry Smith. The shops were closed, every one made holiday, triumphal arches were erected, surmounted by inscriptions proclaiming welcome to the new Governor and old friend. The very *bonhommie* with which Sir Harry had met his old acquaintances—even an old Hottentot serjeant, with whom he shook hands on the road—procured for him a ready popularity ere he entered Graham's Town.

At Sidbury, within thirty miles of the town, Sir Henry Pottinger and his successor had a short conference. There is no doubt the latter had brought his instructions from the Colonial Office with him; but the meeting between two such men, and the conference on the destinies of South Africa, at a scattered village on the borders, must have been connected with singular and interesting associations.

From Port Elizabeth to Graham's Town one scene of joy and welcome presented itself. Soon after landing at the former place, his Excellency made his appearance before a throng of spectators, amongst whom he recognised the Chief, Macomo. At sight of him, Sir Harry drew his sword half way from the scabbard, held it thus for a minute, and drove it back again with an expressive gesture of anger and scorn; at which Macomo shrank back, and the crowd laughed. His Excellency afterwards saw Macomo, whom he bitterly upbraided for his treachery, and derided for his folly. As he uttered his reproaches, he ordered him to kneel prostrate before him, which he did, unwillingly enough. "This," said Sir Harry Smith, placing his foot on the neck of the conquered savage, "this is to teach you that I have come hither to teach Kaffirland that I am chief and master here, and this is the way I shall treat the enemies of the Queen of England."

On the 17th, as we watched the rockets ascending, and the

lights flashing from one end of Graham's Town to the other, I could not help comparing the circumstances of last year with the present. Then all was gloom, save when the fires on the hill-tops telegraphed mischief between the Kaffirs. Now, beacons blazed, the silent heralds of glad tidings; the very Fingo kraals adjacent to the town sent forth shouts, and torches flitted from hut to hut. Amongst all this stir, there is something interesting in recording where Sir Harry Smith was, and how he was employed, during the rejoicings of the excited populace. Long before the lights were extinguished, he was up and at work. Three o'clock on the morning of the 18th found him at his desk, which he scarcely left till five in the evening. Amid all the din of these rejoicings for the hero of Aliwal, Colonel Somerset, having conquered the I'Slambies, and delivered Páto into his Excellency's hands, quietly rode into town, unnoticed, but not forgotten by those who, eighteen months before, looked to him for protection and assistance.*

On his Excellency's arrival at Government House, he sent for Sandilla, whom he addressed in severe terms. Sandilla, of course, admitted, in the old style, that he had been in error. On Sir Harry asking him who was now the "Inkosi Enkulu," (Great Chief) of Kaffirland, he, after a pause, in true Kaffir style, and closely observed by his councillors, replied "Kreli." At this Sir Harry broke forth, in terms of great anger. "No!" said the Governor, "I am your paramount chief—I am come to punish you for your misdoings—your treachery—and your stinate folly. You may approach my foot and kiss it, in token of submission, but not until I see a sincere repentance for the past, will I permit you to touch my hand."

Sandilla was released from confinement by Sir Harry's order. Chieftainship, in a Kaffir sense, being abolished, and the ex-chiefs being invested with a sort of magisterial influence over their people, checked by British rule, a baton of office was sent to him, to be placed in the ground before his hut, side by side with the wand always planted there as a symbol of authority. His wand is surmounted by a cow's tail, and marks the chief's residence from the other huts of Kraal. The baton given by Sir Harry is a stick, with a brass knob at the top of it. A proclamation, dated the 17th of December, 1847, announced the Keiskama as the boundary of the Colony. The advantages of such a line of demarcation, I have before alluded to.

* See Appendix I.

At noon, on the 20th, his Excellency was in the saddle, *en route* for King William's Town, *viâ* Fort Hare and Post Victoria. He was accompanied by the heads of departments in general, and by his staff. At Fort Hare, the party was entertained at dinner by the officers of the 45th Regiment, and next day, proceeding to King William's Town, breakfasted on the road in the Tyumie valley. At King William's Town, Sir Harry had appointed a meeting of the Chiefs of Kaffirland, desiring them to obey him, or abide the consequences. They knew him too well to hesitate.

In the mean time, Páto, hearing that Colonel Somerset was again on the track in search of him, grew frightened; and, as this officer was *en route* with his force, the rebel savage sent his councillors, with an offer of five thousand head of cattle, and a promise of surrender, if his life might be spared.

It was on Sunday, the 19th of December, while Sir Harry Smith was yet in Graham's Town, that the work of Colonel Somerset was, so to speak, brought to a close by the surrender of Páto.

While moving with his forces towards the Kei, and debating where he should "off-saddle" and bivouac, for a short refreshment, Colonel Somerset observed two Kaffirs riding at a rapid gallop towards him. These were two of Páto's councillors, who looked tired and frightened beyond description, but they rode direct for Colonel Somerset; and, as soon as one of them could get breath he spoke. He had been sent by his chief, he said, to make terms of surrender. "The tribe was broken up. Páto was hunted down, and could hold out no longer." Colonel Somerset asked what guarantee he should have that Páto would keep his word: a word which had been broken so often? "I am Páto's mouth," said the messenger; "I speak his word, and *now* it is true. I have been told to ride and find Somerset, or *die*."

Colonel Somerset refused to give any promise until Páto came forward personally, and surrendered at discretion. With this answer, the councillors departed. Old Cobus Congo, Páto's brother, next made his appearance, and Colonel Somerset's peremptory command to have the arms given up was followed by the approach of Kaffirs in all directions, hurrying down the hills, and emerging from the apparently uninhabited kloofs, with guns and assegais. The eminences, which had appeared untenanted by man, were now dotted with these wretched creatures; the silent krantzes gave up the warriors long concealed

therein; and, two days afterwards, Páto, with twelve councillors, all haggard, dirty, and trembling with terror, approached the bivouac, and, in a state of the most abject misery, the treacherous savage surrendered himself. He had been "hunted from rock to rock," he said, "for three months: he was no longer a man, but a baboon, for he had been dwelling among the monkeys; he had concealed himself where no cavalry could come, but the dreaded name of Somerset had stirred him from his hiding-place, and he now implored to be taken out of the bush." He spoke of the miseries to which he and his people had been subjected; at times, they had not been able to kill an ox for food, and some of his followers had been compelled to eat their shields. (This was no more than our allies, the Fingoes, were frequently obliged to do.)

All his professions were in a tone of the deepest humility. In short, he had been hunted like a dog, as he deserved, and he was ready to submit to anything to be allowed to have the mountains near the Amapondas, and to "sit still," at least, for a season.

Colonel Somerset was, of course, perfectly aware of the motives which directed this pacific movement on the part of Páto, who was quite ready to submit to any terms for the present. Cattle were demanded. Páto promised *five thousand head down*. More arms were asked for; the ease with which many guns and assegais had already been produced, was sufficient guarantee for the future. Colonel Somerset, however, held no responsible position as a diplomatist; during the whole war he had only been the fighting-man in Kaffirland. So, having beaten Sandilla, Páto, Umhala, Souto, Stock, &c. &c., and their tribes, he was to submit the rebel and his propositions to Sir Harry Smith, and his Excellency was to meet the Chiefs at King William's Town, and hold a parley there on the 23rd of December, preparatory to the great meeting on the 7th January, 1848. This last assembly was fixed on that day as the anniversary of a solemn convocation of the kind, held on the 7th January, 1836.

The present Governor has, as Umhala would say, "ears that hear," and "eyes that see," and will not abuse or neglect the confidence reposed in him by the colonists. His Excellency's decisive replies to the Chiefs when he met them at King William's Town, and the clearness with which he impressed on their minds that they held their present position only by right of active allegiance on their parts towards the

British Government, were the best guarantees of the manner in which he would *carry out* the plans as yet only in abeyance. "I am the Inkosi Enkulu (the Great Chief) of Kaffirland," said he. "From me, as the representative of the Queen of England, you hold your lands. My WORD shall by your law, and whoso shall disobey it, him will I sweep from the land!"

Now, one great secret of Sir Harry Smith's rule is, that the *Kaffirs know he will execute what he threatens.* They are sure he will *keep his* WORD. As Páto knew Colonel Somerset would never rest till he found him and hunted him and his people down, so Gaikas and I'Slambies, Tambookies and Zooluhs, feel that Sir Harry Smith, too, will be "up and doing" among them, if they fail in their promises.

When Sir Benjamin D'Urban resigned the Government, in 1836, he took up his residence near Cape Town, and there, for ten long years, he sorrowfully abided the result of the system which had been introduced by his opponents. His friends thought that he ought to proceed to England, and there expose the mischiefs that were gathering round the Colony; but he "bided his time," and it was not until the events of the war had proved the soundness of his former arguments, and that he had truly described the Kaffirs as "irreclaimable savages," that he repaired to the Colonial Office in London. His statements had now their due weight, and the offices of Governor and Commander-in-Chief were again united in the person of Sir Harry Smith, whose opportune arrival in England from India was hailed with joy by the very party that in 1836, discarded the opinions and overthrown the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Sir Harry himself. His appointment to the Government of the Cape soon followed his triumphant reception at home as the hero of our Indian successes.

CHAPTER XX.—CONCLUSION.

ENTHUSIASTIC as his English welcome had been on his return from India, his Excellency's *entrée* into Graham's Town, escorted by at least five hundred friends, independently of all military attendance, must have been deeply gratifying to him. How much more so must have been his sensations on the morning of the 23rd of December, 1847, when he galloped into the centre of the square formed by the garrison

drawn up to receive him, "at the old place of meeting"—King William's Town! The band of the Rifle Brigade received him with the National Anthem, and the cheers of the multitude formed a noble chorus; but, as the General rode down the line, the troops, presenting arms, the air changed to "See the Conquering Hero comes!" Shouts rose from the concourse, consisting of the military, the colonists, Kaffirs, Fingoes, and others of many different grades and denominations.

When these had subsided, Sir Harry Smith addressed the troops. His Excellency complimented Colonel Buller, of the Rifle Brigade, on the command of such a body of men, calling the attention of the latter to their advantage in having such a Commander; and having noticed "that bravery and endurance which they had displayed during the long and harassing warfare through which they had struggled," he beckoned Colonel Somerset to his side, and thus addressed him:—

"To you, Colonel Somerset, we are mainly indebted for the satisfactory close of this severe contest. You have been in the field throughout, and have exhibited equal courage, patience, perseverance, and ability in the discharge of the severe duties which have devolved upon you. To an officer so nearly of my own rank, it is not for *me* to return my thanks. But I thank you in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, for your efficient services in this command; I thank you in the name of the eminently illustrious and immortal Duke of Wellington, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, for the manner in which you have prosecuted this war until you have brought it to a final issue."

The scene at King William's Town, at this period, was very imposing: the Kaffirs, in number at least two thousand, all unarmed, formed a semicircle of perhaps eight deep; in front of this semicircle stood the Chiefs, facing the General, Colonels Somerset, Buller, and Mackinnon, and Mr. Shepstone, the Interpreter. In the rear of the latter were the troops, consisting of the Rifle Brigade, part of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and 73rd Regiment. His Excellency scanned the assembly before him with a searching look; and, as his eye rested on the line of Chiefs, he missed Sutu, and her son Sandilla, in a moment. Punctual himself, he was naturally angry at their absence, and demanded where they were?

Mother and son had retired from the great crowd to a little drift in a hollow. They were sent for, and obeyed the sum-

mons. The dense semicircular mass opened in the centre, and the lame Chief and Sutu entered the area. Some Kaffirs were disposed for a moment to press inward; but a low murmur went round, and those in front seated themselves the moment the young Gaika and his mother took their places at the head of the line of Chiefs. There was then a silence among the multitude, and the Governor addressed them, every word he uttered being carefully translated by Mr. Shepstone.

Previously to his Excellency's address, two large staves were brought forward, one was surmounted by a brass knob, the other was a Serjeant's halbert. These Sir Harry Smith planted on each side of him as symbols of peace and war. He opened his speech with bitter reproaches against the Kaffirs for their treachery and violence, upbraiding them for their faithlessness while he scorned them for their folly.

He told them the Queen of England had sent him to Africa to put a stop to their violence, and to organize the country over which they had so ruthlessly stalked as destroyers. Pointing to the staves, he called on them to advance, and to take their choice of peace or war. It mattered not to him, they might fight, but he *would* conquer them: he *would* be Chief. They had seen already how the troops of England could harass them; the grasp and vengeance of England could never be eluded. "You, Sutu," said his Excellency, "I call upon you to come forward, and make your choice, by touching one staff or the other."

Sutu advanced, and, placing her hand on the staff of peace, her example was followed by all the rest in succession. As Stock approached, his Excellency exclaimed, "Stock, son of Eno! is not your sleep disturbed by evil spirits, as a punishment for the contempt with which you treated your father's last words?—And for you, Páto, Colonel Somerset has taken you out of the bush this time: you may thank him for your life; had I been there, you should have lost your head."*

Páto's appearance was miserable. He more resembled a Hottentot than a Kaffir, being of the Gona tribe, which is a mixture of both races. An old handkerchief was wound round his head, and his shrunken limbs were enveloped in a dirty blanket. Several times during Sir Harry Smith's address,

* Sir Harry Smith's precise words I believe, on good authority, were, "As for you, Páto, you are a vagabond; and, instead of being taken out *of the bush*, you deserve to be shot."

those peculiar murmurs of wonder, approbation, and assent, which I have elsewhere compared to the waves of a great ocean, rising and falling in the distance, went through the mighty circle. As the Governor took care to remind them occasionally that Chieftainship, in their sense of the term, was abolished, and declared, from that moment, *he* was the Great *Inkosi Enkulu*, and the representative of the Queen of England, an irrepressible groan burst forth from the Kaffirs; but none attempted to reply; all seemed paralyzed by fear. Not even an assegai was to be seen in their hands—a most unusual circumstance among these savage tribes.

At the close of his stern address to the assembled Kaffirs, his Excellency read the Proclamation defining the conditions on which British Kaffraria is to be occupied for the future. Colonel Mackinnon was appointed to the command of the district. While reading this, he paused at several passages, giving the Chiefs an opportunity of ascertaining the exact meaning of what they heard; as he uttered the word "conquered," in reference to the territory, his manner and tone were such as could not be misunderstood.

The Chiefs, declaring it was "good," were ordered to advance separately, and to touch the staff of Peace or War, as pleased them best. There was no hesitation in deciding: the voice of Young Kaffirland had been silenced, and the Chiefs stepped forward one by one, kissing Sir Harry Smith's foot as he sat on horseback, in token of their repentance for the past, and as a guarantee for future submission.

Not one of them approached the new Inkosi Enkulu, without eliciting some severe remarks. Threats were not spared, accompanied by significant gestures. "He would teach them," he said, "who should henceforth be their masters; and, if they failed to obey *his Word*, he would sweep the disobedient from the land." In short, he gave them to understand, in plain English, that they were a set of unworthy miscreants, who had forfeited all claim to indulgence; but who, upon a promise of future good behaviour, were to be mercifully tried once more, *but not to be trusted*. No! Sir Harry Smith knew them too well for that!

Words like these, from his lips, carried with them more weight than all the written documents the Colonial Office could send forth. As the Chiefs retired to their position, his Excellency, having possessed himself of a piece of paper

for the purpose, held it up to the multitude as emblematic of the former Treaties; and, tearing it to pieces, scattered it to the winds, exclaiming with his accustomed energy, "There go the Treaties!" He next seized the staff of war, and, poising it for a few moments, cast it to the ground with great vehemence. "Behold," said he, "the end of war! And now, three cheers for Peace!" Lifting his hat, he bade those beside him follow his example. The loud hurrahs ascended to the sky, sending their echoes along the banks of the Buffalo River, All united in the acclamations which the occasion called forth. From soldiers, spectators, and Kaffirs arose one simultaneous shout, and from kloof to kloof, from plain to plain, resounded the cheers which proclaimed "Peace on earth, and good will towards men!" two days before the great festival of Christmas.

On the evening of the 23rd, some of the chiefs being offered coffee in an officer's tent, old Botman was heard making sundry remarks on the occurrences of the day. On being asked what he thought of the Governor's address, he replied, "The day was stormy—the wind blew very strong." But there was no gaining from him his real opinion as to past circumstances, or future arrangements.

It is the custom of the Kaffirs to assemble after any great gathering, whether of peace or war, a wedding or a witch-craft-scene. Those who have not been present are always desirous of hearing "the news." When Sir Harry Smith was in Kaffirland in 1836 he had occasion to summon the Chiefs to a meeting, when he reproached them severely for sundry aggressions. On their dismissal, they repaired to the Kraal, where several members of each tribe awaited their return with the eager question, "What news?" "There was a storm," said one, "Much thunder!" "But," asked another, "was it followed by refreshing rain?" "Oh! yes, when the thunder ceased there fell some cooling and pleasant showers;" alluding to food and gifts.

One secret of Sir Harry Smith's success is, that he does not suffer the Kaffirs to parley with him. He looks upon them now as unworthy to be listened to, and they feel this; they make no attempt to reply. As for reasoning with them, it were but lost time; they are the cleverest logicians in the world, and have always an answer more suitable to their own purpose than we could possibly anticipate.

Umhala was once told he could not be permitted to marry

a Christian Kaffir girl, as he had eleven wives already. After repeated messages and munificent offers of cattle, &c., on his part he pressed his suit by saying, "his wives knew not the white man's God; he desired to have a Christian wife, that she might teach him!" He did not succeed, however, with the lady. "We know," said a Kaffir to a missionary, "that what you tell us is for our good. We feel it must be so, because you bid us be kind to one another, and to be neither thieves nor liars. You bid our children be dutiful, our wives obedient, our neighbours peaceful; but when you tell us to abide with our old wives, and take no more young ones, then the teacher's words are no longer good, and our ears are deaf to them."

A Kaffir prisoner, having been six months in the Graham's Town gaol, was tried at the assizes in April, 1847, and acquitted of the crime of which he had been accused. Before leaving the box, he was observed speaking to one of the officers of the court. "What is he saying?" asked the Judge. "He wishes to know," replied the functionary, "why he has been so long in prison, and afterwards brought here, as he has committed no crime."

The Keiskama River was proclaimed the immediate boundary of the Colony; and between this and the Kei lies what "shall be called and known as British Kaffraria," to be held by the Kaffirs "under such rules and regulations as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, or other Representative, who shall be the Great Chief of the whole of the said territory, shall deem best calculated to promote the civilization, conversion to Christianity, and general enlightment of the benighted beings subject to her rule."

In order "to define and fix a certain line of boundary, that no dispute or disaffection might hereafter arise among the people on a question of right or occupation," the lands appropriated to the different chiefs of their tribes received English names. The "Great Place" of Sandilla is now called York; the country allotted to the Amabala people, under Stock, Lincolnshire. The location of the Amagunuquebes, under Páto, son of Gazella, is named Bedfordshire; and Umhala's district, with the I'Slambies, Cambridgeshire; another portion of the I'Slambies, under Tois, are settled "within the limits of the county of Sussex." Tois's own place is to be called Goodwood. The Tambookies, under Umtikaka* and

*. Soon after the meeting at King William's Town, Umtikaka died.

Mapassa, are to be located to the north of Yorkshire and Sussex; and the various villages which are to be established within the limits of British Kaffiraria have yet to be defined.

The substitution of English names for the ancient and poetic denominations by which the Kaffirs have hitherto distinguished their abodes, is a necessary measure; but who can reconcile himself, at this juncture, to London at the mouth of the Buffalo River, on the borders of Kaffirland; York some forty miles distant, lying among the Amatola Mountains; Cambridge near Fort Waterloo, (late Waterloo Bay,) and so forth?

The 7th of January brought together another assemblage, from all parts of the frontier, at King William's Town. The absence of Lady Smith, who had been present on that spot in 1836, was regretted by all who remembered her. Old Sutu presented herself at Fort Cox, when *en route* for the Buffalo, and begged some intelligence of "her mother." His Excellency's movements had been too rapid and fatiguing to permit of a lady's accompanying him, and Lady Smith remained at Cape Town during the absence of her gallant husband.

At half-past nine in the morning the Rifle Brigade were under arms, awaiting the arrival of His Excellency. The Kaffirs lingered about the camp, talking in groups, and finally dropping into the semicircle, in front of which, as before, the Chiefs and great men stood. There were about two thousand assembled by the time Sir Harry rode up, and Páto, having desired the tribes to greet the Governor as a great Chief, the usual cheers arose from the throng as, dressed in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade, and wearing the star of the Order of the Bath, the hero of Aliwal made his appearance, surrounded by his staff.

The opening of the Governor's address was well suited to the occasion, and to the character of his auditors. "My children, God, you see, blesses this occasion: your gardens were dry, and burnt up, and He, last night, sent you a copious rain."

A prayer was read, in the Kaffir language, by the Rev. Mr. Dugmore, a missionary, and, at the conclusion of this, Sir Harry Smith continued his address to the multitude.

Nothing could be clearer than Sir Harry Smith's explana-

There is some reason to believe he was poisoned. It will be remembered *that he wished* to assist us against Mapassa in the early part of the war.

tion of affairs to the wretched people now at his feet. He pointed out the line of demarcation between the colony and "British Kaffraria," and again between that and the Amapondas, reminding them that henceforth there would be no more treaties; the Kaffirs were British subjects, holding the lands forfeited by their late aggressions only on condition of good behaviour. That at the great meeting, eleven years ago, he had advised them to be industrious and honest. "I left you," said he, "learning to be English. Look upon yourselves now, and then see the miserable wretches war has made you! Where are the large herds of cattle of which I left you in possession? *Fools!*" and Sir Harry advancing within a pace or two of the Kaffirs, struck the ground vehemently with the staff of peace. . . . . "The great Queen of England has sent me back to you to show you that she has not thrown you away, if you still desire to be her children. *Did I ever tell you a lie?*" . . . . "Hear! I am your Inkosi Enkulu—no Kreli, no Sandilla, no Macomo. . . . But I shall keep every chief at the head of his own tribe, and I will make English and good men of you. Now, you great chiefs, come forward, and touch my staff of office; the staff of war I have thrown away."

The following oath of obedience was then administered, the Kaffirs holding the staff of peace with one hand, while two fingers of the other were lifted up, according to the custom of these people.

"Know you *this*, our own Inkosi Enkulu, representative of our great Queen of England, that I (here each chief repeated his name) will be faithful and true unto you, or whomsoever Her Majesty pleases to place over us, and faith to you bear for the lands which I hope to hold of you—and that I will lawfully do to you the customs and services which I ought to do in the terms assigned, viz. . . . ." The terms pointed out to them by his Excellency were then agreed to. These were, to obey the laws established by him; to abolish and "disbelieve" (?) in witchcraft; to protect their people, and encourage them to honesty; to hold the lands conditionally; to acknowledge no Chief but the representative of the Queen of England; to cease from buying wives; to listen to the missionaries, and send the children of the tribes to their schools; and, on the anniversary of the 7th of January, to bring each a fat ox to King William's Town, in testimony of acknowledgment of the footing on which the land is held.

This ceremony over, Sandilla offered his "great thanks," professing, in the usual strain, to be "under the Governor's feet," and abjuring all idea of chieftainship in his own person, except as it was reflected in him by the "White Inkosi Enkulu." He then added, "Your children now beg for more land, as they are very much crowded."

His Excellency remarked that there was plenty of land towards the Kei, but Sandilla answered "He did not know that country; he was not brought up there." "Nor," said Sir Harry, "were you brought up in the Colony, into which you so lately found your way." Sandilla "wished to protect both sides of the drifts!" "The soldiers will do that," was his Excellency's answer. Umhala spoke his thanks, which had as much meaning in them as Sandilla's, but Páto's were very characteristic of his nation. "I thank you as a great chief," said he; "to-day you have taken me from among the monkeys;* to-day I may sit in the sun—I could live under you before—to-day I can sit outside. There is the Chief; (Sandilla); where we churn we take our butter; speak to him, that we may listen to his word."

But the Governor interrupted him by striking the staff of peace violently on the ground, exclaiming there should be no Chief but himself, and, flinging the staff forward, made Páto, who trembled exceedingly, pick it up, and lay it at his feet.

"Take to the bush again," said his Excellency, "and see how I will hunt you out!"

Konah, Macomo's son, "thanked," and remarked that he "was a little child, and had no place 'to sit in!'" Macomo's absence at Port Elizabeth† prevented any decisive arrangements being made to settle his people.

After all the chiefs had spoken, his Excellency again addressed them on the subject of a fair division of the land, on the advantages of industry, of their young people becoming servants, and of agricultural pursuits; and, deprecating the love of cattle, he declared that each disputed bullock should be shot, and threatened to "eat up" the idle and the vicious. He pointed out to them the Kaffir police, which had been clothed—"These," said his Excellency, "are not to hunt the good, but to keep rogues out of the Colony;" and, in allusion

* "I am no longer a man, but a baboon," said Páto to Colonel Somerset, when the latter took the hunted chief "out of the rocks."

† Macomo was then in gaol there for making a disturbance in the street, when intoxicated.

to the recent murder of a settler named Stanley, he offered 50*l.* reward for the apprehension of the murderers, observing they should be "hunted out."

Colonel Mackinnon was pointed out as "The *mouth* of the Governor," who was to be obeyed, and listened to in the absence of his Excellency; landmarks were promised, and arms demanded.

"Go to Kreli* and Boko," said Sir Harry Smith, "and tell them they are no longer chiefs. The Queen of England has sent me to keep peace! peace!"

The word was taken up by the Kaffirs, and accompanied by shouts on all sides. The Governor then bade them good bye, promising to be amongst them again in thirty days. The National Anthem, from the magnificent band of the Rifle Brigade, closed the ceremonies of this eventful day, and "Peace! Peace! Peace!" were the last words echoed by the multitude before the people separated—some to return to the Colony, and resume their pursuits—some to wander back to the people of their tribe with "the news."

Among the arrangements for the protection of the Colony, a force was organized in 1848 by placing soldiers discharged from the 7th Dragoon Guards, 27th, 90th, and 91st Regiments, on certain grants of land in British Kaffraria, and thus forming military villages.

Since then it has been reported that these settlements have not answered the purpose for which they were established, I grieve to say that from all I can learn from good authority, the two great sources of mischief have been idleness and cheap brandy. The plan was excellent; the men so located were to be rationed at the public expense for the first year of their location. Seed corn and implements of husbandry were found for the tillage of their land; each portion consisting of twelve acres, with the right of common; to every ten men a span or team of oxen was allotted, and to every twenty, a waggon. While actually serving, they were to receive 2*s.* 6*d.* a-day, with other allowances. Each village to be superintended by a retired military officer, armed with magisterial authority for settling petty disputes, and this superintendent would also take

* Kreli had sent a messenger to the meeting, excusing himself for not attending, on the score of "being sick;" but on the 25th of January he presented himself at King William's Town, attended by forty mounted followers, to remonstrate on the subject of the new boundary line between his country and the Tambookies.

command of the party in the event of its being called out to protect the Colony against Kaffir depredations and aggressions.

By this arrangement, the land would be cultivated as well as protected, and would that the men so comfortably provided for, would invite their friends to join them. Ere many years have elapsed, we may find the wealth of Africa appreciated, and her mines worked by the scientific men and intelligent mechanics of England. The societies at home are already alive to the value of Mr. Bain's researches in geology; and the botanist, the naturalist, the artist, in short, all who are enterprising and persevering, must reap the reward of their exertions in this vast field of new, important, and profitable discoveries.

Hands alone are wanting to complete the system of industry: this once established, would lead to a long and lasting peace; for, by industry, the interests of the Kaffir and the white man will be united.

The former will learn that his best policy is to work; and, although little in this way can be expected, at first, from a predatory savage, the old Kaffir will correct the younger one in the belief that the Umlunghi may be beaten. As another generation rises, it will learn not only our customs, but our wants; and, on the latter circumstance we may rest, politically speaking, with more satisfaction than on all the teaching young Kaffirland may receive, or on all the promises he may make.

Peace being fairly proclaimed from Cape Town to the Kei, Sir Harry Smith started for Natal, accompanied by Mr. Southey, Secretary to the High Commissioner, and Major Garvock, 31st Regiment, A.D.C., and Private Secretary. The object of his Excellency's visit was to inquire into the causes of that discontent which has so long existed among the Boers, and to take decisive measures for the welfare of the various classes of inhabitants occupying the country to the eastward. Sir Harry Smith's determination to travel by land was a most fortunate circumstance; for, had he gone by sea, extraordinary opportunities would have been lost. The families of many Dutch settlers were thus overtaken, while *trekking* from the Colony to settlements where they would be beyond British rule. Some were on the eve of departure, and a few were pausing, but prepared for a move. In this state of discontent, misery, and suspense, the approach of his

Excellency was hailed with an enthusiasm very rare among these phlegmatic and taciturn people.

At Colesberg he was met by a deputation of the inhabitants, principally Dutch, who presented him with an address of welcome. At Bloem Fontein, between the Riet and Modda Rivers, he was greeted by numerous Boers, all anxious to listen to his terms, and send for their friends from various points that they might do the same. The chief, Moshesh, whose country lies beyond the Orange River, presented himself to the Governor at Winberg. The chief was accompanied by his two sons, who had been educated at Cape Town.

Most satisfactory arrangements were made, tending to promote peace and content among the Boers, the Griquas, and the tribes under Moshesh, Moroko, and other chiefs. All expressed themselves satisfied with Sir Harry Smith's "proposals," for he *pledged himself to nothing* until he had removed, or overcome, many difficulties incidental to his high and responsible position.

One incident, trifling in itself, went further towards conciliating the Dutch than any well prepared speeches would have done. While about to reply to the address of the Boers at Bloem Fontein, his Excellency observed an aged man "whose whitened locks told of some eighty summers." He immediately called him from the crowd; and, handing him his own chair, Sir Harry expressed his regrets that the old man should have stood so long without being observed. How few there are who consider the advantage we gain by dealing with others according to *their* dispositions and tempers, rather than *our own!*

Sad scenes of distress among the unsettled farmers excited the sympathy of the humane Governor on his journey. Rains, in almost unparalleled floods, having fallen at this period, the plains were inundated: the waggons, their drivers, and the cattle, were found resting disconsolately in the midst of a waste of waters. The old, the young, the sick, and the impoverished, were bewailing their sad condition at the foot of the Draakenberg Mountains, dreading their journey through the wilderness, over which they were about to drag their weary way, when he, who "had come because he knew they wanted a friend," rode into the encampment of Pretorius. Some idea may be formed of the sufferings of these people, by the fact that the fore-louper of the waggon of Pretorius having left them, a young girl of twelve years, Pretorius's daughter,

had been compelled to lead the oxen for some days; and in doing so, her arm had been frightfully gored by the leading bullock. The fatigue of a fore-louper is great for a boy, and to a young girl must be absolutely injurious.

In sullen disgust at his reception in Graham's Town, or rather his non-reception by Sir Henry Pottinger, Pretorius had resolved on abandoning the districts under our Government, and the example of such a man was not lost on his neighbours. From the difficulty of communication between the immediate scene of Sir Harry Smith's proclamations, and the disaffected Boers, no positive assurance of better prospects had reached them, till he in person offered himself as their friend. A spot on the banks of the Tugala River was named as a place of conference, and a great many farmers assembled there, requesting Pretorius to address his Excellency on the subject of their grievances, which he did in such a way as to excite the sympathy of all who heard him.

The result of this conference was a Proclamation announcing "the Sovereignty of the Queen of England over the territories north of the Orange River, north to the Vaal River, and east to the Draakenberg, or Quathlamba, Mountains." The Boers, to a man, declared their readiness and anxiety to return to the farms they had forsaken; those further off were invited by proclamation to leave "their miserable locations among the Draakenberg Mountains;" and the arrangements respecting quit-rents, judicial authority, grants of land, &c., were met with satisfaction by the whole population assembled to hear and understand them.

The Tugala stream being impassable, the Governor returned to Pretorius's camp, and was there detained some days. On his way back, his Excellency had to ford a passage which, from the rains, had become a deep stream. The people provided a strong horse for him, and assisted themselves, in getting the travelling waggon, "Government House" as they called it, through the waters, which threatened to sweep it away. The indefatigable Governor at last left Pretorius in the rain: and, after crossing many drifts, forded a dangerous mountain-stream, called the Blue Krantz River. At the Great Bushman's River, he found a party under Captain Campbell, C.M.R., and Lieutenant Gibb, R.E., who had brought a float from Pietermaritzburg. By these means the Mooi and the Umgani Rivers were passed, and his *Excellency* reached Natal.

Many of the inhabitants had ridden out fifteen miles to meet their "friend." The proclamations had satisfied every one of Sir Harry Smith's desire to make all parties justly and permanently happy, and the town was the scene of general rejoicing.

After remaining a day or two at the Lieutenant-Governor's, his Excellency left Natal for Cape Town, on the 12th of February; landed at the Buffalo mouth, from H.M. steamer "Geyser," on the 15th, and on the 19th reached Graham's Town. On the 1st of March he made his *entrée* into Cape Town, amid the acclamations of the people and the rejoicings of his friends, and the day closed with illuminations throughout the town. One of these was worthy of remark: it was a small transparency representing the "Hero of Aliwal" leading the aged Boer to his own seat!

One point has been gained by the miseries of the last two years—the Colony has attracted the attention of the whole of the civilized world; its resources have been brought into notice; and, finally, a Governor has been appointed, whose mind is unprejudiced, whose head is clear, whose heart is honest, and whose powers are unshackled.

While this work has been preparing for the press, we have been startled by the melancholy intelligence of another outburst in Kaffirland. The cause is traced to the deposition of Sandilla from his high estate of Paramount Chief of the Gaikas.

In perusing the foregoing work, the reader will do me the justice to acknowledge that although I have been sanguine in my *hopes* of peace, I have never for one moment swerved from my opinion of the Kaffir. From first to last I have denounced him as incapable of honest feeling—as an irreclaimable savage. No sooner were the Rifle Brigade removed from the Colony, than the wild beast began to show his claws. We have already received the grievous news of death and devastation to a painful extent, and all we have to rest upon at present is the certainty that no one knows better than Sir Harry Smith how to deal with these misguided wretches, and to hope that the final result will not be detrimental to the true interests of either the Kaffir or the emigrant.

The following is a summary of what may be called the first chapter of the present war in Kaffirland.

Sir Harry Smith having summoned Sandilla to a conference of the Gaika tribes with the British Governor, Sandilla chose to absent himself: his adviser and supporter in this affair was, *no doubt, his* brother and chief councillor Anta, a man already

noticed in this work. Upon this Sir Harry Smith deposed Sandilla, and nominated his mother Sutu; the "Great Widow" of Gaika, in her son's stead. Sandilla and his friends resented this, especially as Sir Harry had declared the chief's land confiscated, and, in spite of all former oaths of allegiance, they treated the Governor's messages with contempt.

On the 24th of December, 1850, Colonel Mackinnon, at the head of six hundred men, being detached to capture Sandilla, was led into a defile, probably by the treachery of the Kaffir police; for although they so preserved appearances that their conduct is described in Colonel Mackinnon's despatch as "admirable," they subsequently deserted by hundreds. Those remaining have, it is said, been very wisely disarmed.*

In this defile or gorge of the Keiskama, through which the men could only pass in single file, a fire was opened on the infantry who were in the rear, and who with difficulty and serious loss forced their way; dislodging the enemy from the bush *en passant*.

The casualties on this occasion were:—Assistant-Surgeon Stuart, Cape Mounted Rifles, one corporal and nine privates of the 6th Regiment, and one corporal of the 73rd Regiment, killed. Brigade-Major Bisset, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Lieutenant Catty, 6th Regiment, were wounded severely; and five privates 6th Regiment, and two privates 73rd Regiment, also wounded. A considerable number of the enemy were killed.

Colonel Mackinnon moved back by a different road, and on reaching the Debe flats, a horrible sight presented itself: fourteen soldiers of the 45th Regiment lay dead upon the plain. The Kaffirs had stripped them and cut their throats.

This disastrous affair was a signal for a general rising of the Gaikas. They stalked, as usual, through the land with brand and assegai, and the poor settlers in the military villages, who were gathered together to make merry on Christmas day, were surprised by the treacherous foe; and many were cut to pieces on their devastated homesteads. Among these thus murdered are Lieutenant Stacey, late of the 45th Regiment, and Mr. Phelps. So say the accounts, but they must be received with caution, unless official.

* In my original journal, when speaking of the organization of this body by Lieutenant Davis, late of the 90th Regiment, I remarked: "This experiment of arming so treacherous a race seems fraught with danger." *My misgivings* have been amply justified.

On the 29th of December, 1850, Colonel Somerset attempted to form a junction with Sir Harry Smith, and for this purpose detached a party of one hundred and fifty of the 91st Regiment under Lieut.-Colonel Yarborough, seventy Cape Mounted Rifles under Major Somerset, and a small 3-pounder gun Royal Artillery, but the enemy burst upon the troops in such force that it was deemed necessary to retire; a desperate struggle ensuing between the enemy and the troops, the latter succeeded at length in regaining Fort Hare, but not without lamentable losses on our side.

In this melancholy business the casualties were:—Lieut. Melvin and Adjutant Gordon, 91st Regiment, killed; Ensign Borthwick, 91st, wounded, and several soldiers of the 91st and Cape Mounted Riflemen. Major Somerset's charger was also wounded. Colonel Somerset in his despatch expresses great satisfaction at the conduct of the troops and their officers, especially naming Colonel Yarborough and Major Somerset. The loss to the enemy was considerable.

The colonists, who at first deserted their property, have since readily come forward at the call of the Governor; the troops have enough to do to defend the line of posts; and the next intelligence is waited for with an interest and anxiety which none can fully understand but those who have already experienced the horrors of a Kaffir war.

Meanwhile reinforcements are ordered from England, and the colonists have armed themselves to assist Sir Harry Smith. May God defend the right!

I have elsewhere touched on our hurried move from the Frontier of South Africa, by which I have been prevented from satisfactorily transcribing my notes on past occurrences. A *trek* in a bullock-waggon, at the rate of *two miles and a-half an hour*, over rough roads, to which a tread-mill would be smooth, and an occasional ride "through the bush," under a vertical sun, are by no means incentives to employment of any kind. It was a frightful and toilsome journey, especially to one whose nerves had been shattered by the events of the last twenty-two months. The only agreeable chapter in the journey from the Frontier, was the voyage of forty-nine hours in H. M. steamer "Geyser," from Algoa Bay to Cape Town; the distance being 600 miles. What a contrast to the five days' previous *trek* of 96 miles! Here was rest, indeed! Sailors certainly have a way of making things pleasant to their guests, and persuading the latter, at the same time, that it is *they* who contribute to the *agrémens* of the passage, whereas it must decidedly inconvenience, in no trifling degree, the officers and crew of a man-of-war, to convert it into a travelling barrack.

A deep debt of good-will and thanks do the 91st owe the officers of the "Geyser," and long, long will the right pleasant welcome they received upon her decks be remembered by them all, and returned some day—if it be possible! But, it will *not* be possible!

APPENDIX.

I.—p. 210.

Deaths of Five British Officers at the Kei.

I copy from a Colonial newspaper (the "Graham's Town Journal") the following account of the military honors recently paid to the remains of the gallant sufferers:—

"King William's Town, 7th Sept. 1850.

"The inhabitants of King William's Town have been lately very sensibly reminded of one of the most tragical and melancholy events of the late Kaffir War, by a pleasing and gratifying exhibition of that mutual feeling of good will and companionship, which so eminently distinguishes the gentlemen of the military profession. It is now three years since the occurrence of the events alluded to, but that time seems to have had but little influence in obliterating from the soldier's mind the remembrance of those who fell in the late strife, whether when in actual contact with the enemy, or slain in cold blood by the merciless cruelty of a barbarous foe. The incidents of the affair spoken of, are no doubt still fresh in the recollection of most of the inhabitants of the Colony, yet it may be neither uninteresting nor unedifying, shortly to repeat them, tending as they do, in some measure, to illustrate the native character of the Kaffir.

"In September, 1847, a party of five officers, consisting of Captain Baker (whose promotion to the rank of Major was received shortly after his death), Lieutenant Faunt, Ensign Burnop, Dr. Campbell, of the 73rd Regiment, and Dr. Loch, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, set out from Fort Wellington, to determine a wager which had been made concerning the locality of a hill which, from that place, may be observed as exhibiting a very remarkable resemblance to Table Mountain —one party maintaining the opinion that it was situated on the north, the other, that it was on the south side of the River Kei. With light hearts, and jocund spirits, they may easily be imagined to have parted from those companions they were destined never to meet again; and also, after having reached in safety the end of their journey, to have been returning in happy anticipation of the merry welcome their comrades

would afford them with the intelligence they had obtained; when, in passing through a ravine by a narrow pathway, where they could travel only in file, they were waylaid by a vast number of Kaffirs, and literally cut to pieces. They fell, 'tis true, as British officers under similar circumstances ever will fall,—together; and bravely and strongly contending against numbers sufficient to combat with a battalion; but the determination, self-devotion, and bravery of such a defence only increases our admiration of their characters, and redoubles in poignancy the sincerity of regret.

"Around the fatal spot were scattered many ghastly evidences how dearly they had sold their lives, but on the same ground also were too evidently pourtrayed the characters and dispositions of their assassins, by the awful spectacle of horror and blood which was spread out before the beholders. It would be vain, or at least unfit, to attempt describing such a scene; humanity would revolt and shudder at the detail, and it is enough (if not more than sufficient) to say, that the detached limbs, and mutilated members of those who a few hours before were happy, and in manly vigour, were gathered from different and distant places, into the great coats of the infuriated and sorrowing soldiers, who unhappily arrived too late for the relief of their murdered officers. 'Vengeance belongeth not to man,' yet the human heart cannot know of such barbarity, without feeling at the same time satisfied, when assured, that an awful retribution was visited upon its perpetrators.

"In as perfect a manner as their mangled and disfigured state would permit, their remains were enshrouded in the soldier's last covering when in the field, and deposited in one lonely and desolate grave, far from the resort of their fellow men—beyond the reach of the tear of the bereaved, and the sigh of a friend,—where no tablet would proclaim the worth of the departed, nor bewail their untimely and melancholy end. They were not, however, allowed to remain in such undeserved obscurity; the genuine feeling of comradeship, which is ever found in the heart of a British soldier, and reaches beyond the present, sought a more hallowed spot where their ashes might slumber—where the tear of sorrow might fall upon their tomb; a testimony of affection, where the finger of regret might be pointed on a recital of their hapless fate, and where their virtues might be told to *generations* yet to come.

"*For* this desirable and commendable purpose an escort

belonging to the 6th Royal Regiment of Foot, now under the command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, accompanied by the Rev. J. Fleming, Military Chaplain, proceeded to the spot where their remains had been left; and having, with the utmost care, recovered from their lonely resting place, brought them to King William's Town, where, on the morning of the 31st of August, 1850, they were re-interred in one coffin, in a grave prepared within the boundaries of the church now being erected there, being borne to their last home by twelve men of the above regiment, and followed in solemn procession by the whole of Her Majesty's officers in the garrison. "J. S. N."

II.—See p. 215.

Testimonial to Colonel Somerset.

A very solid proof has lately been afforded of the value attached to Colonel Somerset's services by the Colonists of South Africa. The estate of Oatlands, formerly in the possession of Colonel Somerset, was purchased by a number of landholders, principally farmers of Lower Albany, whose property Colonel Somerset was so instrumental in saving during the war of 1846–7, is presented to this gallant officer as a residence. The act is alike honourable to Colonel Somerset and to the subscribers.

The correspondence on this interesting occasion was very brief, and I therefore can have the pleasure of giving it entire. Two of the Colonists, in the name of the rest, thus wrote to Colonel Somerset:

"Graham's Town, 24th July, 1850.

"Sir,—We beg to inform you that we have been appointed the Trustees of the Oatlands property by a number of landholders, by whom it has been purchased; and it becomes our duty to acquaint you, by desire of those gentlemen, that, impressed with a sense of the benefits which they, in common with the inhabitants at large, have derived from your public services, they have purchased the Oatlands Estate, with a view of offering the same to you as a permanent residence during such time as you may remain in the Colony, in testimony of their respect, and of their appreciation of your services.

"We have, therefore, the satisfaction of offering for your acceptance a lease of the dwelling-house and the grounds

immediately adjoining it, and shall have much pleasure in communicating to the proprietors your acceptance of their offer.

"We have the honor to be, Sir,
"Your obedient humble servants,
(Signed) "P. W. LUCAS.
"F. CARLISLE."

The Colonel's answer was as follows:—

"Graham's Town, 25th July, 1850.

"Gentlemen,—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 24th instant, in which you inform me that you have been desired by the gentlemen who purchased the Oatlands property, to acquaint me that, impressed with a sense of the benefits which they, in common with the inhabitants at large, have derived from my public services, they have purchased the Oatlands Estate, with the view of offering it to me as a permanent residence during such time as I may remain in the Colony. In reply I request you will do me the favor to convey to those gentlemen how highly I appreciate their kind intentions so handsomely expressed in your letter; and that I accept with pleasure this handsome testimony of their estimation of my services. I beg, gentlemen, you will receive my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which you have done me the honor to convey to me the sentiments and kind wishes of these gentlemen on this occasion.

"I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
"Your obedient humble servant,
(Signed) "H. SOMERSET.
"To P. W. Lucas and F. Carlisle, Esqrs."

THE END.

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